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ROADS  
TO  
TRAVEL









*Wide-World Photo*

THE CITY THAT CONQUERED NIGHT

*"Towering structures with thousands of glowing windows."*



# ROADS TO TRAVEL

## *A Collection of Travel Selections*

*Edited by*

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*and*

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GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT



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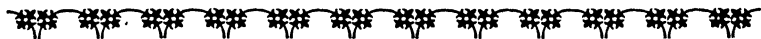


## CONTENTS

PREFACE	ix
INTRODUCTION (To the Student)	xi
THE CITY THAT CONQUERED NIGHT (New York City) <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	3
SNAKE-DANCE (Arizona) <i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i>	15
BRIGHT MEXICO <i>Larry Barretto</i>	25
A PEAK IN DARIEN (Panama) <i>Richard Halliburton</i>	35
THE BIRTH OF A VOLCANO (Galápagos Islands) <i>William Beebe</i>	47
SNAKES AND COFFEE (Brazil) <i>Alice Curtis Desmond</i>	59
ARTIST IN GREENLAND <i>Rockwell Kent</i>	69
ON GOING BACK (England) <i>W. H. Hudson</i>	81
MAN AGAINST THE SEA (Holland) <i>Hendrik Willem Van Loon</i>	93
DRESDEN AND BERLIN <i>Anne Merriman Peck</i>	101
INTRODUCTION TO FRANCE <i>Arthur Stanley Riggs</i>	115

SOME SWISS IMPRESSIONS <i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i>	127
TREN MIXTO (Spain) <i>Walter Starkie</i>	139
JUNGLES PREFERRED (Belgian Congo) <i>Janet Miller</i>	151
THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Yugoslavia) <i>Louis Adamic</i>	161
CAIRO AND BEYOND (Egypt) <i>Emelene Abbey Dunn</i>	173
THE ARAB WORLD <i>Harry A. Franck</i>	181
ENDS OF THE EARTH (Lolo Land and Tibetan Frontier) <i>Roy Chapman Andrews</i>	197
ORIENTAL STREETS (China) <i>Abel Bonnard</i>	209
IN AND NEAR SYDNEY (Australia) <i>Mark Twain</i>	221
LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS <i>Charles Bernard Nordhoff and James Norman Hall</i>	237
FLIGHT TO THE SOUTH POLE <i>Richard Evelyn Byrd</i>	251
ADVICE FOR TRAVELERS	267
THE GIVE AND TAKE OF TRAVEL <i>Stephen Leacock</i>	275





## ILLUSTRATIONS

THE CITY THAT CONQUERED NIGHT	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing p.</i>
BRAZILIAN FAZENDA	62
CANAL SCENE IN HOLLAND	94
LE BOURGET	116
YUGOSLAVIAN PEASANTS	164
THE SPHINX	176





## PREFACE

*ROADS TO TRAVEL* is designed to fill the growing need for a collection of travel selections for use in the English and social science classes in secondary schools. In recent years teachers have shown an increasing interest in travel reading, and have frequently expressed the desire for a text containing this type of material.

The National Council of Teachers of English, in *An Experience Curriculum in English*, has suggested that schools provide literature experience which will enable the student "... to enjoy travel at home; to see new landscapes, different costumes, strange customs; to compare these with his own, and find so far as can be done readily the reasons for the likeness and difference. . . ."

The Council also suggests that literature experiences should provide means for the student "... to observe life under varied physical conditions as clearly as possible, and to see the connection between conditions and ways of living."

The selections in this volume were chosen as literary experiences that would present to the student some of the viewpoints suggested in the English curriculum. The choice was also guided by the adaptability of the selections to other subject-matter fields. In considering selections relatively equal in interest and literary value, the editors decided in favor of selections which might suggest the fusion of two or more subject fields.

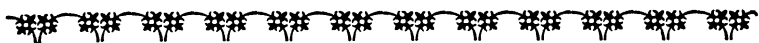
This collection is made particularly for junior and senior English and social science students in general or commercial courses. However, the editors believe that college preparatory students might use *Roads to Travel* profitably as a substitute for a collection of modern essays or biographies, or in an additional unit of work. The exploratory suggestions will certainly be as challenging to

the prospective college student, and will give him opportunities to gain considerable practice in library research.

The exploratory suggestions following each selection may be used in several ways. Some teachers ask the students to choose one of the suggestions and develop it. As the units vary in difficulty, the instructors make sure that the choice is commensurate with the ability and background of the individual. Teachers working with the contract plan use the exploratory topics with their A and B contracts, requiring the C contracts to answer the "understanding" questions. Obviously, the suggestions and questions given at the end of each selection must be adapted to the individual school and teacher.

The editors hope that this volume will be as interesting to students of other schools as it has been to members of their own classes. In developing the collection, they hoped to include selections from every interesting part of the world. Unfortunately, the inability to obtain the necessary permissions, the definite lack of suitable material on certain countries, and the limitation of the size of the collection have made this impossible.

The editors wish to express their gratitude to Mr. John Cunningham of the Greenwich High School English Department for his aid in the preparation of the manuscript. They are grateful to the following for helpful suggestions and assistance: Miss Anne M. Kilday and Mr. Richard Thursfield, Greenwich High School history instructors; Mrs. Elsie P. Cummings, Miss Elizabeth Currie, and Miss Margery Pierce of the Greenwich High School English Department; Miss Edythe Black of the Perrot Memorial Library of Old Greenwich; Miss Isabelle Hurlbutt and other members of the Greenwich Public Library staff; Miss Mabel Cassell of the Curriculum Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Ruth C. Finch.



## INTRODUCTION

### *To the Student*

THE sketches collected within these covers are ones which high school students have enjoyed and have used to advantage in their English and social studies classes. They are reprinted so that you too may enjoy travel by means of books.

Possibly you and your fellow students have thought that at some time in the future you would take a trip to some new place, see unusual people, and observe how they live together in their own social group. Perhaps you have wondered if other people have the same attitude toward every-day occurrences that you have, or maybe you have just a neighborly curiosity, as does the boy or girl who lives next door.

It costs money to travel; sometimes more than you can save. However, lack of funds will not keep you from signing up for this book tour, which is starting now.

The selections in *Roads to Travel* are arranged in the order of a book journey. The trip starts at New York, "The City That Conquered Night," and includes stopping-off places on every continent. On the tour you will travel by boat, by train, and even by airplane.

Many well-known people will be your guides along the way. Emelene Abbey Dunn, artist-traveler, will show you "Cairo and Beyond." Rockwell Kent, artist and illustrator, will conduct you and your party through a portion of Greenland. Dr. Janet Miller, physician, will take you into the wilds of Belgian Congo, while Hendrik Willem van Loon will give you a glimpse of his native land, Holland. At the snake-dance ceremony of the Hopi Indians in the American Southwest, Mary Roberts Rinehart will be your

hostess on the roof of an adobe house. Mark Twain will show you a portion of Australia, and tell you one of his unusual yarns. You will hunt for a blue tiger with Roy Chapman Andrews as your companion. With William Beebe you will climb the slopes of Mount Whiton, an active volcano, molten lava burning your feet.

The writing of travel accounts is not a practice which has sprung up during the last fifty years; on the contrary, the history of travel writing goes back to early times.

Marco Polo, a Venetian who lived in the thirteenth century, was one of the early travel writers. With his father and uncle, he traveled to China. He liked the country so well that he stayed there for many years, first as a visitor, then as an official to the Emperor. When he finally returned to Europe, he was taken prisoner by the Genoese, who were then at war with Venice. While in prison, he dictated the story of his wanderings to a fellow prisoner, an account so fascinating that all Europe was stirred.

Few people know that Christopher Columbus was the author of a travel record. On returning to Spain after his discovery of America, Columbus landed at Lisbon, Portugal, and sent a messenger overland with a letter to the Spanish court. This letter, now a very famous historical source, told about the events of that first voyage, the strange lands sighted, the men, wild beasts, and plants seen.

Among the conquistadors, or Spanish conquerors, who followed up the claims of Columbus to the New World, Hernando Cortez is said to be the best writer. Historians claim that he would have been immortal for his story of the journey from Vera Cruz to Mexico City even if he had not led it himself.

Although he did not write books about his own travels, Richard Hakluyt, an English clergyman, who lived during the latter half of the sixteenth and the first part of the seventeenth centuries, played an important part in travel literature by collecting and publishing accounts of English explorations. His "Voyages" brought

to light many of the achievements of English navigators, and gave great impetus to discovery and exploration.

During the early part of the eighteenth century, Colonel William Byrd, ancestor of Richard Evelyn Byrd, was commissioned to run a line between his native Virginia and North Carolina. His diary was later published as the *History of the Dividing Line Run in the Year 1728*. Byrd's description of the surveying trip, especially in the portions dealing with the Dismal Swamp, shows him to have been an observant traveler and an interesting writer.

In 1849 *The California and Oregon Trail*, by Francis Parkman, was published in America. This travel book tells about the author's trip west over the Oregon trail, where he lived with warlike Indians, hunted buffalo on the plains, and experienced the privations of primitive life. Today this entertaining record is recognized as the most trustworthy account of travel in the unsettled Northwest of that time.

In 1878, *An Inland Voyage* was written by Robert Louis Stevenson. The book, one of the author's first, describes his trip in a small boat through Belgium and France. The following year, Stevenson produced a companion volume, *Travels with a Donkey through the Cévennes*. Both of these books entertained thousands of readers, and prepared the way for the travel books of today.

As you begin your journey, you may discover that you will need additional information about the countries described. Students who have taken the tour have found a world atlas and gazetteer useful in the location of places and in the securing of population information.

You will want to obtain the most enjoyment possible when you travel, won't you? Remember that in traveling by means of books you are seeing through the eyes of another, and, therefore, you will need to follow the printed details as carefully as though you were watching instead of reading.

Talk with people who have visited the country; read other books or articles on the same subject; follow the book journey by means of maps; secure information from travel bureaus—then you

will derive the maximum enjoyment from travel selections and books.

After you have finished your reading, you may be interested in judging it and setting up some standards for the judgment of travel writing. Ask yourself these questions and form your own opinion on the selection or book read:

1. Is it interesting? Any book or selection that does not provide some reader interest certainly does fall short of its goal.
2. Are the contents convincing? The travel writer should tell the story so convincingly that the reader will relive his experiences.
3. Does the author have a thorough knowledge of the country visited? Accurate observations and adequate historical information would indicate such a knowledge.
4. Does the book or selection show a sympathetic understanding of the country? Open-minded authors who know a country thoroughly present its peoples and problems in a fair and sympathetic manner.
5. Has the author given a balanced treatment to his subject? Descriptions, incidents, and historical information—all have a place in a good travel book; yet no one aspect should crowd out the others.



ROADS  
TO  
TRAVEL





THE CITY  
THAT CONQUERED NIGHT  
(New York City)

By

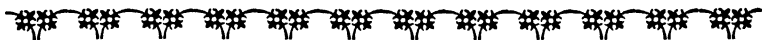
VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

*Reprinted from A NOVELIST'S TOUR OF THE WORLD,  
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VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ had a very colorful career. He was born in Valencia, Spain, in 1867, began his education in his native country and continued it in France. During his life he filled the rôle of lawyer, editor, political agitator, and writer. "I like to live my novels rather than write them on paper," he once said. And he did live. He is noted mainly for his one "world best-selling novel," *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, a World War spy story. In 1926 he published an account of his trip around the world in *A Novelist's Tour of the World*, the volume from which this selection is taken. Ibáñez writes with great fluency, producing passages which are rich in colorful description.

NIGHT has been conquered by modern scientists. With generators, high-voltage transmission lines, incandescent light bulbs, and hundreds of other ingenious inventions, they have made the city of today a place in which the coming of night no longer means loss of time and money. Electric lights have made it possible for factories, markets, offices, and homes to carry on all of their daytime activities after sunset. Well-lighted streets of the modern city provide citizens with safe thoroughfares for night travel.

What a contrast this makes with the city of medieval times! Night then meant the stopping of daytime activities. Few occupations could be carried on after dark because poor lighting in the homes and guild halls caused eye fatigue and kept the worker from doing his best. Only the bravest citizens dared to venture forth and walk on the narrow muddy streets, for robbers lurked in the darkness.



## *THE CITY THAT CONQUERED NIGHT*

*By VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ*

AS THE ship's orchestra began the national anthem, playing it in the slow religious rhythm of a hymn, the sound of laughter and chatter ceased, heads were bowed, and the throwing of streamers from the decks of the ship to the crowd gathered on the three tiers of the dock came to a sudden stop; even the weaving of the multicolored girdle stretching from the steel flank of the ship to the solid wall of iron and stone that plunges its feet deep down to the river bed below was interrupted for a moment. . . .

A courtyard of water, immensely deep. A courtyard enclosed on three sides by an enormous steel structure that juts out several hundred yards into the river. The fourth side of this great rectangle is open, and through it, as through a door or window at the back of the stage, gigantic liners with huge smokestacks are seen gliding by, five- and six-masted ships, their sails all furled, patiently following black screaming tug-boats, indefatigable ferries, floating caravanserais, their double tiers transporting great multitudes and enormous accumulations of automobiles and trucks from shore to shore of this stupendous Hudson, one of the two great arms of the fabulous port of New York, which is now the point of convergence for the shipping of more than half the earth!

Mile after mile, the shores of the river are hidden by the steel and concrete palaces of world-famous navigation companies, and enormous warerooms that swallow up the cargoes of several great liners at a time. Here moving stairways carry cases, trunks, and bundles tirelessly up and down, and elevators huge as the floor of a house bear great crowds from pier to street. Into other similar courtyards innumerable boats are passing, to discharge their

cargoes or to go through some process of rejuvenation. Even the largest of the famous transatlantic liners succeed in showing only the very tops of their masts and chimneys above the roofs of these stupendous piers. In these great watery enclosures the great fleets of commerce might pass totally unobserved, like great herds of cattle gathered into the corral of the farm buildings.

The final notes of the hymn die away on the air, heads are covered once more, and suddenly there is a great outburst of shouts along the ship's flanks. Some ladies just arrived from the Middle West to see a number of their friends sail away on a tour of the world have suddenly produced the national emblem of the Stars and Stripes from their handbags, and spreading it out with both hands are waving it in the breeze. Once more ribbons of colored paper stream through the air and the web of colors uniting the ship to the three tiers of the dock grows thicker and wider. . . .

I take leave of the numerous newspaper representatives, mostly women, who have reserved an astonishing collection of unexpected and diverse themes for this final interview, and of photographers industriously working their machines in order to record how I look in travelling clothes.

And now an outburst of fox-trots and other American dances from the ship's orchestra. Excited by the rhythm, the crowd on the boat is shouting, the crowd behind the iron gratings opposite is shouting too. On every deck now a few impatient couples are dancing. And the huge armchairs lined up along the promenade spaces of the ship groan under enormous bouquets of flowers, huge as wheat sheaves, and candy boxes larger than suitcases.

Free for the moment, I climb to the hurricane deck to see once more, above the roof of this vast pier, the airy pinnacles of New York, for me one of the most extraordinary sights to be enjoyed anywhere on the surface of the globe. . . .

My first glimpse of New York gave me distinctly the feeling that I had fallen into another world, onto a planet where the inhabitants had succeeded in conquering the laws of gravity, and made them their playthings. As I gazed for the first time on her

skyscrapers, those soaring edifices whose summits are often veiled in mists, I felt for a moment that this must be the work of giants, something extraordinary and fantastic, something quite beyond the limited powers of our human kind. And then, as I reflected that they had been created by poor mortals just like me, subject to the same failings and illusions, I felt a great, warm wave of pride at being a member of the human race, which, in spite of its physical shortcomings, can through its intelligence accomplish such marvels!

New York—for me there can be no doubt about it—New York must be numbered among the world's most beautiful cities. Its beauty is strangely its own, the beauty of a Colossus, with all the pride of a Colossus and the bold scorn a modern Colossus can well afford to have for many of the æsthetic canons venerated in the Old World and there held to be as immutable as the creeds of an accepted religion.

I do not say that this art, so essentially American, ought to be imitated by the rest of the world, nor would I like to see other cities growing to look like New York. Life is variety, as we say in Spanish, not being satisfied, as you pretend to be in your English proverb, with making of variety merely a spice. Life is variety; and how depressing it is to find imitation-Gothic cathedrals and pseudo-Parthenons in latitudes that refuse to adapt themselves to these forms of architecture! Simply as a member of the human race, I am proud of New York and of its audacious structures that triumphantly surmount obstacles which for centuries defied the architects! And how stirring are these gigantic towers that strike their roots down to depths never reached by trees, even centuries old, and then boldly soar skyward—and nearly reach the blue!

In the Old World there are structures as tall as those of New York, but they are few and far between; they are exceptions. What in Europe passes for a height so extraordinary as to become an object of pilgrimage is in New York nothing but the average height of the principal buildings of the neighborhood. The Eiffel Tower is still higher than the skyscrapers of North America. But the

Eiffel Tower is no more than a steel scaffolding, and looks like a temporary structure. It entirely lacks the imposing majesty and substantiality of the New York buildings.

The great metropolis of the modern world has created an art that faithfully reflects its conception of life, an art that is magnificently daring, that boasts of its straight lines—that makes one think of the super-human strivings of inventors who can only achieve their discoveries by trampling under foot the discipline and conventionalities that act as a check on their contemporaries!

Those artists who abominate railroads because they are so ugly, but who would burst into tears if anyone made them walk two or three miles, who praise the charms of the simple life lived without the frightfully prosaic devices of electric light, central heating, and the hideous ingenuities of modern plumbing, always mention New York—which most of them know only by hearsay—when they want to sum up in one word all that is most horrible in the life of our time. And our snobs, straining to simulate æsthetic refinement, can also be heard condemning an art that is vigorous and frank and thoroughly characteristic of the nation which through its desire to improve our material existence has performed the most stupendous miracles of the modern age.

This city, built seemingly for some other race larger than the human, makes one think of Babylon and Thebes and all the enormous cities of ancient times as we imagine them to have been—and such as, indubitably, they never were!

There are in New York streets that would in Europe pass as wide; yet here they look like humble alleys, crevices in the rock, to which the sun will never penetrate. So great is the height of these walls that one is forced to throw back one's head to see the top, at the imminent risk of inducing an attack of vertigo, or at the very least losing one's hat.

It is really difficult at first to conceive of these buildings as being the work of human beings. It is easier to believe that some race which preceded ours on the planet left them behind; and they remind one too of the mountains that in some obscure epoch



of our history were burrowed through and hollowed out by the troglodytes to serve as subterranean temples or cave-cities.

At nightfall, there is no agglomeration of human beings, nor has there ever been, which presents, or ever has presented, such a magical spectacle as this city as it lifts up on its breast the conquered and impalpable form of electricity, forever subdued now to the needs of man. . . .

The towering structures with their thousands of glowing windows are like huge chessboards lifting their red and black squares toward the clouds. The wildest fantasies of the Orient's story tellers become realities in this city, so often accused of being impervious to any impression of beauty. Above the rooftops, the ingenuities of advertising experts create a strange glittering world that is a challenge to reality and the tranquil sequence of the hours. The night genii of New York, flying to altitudes that only eagles frequent in other parts of the world, bring together from the velvety depths of space designs and arabesques of fire, royal peacocks of rainbow plumage, troops of imps and goblins, the latter gesticulating as they peer up at the stars, or winking a mischievous eye, while women, formed all of dazzling light, sit in garden swings, their hair streaming out to the stars as they sway; and all the fauna and flora of the *Thousand and One Nights* come to life regularly at the first pulsations of starlight, and fade away again at dawn, while the crowd far below streams through the deep clefts of the streets outlined by the little white dots of the street lamps.

Until a short time ago London was the largest city in the world, but New York has overtaken it now. The hub of history, which throughout centuries has travelled from one nation to another as it revolved, always keeping within the confines of Europe, however, has at last crossed the ocean, and is at this very moment on the western shore of the Atlantic.

Both the wealth and the activity of this great center of human life are astounding. The Customs of New York takes in more money than many a European government of importance. The Port Authority has a wider field of action and greater powers than many a ministry of marine.

Talking one day with a representative of the New York City government, I noted a smile of commiseration on his face as he commented on certain stupendous enterprises accomplished by the United States government in Panama. The municipal government of New York is actually engaged in undertakings more difficult and costly even than the famous canal, but all this work is being done quite as a matter of course and without any publicity, just as though it were one of the every-day tasks of the city police.

The river bed of the Hudson—the depth of this famous stream provides anchorage for the largest ships in the world—has been bored through repeatedly so as to make it possible for subway trains to connect New York, in spite of the obstacle presented by this river, with the shore opposite, the easternmost boundary of the adjoining state of New Jersey.

On the other side of the island of New York there stretches an arm of the sea, separating the old city of New York—now the Borough of Manhattan of the present city—from the district known as Brooklyn, itself as large as many a famous capital of Europe. Years ago the famous bridge was built, which at the time seemed the final triumph of human ingenuity and industry. Now numerous subways join the rocky island of Manhattan with the adjoining island on which Brooklyn flourishes, and several other bridges stretch from bank to bank over the incessant and breathless river traffic, almost as feverish as that of the streets.

Brooklyn Bridge is no longer the marvel it was. To the north of it swing bolder, bigger bridges, their several tiers black with the continuously moving line of vehicles and foot-passengers. In this country where everything changes in the space of ten years, the famous bridge is already a relic of the past.

But for him who wishes to enjoy one of the unforgettable sights of the world, its platform offers an extraordinary vantage point. Here one can see the two waterways that flow to one side and another of Manhattan Island, pressing it into a triangle, and then merging, beyond its apex, into the enormous bay that makes New York so majestic a port. The boats of all kinds plowing their way up and

down these waters are as numerous as the humming insect swarms of summer; ceaselessly they weave the web of their foaming vanishing wakes. . . .

From here the several bridges more than a mile long that spring out over the gray-blue water look like bars of China ink suspended on slender threads so that a whole microscopic world may glide across them. Out in the bay, bounded by shores that hump up from the water line as abruptly as the shoulders of a whale, the isle that serves as a pedestal for the Statue of Liberty looks like a mere toy, a paper-weight floating on the surface of the water.

Dozens, sometimes hundreds, of ships of different draught and masting come riding in from all the points of the globe, the courses they have traversed opening out fan-shaped behind them and leading toward mysterious horizons where other coasts and harbors lurk in the mist and fog. But now it is hard to believe that there is any other dry land on this planet of ours save this rock island of New York; and seemingly all that remains of mankind has taken to its ships and is coming now to rest on the only fragment of solid ground that is left.

From this height one can see miles and miles of the earth's surface; but nowhere in this expanse are there pastures or anything to remind one of the life of the fields and the farm, which is the life the great majority of the earth's population lead. Here and there are great stretches of woodland, but these are parks, or garden communities, and these isles of verdure are surrounded by a sea of roofs that stretches away toward the horizon and from which emerge, like reefs from the sea, the great quadrangular masses of the skyscrapers.

Every one of these edifices is a world in itself, larger and more complex than the world of the ocean liner. As if to complete its resemblance to one of these floating microcosms, each one has an enormous engine designed to supply heat and light and contributing its torrent of white smoke to the neighboring clouds. Even on clear days, when the sky is limpid and the bay blue as the Mediterranean, the city is veiled with a light mist that the sun turns to gold—a mist made by the skyscrapers with their transatlantic smokestacks. When night closes down, the topmost roof, or, it may be, the small temple

that serves as the pinnacle of these immense structures, is illuminated with blue or green or red lights, turned on from lamps concealed from view. The great masses of the edifice rise unlighted through the darkness; their rows upon rows of windows are closed soon after nightfall. But way up there on top, like fantastic islands floating above the dark abyss of dreams, are the luminous summits of these great modern towers, bathed in a shower of light from some mysterious sun that is hidden from the short range of our vision. . . .

And now the gang-planks have been drawn up, the great ship has torn asunder the girdle spun by many hands that bound it lightly to the dock. Fragments of bright-colored paper drop to the liquid surface below, arms are waving, and handkerchiefs and flags. Every moment widens the strip of water that lies between the steel sides of the ship and the motionless pier.

The music rises louder and louder, hundreds of couples begin to dance; and as I watch the multitude that has embarked on this great ship to tour the world, a thought tightens my heart in the very midst of this loud rejoicing: who of all this happy throng will be missing at the return? Of such an agglomeration of human beings, the cruel goddess of adventure is sure to demand some tribute. . . .

And now the most interesting part of New York is unrolling before my eyes, the apex of the triangle, the so-called "downtown" New York, where the most famous of the city's banks and office-buildings are to be found.

Structures of numerous storeys, which anywhere else would be admired as large and handsome edifices, shrink together here with all the humility of a rustic hovel clinging to the foot of a palatial mountain!

Great city, in which everything is measured on a scale far larger than any we know, where all things are incessantly renewed, and generous heroism follows on the heels of brutal selfishness as surely as triumphant truth follows obstinate error. . . .

City of miracles, mother of a mighty race of magicians, creators of the most stupendous inventions of our century, and poets of action, workers for whom the word "impossible" is only a challenge, who

strive with all the ardent faith of the old alchemists to transmute fantastic dream into luminous reality. . . .

New York, city that conquered night—farewell!

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Have you ever been in a city or town at night when the electric power has been shut off? People in the days before electric lighting never had to suffer the inconvenience that you and your friends have to suffer when this happens, but they were inconvenienced in many other ways. Read about methods of lighting in days past and prepare a talk on the history of lighting in the home.
2. Some people make a living by solving the problems of lighting for others. They study the arrangement of lights in the home, the lighting of display windows in stores, the illumination of stage and moving picture settings, the placing of airplane beacons, and many other problems. Visit the office of your local electric lighting company and obtain enough information from officials so that you can prepare a booklet, "Lighting Problems and Their Solution."
3. In a city, the thousands of people who take part in its everyday life must live near their work. The housing of these workers is the ever-present problem of the growing city. Make a scrapbook of newspaper and magazine clippings of articles on this important subject, with your comments, to show your friends what is being done in this field.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Do you believe that the title of this selection is well chosen? Why? From your reading of stories, essays, and plays, give examples of well-chosen or poorly-chosen titles.
2. What does the author think of the New York buildings?
3. To what does he compare the enterprises of the city?
4. Why is Brooklyn Bridge "no longer the marvel it was"?
5. Account for the author's words, "city of miracles."

6. Ibáñez uses many picture-words in his writing. How many can you find?
7. When you read the selection, you saw a number of words that you would like to know. Below are some that have unusual meanings and intriguing histories: caravanserais, convergence, fantastic, æsthetic, venerated, prosaic, troglodyte, agglomeration, impervious, gesticulating, ingenuity, incessant, microcosms.
8. Possibly you can use one of these topics which students have used in their theme writing:

Main Street of my town or city	Impressions of a city
A leave-taking	An imaginary interview with
City lights	Ibáñez on ship-board
Ships that I have known	

*For Those Who Would Like to Know More About New York*

AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK by Konrad Bercovici.

NEW YORK IS LIKE THIS by H. I. Brock and J. W. Golinkin.

A LOITERER IN NEW YORK by Helen W. Henderson.

HIGHLIGHTS OF MANHATTAN by Will Irwin.

NEW YORK by Paul Morand.

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK by Robert Shackleton.

ROUND MANHATTAN'S RIM by Helen Worden.

MAGICAL CITY (Intimate Sketches of New York), Pictures by Vernon

Howe Bailey, Notes by Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

# SNAKE-DANCE (Arizona)

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

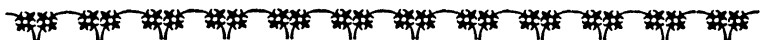
*From THE OUT TRAIL, copyright, 1923, and reprinted  
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Rinehart, Inc., New York*

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and was educated in the public schools there. While in high school she was editor of the school paper, played the piano in chapel, and was the leader of the debating society. At the age of fifteen she received her first money for writing—one dollar each for three short stories published in a local newspaper. After her graduation from high school she entered the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses. It was during this training period that she met Dr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart, to whom she was married just a few days after completing the nursing course. Mrs. Rinehart has been successful in many types of writing. Her autobiography, *My Story*; her detective fiction, especially her Miss Pinkerton stories; her mystery play, *The Bat*; her short stories; her novels such as *The Doctor*, and her travel books, *Tenting To-night*, *Nomads' Land*, and *The Out Trail* are testimonials to her amazing versatility.

COLUMBUS, in a letter written shortly after his discovery of America, gave the name "Indians" to the natives who met him at the end of his voyage. Little did he realize that they inhabited the greater part of the New World. The Pueblo Indians, of which the Hopis are a branch, were at that time highly civilized, lived in towns, and built their temples and houses of stone and mortar.

When the energetic colonists arrived in America, they pushed the Indians farther and farther back, seized their lands, and ultimately left them only small reservations on which they might live. Although many tribes living on these reservations today have adopted the customs and religion of the White Man, they still observe some ceremonies of earlier times. The Hopi Indian Snake-dance is one of the present-day survivals of early Indian ritual.





## *SNAKE-DANCE*

*By* MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

BY EVENING, we were camped in the Indian schoolgrounds, where a large tank promised water, and where our camp took on for the first time its full size and impressiveness. . . .

There began at once that orgy of barter which remained with us to the end, and which still results in frequent trips to the express office. Dignified gentlemen who would not buy a red necktie at home began to go around wearing necklaces of silver, a half-dozen silver-and-turquoise rings, silver bracelets set with turquoise, and belts of silver plaques. We jingled as we walked. And the things were cheap. From two to five dollars at first bought exquisite bracelets, set with fine, big stones. Necklaces went at from five to fifteen and twenty dollars, rings from fifty cents up. The arrival of a dozen cars for the snake-dance, however, bulled the market. But the mania had us by that time. We continued to buy.

We had three days before the snake-dance, and we filled it in various ways. A considerable time was spent in drinking water, for the heat was intense. Indeed, so much precious water did we use that at last, for washing-purposes, we were reduced to one cupful per day, and the tank having run out, water had to be hauled twelve miles from a distant spring. To this, the capable superintendent of the school attended. Our canvas water-bags, hung in the shade, stayed cool by evaporation.

Then, barter losing its first charm, and drinking water being an occupation and not a relaxation, we took to horses. But the kindly, smiling Hopi are very poor. They have nothing but their small flocks of sheep and goats, and their tiny fields of corn and melons, retrieved at the cost of cruel and relentless labor from the sands. Not long ago

came experts from an agricultural college to these Indians, to teach them dry farming. The experts came, and stayed to learn, for the desert Indians are the original dry farmers of the world. They can raise corn where a white man could not raise a rattlesnake.

By long experience they know where, at the foot of the cliffs under the sand, are the hidden springs. With pointed sticks they dig holes in the sand sometimes twelve or fifteen inches deep, and into these holes they drop the seed. With the first green, they labor unceasingly, keeping back the encroaching sand and the desert weeds, fighting birds and creeping things, working the surface as does our dry farmer, that, by capillary attraction, the moisture may rise and nourish the plants. It is a marvel of patient labor and indomitable courage.

So they live, but they do not flourish. And they have no grain to spare for horses. Their own patient backs carry their burdens. Their own weary feet wear hollows in the stones of the trail. Where there is a beast, it is generally a burro, that Ford among horseflesh, willing and small of up-keep. When the word went out that we wanted horses, they came, but mostly without saddles—little horses, not over-nourished, gentle and obliging like their owners.

Helvetia fell to me. A woman who had ridden her the day before had named her, with, she said, the accent on the first syllable. Helvetia was a slow walker, resolutely refused to trot, and could run like a dog. I was, therefore, either far behind the family or flying madly past them, losing my hat ever and anon, and bringing up at the cliff-edge with not an inch to spare.

However, mounted on Helvetia at her slowest, I was able to ransack the neighborhood for hitherto unsuspected pottery, jewelry, rugs, and baskets, all of which must some time be packed into the car.

During this time, preparations for the dance were going on in the village. Out on the desert, carrying leather bags, the priests had brought in the snakes, and over them, in the underground kivas, were going on those strange and mysterious ceremonies of which only the subdued chantings reached the upper air. At certain hours we saw solemn and fantastically dressed lines of priests ascending or descending into the kiva, intent on the business in hand.

Around them, the village went about its affairs. Dogs barked and chickens roamed at large, for the Hopi do not kill chickens. In front of the low pueblo-houses were hung meats to dry in the sun, against the approaching celebration. On their knees inside, women knelt over the hollowed stone troughs, and with other stones rubbed the dried corn into meal, either for household use or, if they were brides, to pay for their husbands. For a Hopi girl must deliver to her husband's mother, within the first year after marriage, some fifteen hundred pounds of hand-ground meal! Naked children played, burros brayed, and women were smartening the fronts of their houses with fresh clay.

The Hopi women build and own the houses. Indeed, in some ways, the Hopi have a matriarchy. Divorce is achieved by the simple method of the woman putting the man's saddle and other belongings out of the house, by which he understands that he is no longer *persona grata*, and goes away. The men weave the dresses of the women, and their sashes.

So the village life went on. Below, in the kiva, the snakes were being washed and purified. Above, in our camp, they were being looked for in their blankets by nervous women, and various members of the party were visiting the little plaza of the village, with an eye to picking out positions of strategic value. For it appeared that, at certain stages of the ceremony, the snakes were dropped to the ground, to be picked up later or too late, as the case might be.

Came the day before the dance, and the early-morning race. Most of us had slept in our clothing, for at the first sun-rays, about half-past four, the race began. We roused to a wild shrieking of automobile-horns, which was our rising-bell, and in five minutes were on our way, helter-skelter, to the rim of the mesa at the town. Here were already gathered, in brilliant blankets against the chill, the Indians. They stood on the rocks in the early rose of the dawn, alone or in silent groups of twos or threes, grave, watchful, and wonderful to the eye. No words, no painting, can ever tell the exquisite pathos of that picture—the rose-and-gold dawn, the purple desert far below, and on the ancient rocks these immobile brilliant figures, dying survival of a lost civilization, direct descendants, perhaps, of Montezuma.

This race is a race of the young men. In the cool, sweet air of the dawn, they leave a spring far out in the desert and run toward the mesa-top, where, at the head of the trail, priests are waiting to receive them. Running is a part of the Hopi boys' training, and they run like deer. At last we could see them, tiny moving dots in the far distance. Now they were close beneath, and the faint jingling bells rose to our gray heights. Almost nude, their long hair flying, in great easy leaps they climbed the trails to where the priests stood waiting. The winner was sprinkled with sacred meal and water, and then ran on to the Antelope kiva, there to receive from the chief priest sacred meal and an amulet. The others went on, to deposit prayer-offerings. A few moments later, we saw the winner again. Carrying the meal and the amulet, he ran down the trail and out over the desert, there, we were told, to bury his prize in his corn field, for success to his crops.

But the ceremony was not entirely over. Up the trail there came, after the racers, perhaps a dozen boys and men, carrying corn-stalks. Immediately, the solemnity of the occasion was lost in shrieks of mirth as the corn-stalk bearers laid about them vigorously, and girls and women, laughing and shrieking, tried to capture their green weapons.

The Banker had not risen for the race. The Banker was an honest man. He said frankly that he had come away for a rest, and that he meant to have it. He wished the Grand Cañon could be brought to him, and he spent his amiable, restful days in camp on a canvas chair in the shelter-tent, stared at by Indian women and babies, on whom he distributed largess so they would go away, with the result that he was surrounded until his visibility was almost at the vanishing-point.

But he went to the snake-dance. I came across him after it was over, with a canvas water-bag at his elbow and fanning himself with a week-old newspaper.

"How'd you like it?" I inquired.

It seems that the day had not been wholly fortunate for him. On the way to the plaza, he had happened on a small domestic scene which had slightly unnerved him, although it was merely the slaughter of a prairie-dog intended for supper. The Banker liked prairie-dogs

when they sit up cunningly beside their little mounds and waggle their noses. But he did not like to think of them as food. In fact, he had felt then that the afternoon was spoiled for him.

However, he kept on, and at last he reached the plaza.

Now, the Banker's idea of a place for snakes is in a large, strong glass case in a zoölogical garden. He does not like any snake. But mostly he hates rattlesnakes.

So, seeing that some other people were going up ladders and sitting on the flat house-roofs, he decided to do so also. With some effort, for the Banker is a large man, he reached a roof, and there sat down on a low ledge and mopped his face.

He was very hot. He was hotter and hotter. He had begun to wonder if he could stick it out when a man next to him inquired:

"Not on fire, are you? You're smoking."

Upon which, the Banker suddenly rose, to be immediately enveloped in a black cloud. He had been sitting on an active chimney!

But, even to those of us who were not on chimneys, it was very hot that afternoon. On the edge of a roof, where no snake could climb, I sat and watched the crowd—archeologists and students of Indian life, miners and cow-punchers, traders and teachers from the reservation schools, ranchers and business men from Arizona and New Mexico, all of whom had come over the desert at least a hundred and fifty miles, from Winslow, Flagstaff, or the Grand Cañon, for this half-hour or less of primitive religious drama.

The crowd suddenly hushed. The priests were coming. Before we could see them, we heard the ceremonial rattles. Nervous women on the ground drew back into the crowd, holding their skirts tight about them, and the complacent lucky ones on the roofs watched and grinned.

Of the snake-dance itself much has been written—the stamping of the weirdly dressed and painted priests on a plank covering a hole in the ground which represents the entrance to the underworld, and which announces to the gods of the underworld that the supplication is about to be made; the low, monotonous chanting before the kisi, a sort of cottonwood bower where the snakes lie in ollas of baked clay;

the bringing-out from the kisi of the snakes, and that blood-curdling procession of the snake-priests round the plaza, the snakes held between their teeth.

Our interest was centered on the three small boys who, in paint and feathers, were new hereditary priests, and who, like the others, held the poisonous reptiles. Poor little novitiates, so much concerned about keeping step and observing the proper decorum, and so indifferent, apparently, to the death that writhed and curled in their small arms.

They never die, it is said. Yet would we know, perhaps, if they did die? I sometimes wonder. For one small child was bitten several times. He bore it for a time; then he spoke to the chief beside him, and his snake was taken. Either frightened or ill, he lost his step in the dance and could not regain it. But he stayed to the end, small martyr to his faith, and to the need of rain that his people might live on.

They do not die. The snakes are not tampered with beforehand. The truth seems to be that the Hopi have an antidote, administered not before but after the fact.

"In three days," said the Indian policeman calmly, "the boy all right again."

But there is humor at the snake-dance. Plenty of it. It comes between the moment when the "carrier" priest drops the snake on the ground, and before the "gatherer" priest has picked it up. In that moment, the snake has but one idea, and that is flight. With incredible rapidity, it launches itself toward the human ring, and who is there in that ring to say it nay? So far as our audience was concerned, it could go as far as it wanted. And—I may be mistaken—but was there not a slight twitch about the mouths of those gatherer priests when they allowed the snakes to reach the very feet of that stampeding crowd before they swooped down and picked them up? A faint twinkle about the eyes?

At last, all the snakes are out of the kisi, and now lie in a twisting, hideous heap on the ground. The mass is sprinkled with sacred meal; the chief priest prays, and then —

Happening to look away, I saw Bill leaving the plaza. On hearing running-steps behind him, Bill stopped, and turned, to stand petrified. And well he might, for almost on him was a priest, his arms full of snakes, and running as only a Hopi can run. Bill stood, however, but an instant. The narrow way was choked with cars. So Bill ran, too, and he took two leaps to the priest's one, and a few extras. For hours after, Bill was a chastened man.

The reason for Bill's *contretemps* was simple, for, the ceremony over, the snake-priests catch up armfuls of snakes and run like deer to the plain below the mesa. There they reverently deposit the snakes, pray over them, and leave them there, to carry the supplication for rain to the gods of the underworld. . . .

Impressive, barbaric, and in its primitive surroundings, the snake-dance takes the civilized onlooker and carries him back to those early days of the world when his savage forebear worshiped nature as their god. It is sometimes horrible, but never grotesque. And it is worth a long journey to see. But it had its humor, as I have said.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. The Indians in various parts of our country have interesting customs and festivals. Obtain information from your state or local library about the Indians in your own state or section. Arrange a bulletin board display with pictures and drawings showing Indian customs and festivals. Make the exhibit self-explanatory by using informational cards under each picture.
2. Water! How few of us have had to do without a sufficient supply for more than a few hours! How many have known acute thirst? How many have washed in a cupful a day, for days at a time? Pure water, available to rich and poor, is supplied by all but the smallest towns. Look up the facts about your local water supply, its collection, storage, and purification. Find out from your town or city water commission what plans have been made for the future supply, and organize your material so that you can converse intelligently on the subject.
3. Two very common physical processes are mentioned by the author. She says, "Our canvas water-bags stayed cool by evaporation," and

"They labor unceasingly, working the surface . . . that, by capillary attraction, the moisture may rise and nourish the plants." Some of your classmates may not understand the principles of these operations. Prepare a talk on these two processes, using board diagrams or large drawings to supplement your explanations.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. The author tells of an "orgy of barter." What things did the campers buy?
2. How do the Hopi get a living?
3. Explain the household arrangements among the Hopi.
4. What interesting event occurred on the day before the snake-dance?
5. Describe briefly the ceremony of the snake-dance. State its purpose.
6. Discuss the author's final paragraph. Do you feel that your reactions would be similar to hers or not? Why?
7. Here are some useful words that should be in your vocabulary: retrieved, indomitable, strategic, novitiate, decorum, petrified, supplication, encroaching, mesa, mania.
8. If you are looking for a theme topic, try one of these:

An Indian tale

An interesting ceremony

The hottest day I remember

Choosing a camp site

A beautiful ornament

Indian dress

### *More Book Travels in the American Southwest*

INDIANS OF THE SOUTH WEST by Pliny Earle Goddard.

ARIZONA NIGHTS by Stewart Edward White.

RIO GRANDE by Harvey Fergusson.

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES by Will H. Robinson.

OLD INDIAN TRAILS by Walter McClintock.

MESA, CAÑON, AND PUEBLO by Charles F. Lummis.



# BRIGHT MEXICO

By

LARRY BARRETTO

*From* BRIGHT MEXICO, *published by Farrar and*  
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*Larry Barretto*

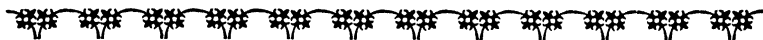
LARRY BARRETTO, author, editor, critic, was born in Larchmont, New York, in May, 1890, and was educated at the Hoosac School, New York. During the World War he was a member of the United States Ambulance Service, and in 1919 he was awarded the Croix de Guerre after active service in France and Belgium. His literary career began when he became assistant editor of *Adventure Magazine*. Since that time he has served as dramatic critic for *The Bookman*, has done a great deal of free-lance writing, has published short stories in magazines, and has written several novels. One of his recent novels is *To-morrow Will Be Different*. The book *Bright Mexico* is an unusual account of Barretto's travels in the land of the Aztecs.

CONTRASTS arrest our attention. A ribbon of white against a black background, the screech of a blue-jay in the silent woods, a gust of fresh air in a stuffy room, the flash of an airplane beacon against a pitch-black sky attract us.

Probably nowhere in the world is contrast more striking than in Mexico. Primitive ways of living are found there only a short distance from modern homes. Indians carrying heavy loads on their backs trudge slowly along a path while a train goes rushing by.

The Mexican climate varies from near-Arctic on the mountain tops to tropical heat in the lowlands. Consequently, plant and animal life present a variety unknown in many lands. All the flora and fauna of the temperate zone, as well as the colorful luxuriance of the tropics are found within its borders. Even the Mexican people—the vivacious Spanish and the taciturn Indian—present a contrast in temperament.

It is not surprising that travelers from the United States usually find Mexico a delightful land, one that they like to revisit again and again.



## BRIGHT MEXICO

By LARRY BARRETTO

THE TRIP from Vera Cruz to Mexico City must be among the most beautiful in the world—at least I have seen nothing to equal it. One begins sedately enough through lowlands which rise so gradually that at first the ascent is hardly noticeable. It is for the most part an impoverished country with infertile soil, and for the natives it is an endless struggle to wrest a living from it, but at least in their houses they achieve a vividness that the countryside lacks, for the walls of each house are painted—pink, salmon, or blue with usually a wide band of contrasting color around the bottom of it. . . .

You can see it all, for the train moves with increasing slowness as it takes the grades; the banana plantations and clumps of mangoes become fewer, and suddenly we are in the mountains. They stretch away in every direction, green near-by, but fading from blue to violet in the distance across the gorges. The train winds slowly, like a snake turning on itself, so that the village at which it has just stopped can be seen seven different times below, until at last it is just a patch of bright walls with hardly the outline of a town, and the rushing river beside it has become a silver thread. . . .

The train went on to Mexico City, but we spent that night at Orizaba. It was dusk, but not too dark to see something of the country, and so we hired a car. It was my first ride behind a Mexican chauffeur and I promised myself that it would be my last, but that of course was a promise impossible to keep. One attains to a slight degree either that child-like trust or the splendid indifference to death which apparently is part of the Mexican nature in an automobile.

The roads were bad and there were many curves which seemed to shoot forward into nothingness. One moment and the car would be

outlined on a hilltop in the pale light of the dying day and the next it would be hurtling toward a gorge, the bottom of which was lost in blackness. The speed, I believe, was never less than sixty miles an hour.

Make no mistake about it, the Mexicans are superb chauffeurs; if they were not they would all be dead by now, for it is their pleasure and excitement to leave about six inches between their front bumpers and the rear bumpers of the car ahead and then step on the gas. Also they have a curious habit of accelerating the speed on curves, possibly on the theory that the sooner that curve is left behind the better for all concerned. I do not agree with them, and yet I saw only one motor accident while I was in Mexico. Of course there are comparatively few cars there yet. Give them another five years in their rush to automotive machinery and I think they will do better, unless in the meanwhile the national temperament toward speed changes. . . .

We returned to Orizaba shaken but intact, and had dinner, the details of which escape me, for my attention during the meal was concentrated on a youth, wearing a sombrero and elaborately embroidered trousers and jacket, who sang, accompanying himself on a guitar. His voice was plaintive and lovely, and two little birds asleep in their cage on the wall awoke and sang with him. At the end his sombrero received a shower of copper and silver coins, and the youth bowed himself away with gestures as graceful as his singing. And so I cannot comment on the quality of the food in this hotel in Orizaba; the novelty of the singer distracted me. If the proprietor hires him for this purpose, then I think the proprietor is clever.

Orizaba by day has features which distinguish it from other Mexican towns, although to the eye of the novice most of them look much alike, but by night Orizaba becomes a composite picture of every other city its size. The streets are wide and appear to have been laid out according to a plan, as they almost all run in straight lines crossed by other streets like a gridiron. The buildings which flank these streets are low—one to two stories, with three-storied buildings, of which there are a few, used as hotels. Each house presents to the passer-by the same blank wall, sometimes pierced by a few narrow

windows, more often not, and a door. In the more prosperous sections of the city the houses are made of stucco, which degenerates into adobe on the outskirts. . . .

There is little life on the streets of Orizaba at night. On one street corner a group of young men is standing, relaxed, unimpatient, and quite silent. The Mexican people, and particularly the Indians, are not talkative; I have watched two or more of them standing together for a half-hour without speaking; they seemed to be contemplating something beyond my vision, perhaps eternity. From a side street comes an old woman, hurrying and shepherding a young girl, their heads wrapped in their rebosos. In the distance a dog breaks the silence with a clatter of barking which dies in a yelp of pain; some one, I suppose, had kicked him for disturbing the peace.

That was all; I saw no movie houses, no lighted shop windows, no cafés. It sounds very dull, but it was not dull. After the evening turmoil of our northern cities, with the roar of street cars and the tooting of busses and the throngs of restless people always going somewhere with a velocity which conceals a lack of purpose, the tranquillity of Orizaba was like a balm. We think that our eyes have become accustomed to the unearthly red and blue of neonlight signs and other signs twinkling in a crazy kaleidoscope of electricity imploring us to buy something, but it is not so. The dimness of the streets of Orizaba is not only a blessed relief to eye strain and jangled nerves but it is exciting, too. There is something thrilling about blackness which a modern world gone mad for light has forgotten.

We walked along the quiet streets and found life. Here a door in one of the blank walls had swung back and we looked into a patio. It is in these patios—open squares around which the houses are built—that the Mexican spends much of his time. It is a conception of architecture which is fundamentally sound, for even in the heart of a city one can have his own bit of garden in privacy, and the walls lend themselves to beauty. It would not be sound in New York, for example, where land is valued at hundreds of dollars for a square foot, but land in Mexico is still cheap, and the people, I suspect, have

a stubborn idea that pleasant home-making is more important than potential profits.

This patio into which we looked was paved with irregular flagstones, between which a thin line of grass grew, and there was a fig tree in the center which by day would cast a generous shade. Vines climbed up the worn walls, half-hiding them, and from earthenware pots hung on pegs in the walls a profusion of flowers grew. The patio was lighted by a huge Spanish lantern of elaborate design, which gleamed like silver but was made of tin—I saw them later at Taxco, where they are made.

Beneath the fig tree were chairs and a table, where the family were having supper. Although it was after nine o'clock the family had evidently just begun, for Mexicans eat late. A very old woman, as gnarled and bent as the fig tree itself, served them. She hobbled back and forth to a tiny brazier on the ground, glowing with hot coals, from which she brought food to the table—tortillas, perhaps, since they are the inevitable accompaniment of almost every Mexican meal. The voices of the two women and the man speaking to each other, and the children were as soft as bird notes. To us who peered in for a moment it was a scene of charm and peace. . . .

To me that first peep into a Mexican home became typical of Mexico thereafter, for I am convinced that these people who have very little want very little, and that even in their deepest poverty, which can be deep indeed, they have found a contentment and a satisfaction in tiny things which we as a nation have never achieved.

Beyond this house was another, closed for the night, in which some one was strumming a guitar. The Mexicans are amazingly fond of music, and when they make their own it is very pleasant; but unfortunately they are turning to the radio as rapidly as their money will permit. . . .

The morning was cool and there was a freshness in the air surprising for midsummer, and particularly for midsummer in Mexico, which most of us casually classify as a hot country. Nothing could be more erroneous; the lowlands along the coast—the *tierra caliente*—can be hot with an appalling palpitating heat that keeps one in a

constant bath of perspiration, but the great plateaus which comprise the central part of Mexico are cool because of their altitude, and there is little change in temperature winter or summer.

We, leaving Orizaba, were already four thousand feet above sea-level, and more than half our climb still lay before us. Beyond the town Mount Orizaba rose into a cloudless sky, its slopes covered with snow. Mount Orizaba is higher than any mountain on the American continent, except Mount McKinley. Even Orizaba's "little" brother, Popocatepetl, is two thousand feet higher than Mount Blanc, and yet we continue going to Europe to look at mountains! . . .

The bright day had faded into twilight and the train was going down, rushing now after the toil of its climb, toward Mexico City which lies, not at the top of the plateau, but almost a thousand feet below the peak which we had passed. At that the city is 7,346 feet above sea-level, if you care for figures, which is enough to make the air sparkle like wine. The fields of maguey still stretched away to the dimness of the hills, covered now in dusky blue; native huts, very humble, made of adobe, crouched close to the haciendas, which rose dark among them. It was as if they were shivering in the night air. By the railroad tracks an Indian, driving some lean cows, wrapped his serape closer about him and without glancing at the train plodded on toward his straw mat and food. It was growing cold.

For a moment far to the right against an orange sky the great pyramids of the Sun and the Moon were visible, mysterious, aloof, austere, of which no man knows their origin or their date. They rose bleakly from the naked plain that had once housed a nation, then they were gone, and the train slid onward into night.

We arrived in Mexico City nearly two hours late, confused for some minutes by the lights and noise of a great modern railroad station. Now the first thing to know about the capital is that its name is not "Mexico City," and that it is not so marked on any atlas. You doubt it? Then look for yourself. The name is "Mexico," like the country, just that and nothing more. It lies in the Federal

District, and so the letters D. F.—*Distrito Federal*—are placed after it on addresses. No Mexican ever adds the word “City” as he does to Ciudad Jaurez or Ciudad Camargo, for examples. He simply says that he is going to Mexico, and if he is outside the country where some confusion might exist as to his exact destination he is likely to add the letters D. F., quite as we would say Washington, D. C., to distinguish it from the State of the same name. And so following the custom of the country, Mexico City becomes on these pages Mexico.

We had arrived in Mexico, but it was not our plan to stay there. Motors were waiting which would take us direct to Cuernavaca, some fifty miles away. One incident which happened at the station, however, seems important to describe now. There was a good deal of luggage which was to follow us to Cuernavaca by truck, and in the confusion of our night arrival one trunk was left behind. It could not be found next morning in Cuernavaca, and for three days more it was not located.

On the fourth day somebody returned to Mexico to investigate and there the trunk was sitting patiently on the pavement by the freight office where it had been left. I had heard before going to Mexico tales of the extraordinary fondness of the natives for acquiring articles to which they had no legal right; I had been told of fishpoles thrust through windows carelessly left open, in the hope that something of value might be picked up on the hook. That appealed to me as an exciting form of thievery, since the operator of the fishpole could not know whether he was going to draw a bath sponge or a gold-fitted toilet case, but I never heard of an authentic example of it happening in all of Mexico. . . .

I wish I had taken that ride from Mexico to Cuernavaca by day, but even by night and tired as we were it was exciting enough. We were climbing steadily through mountains which still towered in blackness above us. The sky which was neither blue nor black but a deep purple sparkled with a million frosty stars. A turn in the road, and more stars sparkled below us—the lights of Mexico spread across the plain.



If we had been in an airplane our altimeter would have read 9,000—9,500—10,100 feet, and still up. There was a humming in our ears and an unpleasant snapping sensation which can be relieved by swallowing hard. I swallowed so often that my throat became dry. Then the pressure against our eardrums eased—we were becoming accustomed to the altitude—until we began to plunge down toward Cuernavaca—a drop of some five thousand feet.

Our chauffeur drove with the usual brilliancy and recklessness of the breed. We looked from the car windows into ravines which had no bottoms, and we took hairpin turns on high. My own feeling was of indifference—speed seemed a good thing. I had absorbed so much during a vivid day that I was incapable of absorbing any more, even a realization of danger. I was ready for bed.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. At times, diplomatic relations between Mexico and the United States have been strained, though never for a long period of time. Look up in your histories the records of the disputes that have arisen between these two nations, the causes of the disagreements and the adjustments finally made, and arrange a notebook summarizing your findings.
2. Mount Popocatepetl and Orizaba are high mountains. You have heard of Mount Rainier in Washington and Mount Wrangell in Alaska. Find four or five other high mountains in North America. Collect information about these peaks and arrange a folder similar to a Tourists' Guide, entitled "Half-a-Dozen High Spots in North America." Illustrate the folder with drawings or pictures.
3. Mexico sends many products into the United States. Look up the facts about our imports from Mexico and prepare an oral topic in which you explain the contributions made by Mexico to our everyday life.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Why doesn't the author remember the details of dinner in Orizaba?
2. Describe Orizaba at night.

3. What scene met the author's gaze as he looked into the patio?
4. What is the climate of the Mexican plateau?
5. Describe in your own words the scene from the train as it descended from the peak toward Mexico City.
6. Tell the incident of the lost trunk. Compare this with a similar incident related in "Spanish Raggle-Taggle."
7. Comment on Mexican chauffeurs.
8. These words should be in your vocabulary: composite, potential, hacienda, patio, velocity, kaleidoscope, brazier, austere. If you do not know their meaning look them up in a good dictionary.
9. Here are a few suggestive topics for themes:

Through a lighted doorway  
 Sounds at night  
 A reckless driver  
 Evening in a strange town

When I lost my luggage  
 The most beautiful country I have  
 seen

*More Book Journeys in Bright Mexico*

DIGGING IN YUCATAN by Ann Axtell Morris.

IMAGES OF EARTH (Guatemala) by Agnes Rothery.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO by D. H. Lawrence.

VIVA MEXICO by Charles Macomb Flandrau.

FIESTA IN MEXICO by Erna Fergusson.

MODERN BURIED TREASURE HUNTERS by Harold T. Wilkins.

# A PEAK IN DARIEN (Panama)

By

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

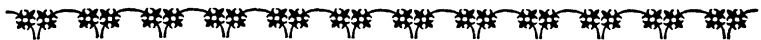
*From NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER, copyright, 1929,  
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RICHARD HALLIBURTON, while still a Princeton student, began his wanderings by boarding a freighter at New Orleans, sailing along the Atlantic coast, and vagabonding in Europe. Halliburton's dramatic sense, exhibited in his writings as well as his actions, enables the reader to share with him the genuine thrill of adventure. Not content with the usual happenings found in travel accounts, the energetic youth climbs the Matterhorn, swims the Hellespont, reaches the top of Fujiyama in winter, swims through the Panama Canal, and performs many other daring feats. His narrative describing the climbing of the peak in Darien, as reproduced here from his *New Worlds to Conquer*, shows his story-telling ability at its best.

POETRY provides much of the inspiration that is present in this world of ours. Popular songs which people sing while at work or at play help them to forget the sorrows and discomforts of their existence. National anthems and patriotic songs send the soldiers to battle with the feeling that they are a part of a large national group and inspire them to perform almost superhuman deeds of bravery. These same songs help to bind the people at home into the strong national unit that will sacrifice anything for the success of the cause.

Men testify as to the value of inspirational poems in their lives. At times, the reading of poems of this type has given them the added courage necessary for successful achievement. The Psalms in the Holy Bible have inspired and guided men during many centuries.

A poem may describe a particular place so strikingly that the reader will desire to visit it in reality. The following selection relates Richard Halliburton's visit to a peak in Darien, a place made immortal to him and others by Keats' sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."



## A PEAK IN DARIEN

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

IT IS unfortunate that in the one great poem which mentions the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, Keats made the mistake of naming Cortez as the discoverer instead of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who alone deserves the full measure of credit.

This event is almost as important to history as Columbus' first voyage to the New World. It took place in September, 1513, twenty years after the great admiral landed on San Salvador. In that month Balboa, at the head of one hundred and ninety Spanish adventurers, set out to march across the Isthmus of Panama. He was seeking the empire of the Incas, which the Panama Indians had told him was fabulously rich in gold.

To reach it Balboa had learned that he must first march inland from the Atlantic shores, through what is now the province of Darien, until he came to another great ocean. Then in ships he must sail many suns along the coast.

The other ocean—so the Indians said—lay to the south, only fifty miles away.

Fifty miles! A two, at most three, days' journey. So it would seem. But it took Balboa's expedition twenty-three days of relentless struggle to cross the Isthmus of Panama.

When one sees the country through which the Spaniards had to cut their way, it seems remarkable that they ever crossed at all.

Then, as now, this part of the isthmus was one endless tangle of jungle. And the march was undertaken when the rainy season was upon the land, the swamps overflowing, the rivers turned to floods.

Through this pathless wilderness the expedition plowed its way. Hostile Indians contested every step. Porters fell by the wayside in scores. The weight of the steel armor became ever more unendurable. The one hundred and ninety Spaniards were soon cut to less than half that number. . . .

And at length on the twentieth day of marching the guides led the little army up the slopes of a densely forested mountain range. As the weary Spaniards neared the top—only sixty-seven remained—the Indians told Balboa that from the summit of this mountain he could see his long-sought goal.

Breathlessly he hurried ahead—reached the crest—and behold!—sparkling in the summer sun, blue as indigo, lay El Mar del Sur, the greatest ocean in the world.

Speechless with wonder, Balboa beckoned to his followers. They came and stood by his side. With eagle eyes the indomitable leader

. . . stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

This happened on the twenty-fifth of September, 1513. It was my own good fortune on a twenty-fifth of September to climb the peak in Darien in quest of the very same prospect that had brought Balboa his great moment.

Today the province of Darien, though within one hundred miles of the Panama Canal, is wilder and more desolate than it was four hundred years ago. The Indians there are not one-tenth as numerous as in Balboa's day. One who seeks the peak must be prepared for all the hardships Balboa endured. And there is no promise of a Land of Gold to spur one on.

Even so I was not discouraged. Ever since first reading Keats' sonnet I had wanted to stand upon the peak and rediscover the

Southern Sea. All the more reason to go if the region were primeval, if Balboa's mountain were still inviolate.

To assist in my investigations I called upon the foremost historian in Panama. He assured me the great discoverer first saw the Pacific from the summit of Mount Piri, a five-thousand-foot mountain and the highest for miles around, situated squarely in the middle of the isthmus.

My destination was then settled.

Once I had recovered from my Canal swim, a small steamer took me from Panama City down the coast to San Miguel Bay. From here I hired an Indian boatman to transport me in a dugout forty miles up the Tuira River to the village of El Real, in sight of which Mount Piri stood, fifteen miles away.

In El Real nobody had ever heard about Balboa or ever climbed Piri. But I did find one grizzled old negro who thought he knew the best way to the top, and under his guidance I plunged into the wilderness.

The first day, having progressed five miles along a trail, we came at sunset upon an Indian hut which offered shelter for the night. The Indian family living there, a father, mother, and two grown sons, appeared as untouched by the outside world as were their ancestors when Balboa passed that way. . . .

When night came we had no light other than the open fire. Once that had died our primeval little hut was left to dream in the jungle darkness.

I had been asleep on one of the cane benches for two hours—under a mosquito netting I'd brought along, you may be sure—when a most alarming adventure befell me. I was suddenly and startlingly awakened by something heavy and yet soft crawling over my knees.

All I could think of was rattlesnakes. In the blackness I lay like ice, not daring to move, for I was trapped on my bench by the netting.

This four pounds of clutching, terrifying, live thing from out of the jungle depths had crept up to my chest, though my heart was

pounding hard enough to knock the intruder off had he not stuck his claws into my shirt.

Claws? Then it wasn't a rattlesnake.

Perhaps it was a vampire bat preparing to plunge its teeth into my throat.

I could stand the suspense no longer. Taut with fright I moved my trembling fingers toward this dreadful visitation.

I touched something furry. Then it wasn't a bat. It had a long tail—it had stiff little ears. As my fingers moved cautiously over the body it began to purr furiously.

Some sort of a cat!—though certainly not a domestic cat. It was too solid, too strong, too bold. In any case the animal was friendly, for a hard, scraping tongue began to lick my fingers; a warm body snuggled down beside me.

There, whatever it was, it seemed to be satisfied, and as the rain outside had brought a chill to the air I was quite willing to allow the purring hot-water bottle to rest close by. So with this strange and unseen bedfellow I tucked in the disturbed mosquito netting to keep out any more unannounced visitors, and slept, befriended and comforted, till morning.

At dawn my furry comrade disturbed me again by walking once more up and down my chest. I awoke to look straight into the face of a baby ocelot.

Ocelots are the commonest variety of jungle cat found in Panama. They most resemble the leopard, without growing as large or having such a royal coat of spots. The mother of my little playmate, I found, had been killed a few weeks before by the Indians in whose hut I was residing, and the baby captured to be brought up as a pet. His apartment was a box among the rafters. From there, driven out by the unusual coolness of the night, he had come to me seeking warmth and protection, and had made his first appearance in the somewhat startling manner I have related.

After our midnight *rapprochement* the Thomas cat and I became inseparable friends, and the next day when the two Indian brothers, who were to act as porters, and Sam and I started for Piri, I did



not have the heart to leave him behind. So I put a cord about his neck and carried him with me in the tracks of Balboa.

The summit of the peak was still ten miles away, and there was not the faintest suggestion of a trail. We had to hack one of our own. Each of my three companions carried a heavy machete—a three-pound kitchen knife used everywhere in Latin America—and with these weapons tunneled through seas of vines, roots, and underbrush. I brought up the rear, carrying the rifle and the cat.

It was a beautiful jungle—for one day at least—filled with flowers and color, bright parrots and noble trees. True, it poured rain interminably, and we had to plunge through water waist-deep in crossing the flooded streams.

By the first night I figured we had chopped our way four miles. It was necessary to stop well before dark and build a camp. Beneath a shelter of palmetto leaves we cooked our supper and rested comfortably though the rain poured down in torrents. As before, Tommy curled up under my chin and purred himself to sleep.

Next morning we struggled on up the mountain, sympathizing more and more with Balboa and his armor-laden men. The red bugs had assaulted me in legions until I was on fire from head to foot . . . but suppose on top of these itching insects I had been wearing a coat of mail? . . .

There was little sleep the second night. The sand flies and mosquitoes had bitten me in a thousand places. All night long I tossed in torment. But so had Balboa—though that thought gave me small relief.

Tomorrow, however, would compensate for everything—tomorrow was the twenty-fifth of September. We were very near the top, and at ten o'clock I would behold the Southern Sea.

As ten o'clock approached we neared the summit, up the ridge facing El Real, along which Balboa must likewise have climbed. I could picture him hurrying ahead of his companions, reaching the eminence, and staring, with eagle eyes, spellbound, at the great ocean. I, too, hurried on and reached the summit of the sacred peak in Darien. Here Balboa, at ten o'clock, September twenty-fifth, more

than four hundred years ago, stood alone. Here he made his great discovery. . . . A gap in the trees opened to the south. With pounding pulse I turned to gaze at the Mar del Sur—the Southern Sea—the illimitable Pacific. . . .

Nowhere was it to be seen!

I stared a second time. That ocean *had* to be there! It *must* be there!

But it wasn't, only endless leagues of smoky jungle—jungle to the utmost horizon. I might have been in the heart of darkest Africa. Nor was it the weather. At the moment the sun was shining brightly. Nor were my eyes to blame. There simply wasn't any Pacific!

It is recorded Balboa sank on his knees before the wonder of the landscape before him. I sank down on a fallen tree, weak from the reaction that now followed the intoxication of the idea that had lured me to the summit of this crazy mountain.

For the first time in three days I looked myself over. The thorns had ripped the sleeves out of my clothes, and my bare arms were a mass of scratches and insect bites. The diet of bananas and parrots now found me ill and faint. I'd not enjoyed one dry garment in thirty-six hours. The only thing about me intact was Tommy. He squirmed down from my shoulder, stretched and yawned, as much as to say he'd never seen such an idiot as myself, splashing around in this wet jungle so far from home when there were perfectly good parrakeets right at the front door. As I sat on the tree trunk cursing Balboa and all the demented historians who had sent me off on this preposterous expedition, Tommy looked at me rather dolefully. And no wonder—it had begun to rain again!

But rain or no rain, red bugs or no red bugs, I was going to have me my peak in Darien. Obviously Balboa never climbed Mount Piri, history books to the contrary, for it is forty miles from the ocean and thirty from his logical line of march. He had blazed a trail straight across the isthmus to San Miguel Bay. It was into the waters of this bay that he waded—authentic history states that much—to claim the new ocean for the King of Spain. He himself

named the bay San Miguel. A range of hills some thousand feet high slopes inland from its shores. From the top of *this* range the Pacific was revealed to him. Nothing could have been more evident had I stopped to consider it.

So back down the river I went, still guided by Sam and still accompanied by the cat which I had secured from the Indians in exchange for a shirt with the buttons off and two cans of baked beans.

Reaching the bay again I found the radio station operated by the United States Navy. With this as my headquarters I took a canoe to the inland shores up from which rises Balboa's ridge, and once more engaged in a battle with the jungle. All of another day and night, still carrying my mascot, Sam and I hacked our way across the savannas that spread between the ridge and the water, and on up the slopes.

It was again at ten o'clock in the morning when we approached the top. Dense foliage hid everything. I climbed a tree—with some difficulty, as I wanted Tommy to share the great moment and insisted on lugging him along—pushed aside a branch, and there was my South Sea at last.

Imagination was turned loose as I rested in my treetop and looked, perhaps the first visitor since Balboa stood nearby, out over the same seascape that he had seen. As if in compensation for his sacrifices, Providence, realizing there was no denying him his ocean, led him to it at a spot that for concentrated lyrical beauty has few rivals from Alaska to Cape Horn. All his physical wretchedness must have gone away as this glorious sight burst upon his eyes—blue, blue jungles, and the green waters studded with a hundred island jewels. He saw the colors in the bay, the tropic shores, the palms along the line of foam, the painted sky, the battlemented clouds upon the horizon of a great calm sea. It was this beauty and this majesty that silenced the conquistador. In that first enchanted moment he forgot it *was* discovery.

Back at the radio station, I found that Lieutenant Hayne Boyden, of the United States Marine Corps Aviation Force, had flown down

the hundred miles from Panama City in his seaplane to take me back.

The thought came to me that the nations given birth by Balboa's discovery have grown rich and powerful; that ten thousand ships sail upon the waters he added to the map, and yet to this man who through his own magnificent courage gave the world so much, there is, in all the lands of both the Americas, not one monument.

With this fact in mind I looked back at the ridge top as our plane swept out across the great ocean, and pictured a spot, on the backbone of the immortal hill, cleared of jungle, and standing there in heroic size hewn from eternal stone, the indomitable figure of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, staring at the Pacific with eagle eyes, surrounded by his men looking at each other with a wild surmise—silent, upon a peak in Darien.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Have you read Halliburton's account of his climbing of the Matterhorn? Or John B. L. Noel's story of the climbing of Mount Everest? You will find both of them very exciting. Collect several stories of mountain climbing and tell them to your classmates.
2. Balboa and Cortez are familiar names in the Spanish conquest of America. Consult references on the history shelf of your school library for information on these and other conquistadors, and make a notebook entitled "Fascinating Facts about Spanish Explorers."
3. A map with pictures and explanations makes a book more understandable. Draw a picture map of Halliburton's journey to the peak in Darien.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. What error did Keats make in the writing of his poem?
2. Tell what happened to Halliburton on the first night of his journey.
3. What did he discover on arriving at the summit of the peak in Darien?
4. From what vantage point did the author see the Pacific?

5. How did he return to Panama City?
6. Build up your vocabulary by adding these words to your list: visitation, compensate, eminence, illimitable, intact, preposterous, dolefully, savannas, conquistador, rapprochement, surmise.
7. Write an essay based on one of the following topics:

A night at camp

Insects

Climbing

The wrong destination

Conquistadors

John Keats

*Books on Mountain Climbing Which You Would Like to Read*

CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS by Le Roy Jeffers.

THE PEAKS OF SHALA by Rose W. Lane.

WILD LIFE ON THE ROCKIES by Enos A. Mills.

THE STORY OF EVEREST by John B. L. Noel.

MOUNTAINS AND MEN by Leonard H. Robbins.

WONDERS OF THE HIMALAYA by Sir Francis E. Younghusband.



# THE BIRTH OF A VOLCANO (Galápagos Islands)

By

WILLIAM BEEBE

*From THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE, by permission  
of the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons*

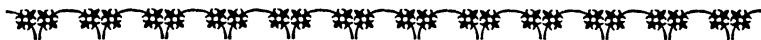
WILLIAM BEEBE, born in Brooklyn in 1877, was graduated from Columbia University in 1898. After a post-graduate year at Columbia, he became Curator of Ornithology of the New York Zoological Society. Today he is also Director of Scientific Research at this institution.

Beebe has traveled widely. His insatiable curiosity about the world and its inhabitants has led him on exciting journeys through Mongolia, Mexico, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, and many other unusual places. In recent years he has been engaged in under-sea exploration. Incased in a steel ball which enables him to reach considerable depths, Dr. Beebe spends many hours of his time photographing and observing marine life. Some of the pictures which he has taken while below the surface are the best of their kind. You'll enjoy reading his book, *The Arcturus Adventure*. Real scientists observe things about them much more carefully than do men in other walks of life. Notice how carefully traveler Beebe jots down details.

THE unusual in nature has always attracted the traveler. Thousands of people visit Niagara Falls each year to see the waters of the Niagara River plunge from a high precipice. The geysers of Yellowstone Park, the limestone caves of Kentucky, and the giant sequoia trees of California interest many visitors yearly. The usual waterfall, lake, or tree, though attractive, is commonplace, but the unusual one is fascinating.

Volcanoes are generally classified among the unusual phenomena of nature. Scientists have formed theories regarding their origin; some spend their lives near the craters of volcanoes to observe each change in development. Scientist Beebe's journey to an active crater, located on the slope of Mount Whiston in the Galápagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador, is described in this selection.





## THE BIRTH OF A VOLCANO

By WILLIAM BEEBE

I CHOSE as our objective a place of active eruption about half-way up the slope of Mount Whiton. We found landing an easy matter in Eruption Cove, after we had picked our way over the broken reefs of coral and lava which guarded the entrance. Lacing on high, hob-nailed, moose-skin boots and carrying nothing but two empty snake bags and a single canteen, John Tee-Van and I set out this bright morning of Easter Sunday on the worst trip we have ever taken together. I have lost more blood from falls in a tramp over the high Himalayas, I have suffered much more from thirst in wild desert places of India and China, and have been more exhausted from lack of sleep during treks where there was no safe place to rest, but for sheer meanness and general uncomfortable travel this was the worst.

We started briskly with a last call to Bill in the boat to take us off in three or four hours. Our goal was unmistakable, for the underground powers had fired up, and vast masses of billowing smoke were pouring forth.

The going at first was not bad. We had landed near the shore of a river of smooth, black lava about a mile wide, which had flowed seaward between banks of a rough, sharp-pointed, apparently older flow. It was astonishingly like an actual stream or sea of water which, in the twinkling of an eye, had been transformed to a glassy jet substance. We passed over ossified ripples and swells and even curving waves with breaking tips so tissue-thin that light showed through them in a thousand places, and a slight blow of my hand broke off sheets several yards in extent, which clanged down into the hollows like steel falling upon steel. Sometimes we

could pass dry shod like St. Peter over a wide stretch of calmer obsidian ocean, with here or there the fin of a shark or the head of a turtle protruding, or in a Jonahesque manner would chum familiarly with a mighty glass whale. Islands rose here and there, upon which perched great images of sea lizards and pterodactyls—all done in jet-black, molasses-like lava. It compelled steep up and down climbing, but was heavenly smooth.

. . . . .

We clung as much as possible to the smooth lava and by going somewhat out of our way were able to follow a narrow stream for a considerable distance. But sooner or later we had always to plunge into the red porous chaos. In ten minutes we were dripping and panting. The unclouded sun shone steadily down upon the sea of metal, and soon there arose a reflected heat like the blast from a furnace. I decided to halt a few minutes to rest and found that even this was impossible. The heat from the lava when we stood still was unbearable, pouring up into our faces and scorching through the soles of our shoes. Even when we could occasionally find a smooth piece of lava, the stones were too hot to sit for a moment. I humbled myself and altered my objective to a lesser crater half as far away as the large one, and after another half-hour's ghastly toil I again surrendered and changed the angle of our progress to the southwest, toward the nearest, smallest fumarole out of which smoke and gas came.

Every two hundred yards we stopped for a moment, standing and shifting from one foot to another. I found that even a square foot of shadowed rock yielded a welcome coolness to my boots and feet, but we could not squat coolie-fashion, for every breath of air ceased below a height of three feet.

By the time I could distinguish the separate piles of scoria around my small craters and the separate jets of gas, the going got even worse, for now we found our path intersected with ravines and cross arroyos, the traversing of which was almost impossible. The last quarter mile I went ahead blindly, and when I thought I must

have reached the fumarole I found my way barred by a steep, unclimbable cliff of crumbling lava, and far to the right a tiny spurt of smoke. Disappointed, I turned to the left and managed to surmount a thirty-foot elevation composed of scoria, breaking as easily as crackers but of the hardness and sharpness of the steel residue of factories. Fighting my way just ahead of the avalanches of lava which I kicked down, I came out on a flattened summit, and went on ten yards farther. A glorious cool wind met me for a moment, then died away and the sun's terrible rays poured down, at the same time that twenty fumaroles in all directions gave vent at once to spouts of grey gas. Without knowing it I had climbed into the heart of the small, nearest crater which we had chosen. To escape the hot, terrible breaths of gas I stumbled forward to the eastward rim where four holes were evidently inactive. In a moment I realized my mistake and that I had entered the influence of some more awful invisible gas, perhaps carbon monoxide. The glaring sun became darkened for me and a frightful nausea forced me back to where the visible but less noxious fumes dominated. Added to this, the heat from below made the sun's influence seem almost benign. With my handkerchief over my nose and mouth I picked out several small pieces of lava covered with a whitish, crystallized exudate. Down one hole I could see a deep, rosy glow, but I could not stand the torture a moment longer, and half slid, half fell down the cruel, scrap-steel slope, and calling John, began our journey without a backward glance. We were too exhausted to do more than choose whatever way seemed least terrible. Now and then, from the summit of one of the dreadful furrows we could see the *Arcturus*—a tiny dot on the distant blue water, describing a five-mile circle as she dragged a mile or more of deep-sea nets. Our drinking water was gone long before we returned, and when we reached the shore we could hardly talk and were crumpled up with sudden cramps. I have had more than one strange Easter Sunday walk but never one like this.

Two yellow butterflies, one large fly, and a few spiders near the shore comprised the fauna of this hell-like zone, while a single,

daisy-flowered, aromatic shrub, and two half-burned cacti represented the outposts of plants or their forlorn hope.

As I lay on my back, half in the cool water, I heard the cry of a young pup seal, and in the cave of a tiny ravine just back of some mangroves I discovered the ideal nursery of the little chap. He hitched himself in, just out of arm's reach, as I approached. A hot breath of air struck on my neck and the quickened memory of the past five hours sent me quickly back to the coral lagoon, there to bathe until I left for the ship. . . .

Just nine weeks later we returned from a trip clear to Panama to replenish our stock of coal and fresh water. It was also on a Sunday, when the *Arcturus* was again steaming along the shore of northeastern Albemarle. The sun rose when we were exactly on the equator, and the day broke clear and cool, with a strong wind and current from the south. At seven o'clock, when we were all at breakfast, the wheezy, tin fog-horn sounded from the bridge—a signal that something of interest was in sight. We all tumbled up to see a great mass of steam pouring out apparently from the very sea beyond Cape Marshall. For two days we had watched from a distance the gas and smoke from the same craters and fumaroles which we discovered two months before. They hung in a dense, sickly cloud around the flanks of Mount Whiton, lower and yellower than the clean cloud wreaths which formed around the summit. During the two nights of observation of our former visit we had seen several new vents of lava light break out lower and lower on the slopes. And now the god or goddess of Great Desires had granted what must have been a powerful longing in our minds (I can answer for it in my constantly recurring thoughts), and after an interval of more than two months we were favored by being on the exact spot at the right hour; at last the living lava had reached the sea and we were the only witnesses in the world.

The captain had first noticed the white ascending masses in the distance at six-thirty and thought it might possibly be spray thrown up over the rocky tip of Cape Marshall. Half an hour later, when he knew this could not be so, he trumpeted for us, and, bucking a

strong head wind and a two-knot current, we steamed steadily ahead. I climbed to the rolling crow's-nest and in a wind which almost pinned my eyelids open or shut, I watched the puffing masses of white grow larger. For the first hour there was little change, and I utilized the advantage of my position, as from an airplane, to watch the surface life of this deep blue water five miles off the coast of Albemarle.

Two or three large rays came flapping along—not the full-grown giant devilfish, but half-grown youngsters of the size only of an ordinary door and not a double barn-door. Now and then a sea lion or two stood upright, half out of the water, gazing at us mildly, like stout little Balboas. The most wonderful sight was three huge *Mola*, or enormous sunfish. I had read, and seen pictures, of these massive monsters, but this trio was the first in the flesh; and what flesh! They were devilfish stood on edge—oval masses, with tall dorsal fins, swimming upright, now and then veering enough to show the vast expanse of their vertical sides. I have seen replicas of their proportions in tiny half-inch larval fish which come sometimes in the surface trawls—unbelievably large around in proportion to their thickness.

We were close enough to see every detail, but the fierce on-shore wind muffled every hiss and roar, every bubble and crash, and we might have been looking at the reproduction of some of the movies we were taking. From time to time, a huge portion of cliff would seemingly rise a little, tremble, and very slowly and gently topple forward, sending up a mountain of spray which alternately crashed in great breakers against the living and dead lava, and boiled and bubbled like some broodingnagian kettle. It was astonishing to see a swell roll shoreward, curve up into a yellowish green wave, shatter against the scarlet lava and instantly rise and go floating off high in air toward the top of the distant mountain. It was a battle, a cosmic conflict among fire, water, earth, and air such as only astronomers might dream of or a maker of worlds achieve.

I have dwelt on the inorganic activity but, from the very first glimpse we had of the eruption, animal life was everywhere in evi-

dence. Within two hours of its beginning, action and reaction had begun, direct and indirect effects on a host of creatures. A veritable black wave of fish passed us soon after we entered the green water—a school, or better a mob, of great tunnies, swimming close together with all their strength, panic written in every movement, headed for blue, cool water. Close to the gangway floated a great octopus, a yard long, half dead, his tentacles feebly moving, with waves of vivid color coming and going over his flabby body. A few small fish drifted by on their backs, and writhing, twisting seaworms. In a small boat I could have learned much more of the effects of this rarest of rare phenomena.

Birds, to my surprise, were the dominating feature. While still a long distance away my glasses showed what I took to be shrapnel-like projectiles flung up and dropping down in the steam and lava. When closer, I saw that these were frigatebirds and shearwaters, not, to be sure, diving into the boiling water, but exceedingly close. Instead of the roar and rush of the unusual clouds of steam frightening away the seabirds, the sudden manna drew them in numbers, just as, when I use dynamite in collecting fish, the vultures of the sea gather at the first glimpse of a floating silver belly.

As best I could I made a census of the immediate eruption area and counted over two hundred and fifty stormy petrels, many in the dark phase, lacking the white rump. There were seventy-eight shearwaters of at least two species, thirty-six frigatebirds, ten brown boobies, and three pelicans. Not only were they in the outer zone of green water but a dense flock was flying close inshore about the lava. All were attracted by floating fish or other organisms, and often I saw them actually become obscured by the steam and gases. Later two dead petrels and a shearwater floated past, so that some at least paid a price for their reckless search for food.

At the height of interest in this marvelous sight, but when we were at the aphelion of our circle, I watched the sea-birds through glasses and learned some facts new to me. The shearwaters not only flew in their usual erratic flight and snatched a morsel here and

there from the surface, but they skimmed the surface with their beaks, ploughing it like skimmers. Besides this they flew actually into and through the high waves, working both feet and wings under water and often turning completely around before they emerged with tiny fish in their beaks. The wings flapped more rapidly under water and the feet paddled like mad. Every bird of the eight or ten near the *Arcturus* did this again and again, so it was in no sense an individual peculiarity. One shearwater was completely immersed for shorter or longer periods, seven times in nine minutes, and at the end the plumage seemed as dry as ever, and the flight was in no way heavy or impaired.

The greatest tragedy we saw was a full-grown sea lion which suddenly leaped high, close to the shore. Five times he sprang, arching over eight to ten feet clear of the seething water, and in blind agony headed straight for the scarlet delta of the lava. There was no final effort—the last leap apparently carried him straight to death.

At sunset we stood slowly in toward shore for a last look at the miracle which had been wrought for our benefit. I sat upon the very point of the bow, and the sight which came to me from either hand might well have been from two different planets. To my left rose the long, sweeping slopes of Mount Williams, quiet in the sunlight, old, gray, dusty-looking lava alternating with masses of green cactus and bursera, while the shore was picked out with brilliant green mangroves. Clean, fleecy, unhurrying clouds drifted gently past the mountain's summit—Galápagos in her usual mood.

On the right, hell was let loose, a round worthy of Dante's lowest explorations—black, sinister crevasses, rushing steam, swirling ugly gases which swept on and on and finally joined the great noxious cloud which contaminated the clean mantle of Mount Whiton. In the foreground were scarlet, dripping lava, and snarling bursts of gas-tortured bombs.

Dusk softened all this—the gas vanished into the night and the nine lava streams became things of infinite beauty. The flying

projectiles from the explosions were now seen as glowing red, not black. We turned and steamed toward James, and until ten o'clock that night, many miles away, the unforgettable fires burned over our stern. It was a wonderful farewell—the very rocks of Galápagos alive.

Two things remain to be set down.

Twenty hours after we steamed away from Albemarle, our steering-gear, without a second's warning, broke down. Twenty hours earlier, with the violent on-shore wind and current, deep water up to the very splash of the lava—and the good old wooden *Arcturus* would have contributed a new odor and a few flying sparks, and after that the steam and gas would have continued as usual, and the lava flowed uninterruptedly.

And now that I have had to reread all these words in hard type, I realize that I have given no more idea of the real happening than if I had attempted a description of the single peacock, the one opal, the solitary sunset which I had seen and you had not.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. When a volcano disturbs a group of people, that is news. Newspapers in every corner of the globe feature its eruption in the headlines. Find accounts of unusual volcanic disturbances in reference books and write newspaper stories based on them, assuming, of course, that you are a reporter witnessing the scenes.
2. What causes the birth of a volcano? This question may seem to be a very simple one to you; yet it has been the source of considerable controversy among scientists. In your science texts and other related books, obtain all of the information possible on this question and prepare a talk with drawings or blackboard diagrams which would explain the workings of this natural phenomenon.
3. The unusual in nature is found in every part of the world. In your own state or section there are many interesting natural wonders. Prepare an informational booklet that would help travelers in selecting places to visit in your section of the country.



*Understanding the Selection*

1. Did Beebe reach the objective of his Easter morning walk? Explain.
2. What hindered the author and his companion as they climbed the mountain slope?
3. How much time elapsed between the fog-horn's first warning and the flowing of the lava into the sea?
4. Describe the flora and fauna noted by Beebe as he went into the volcanic area.
5. From what vantage point did he observe the rising steam and the escape of the fish and sea animals?
6. Why were so many birds in evidence when the lava poured into the water?
7. What narrow escape did the scientists have about twenty hours after they had left the scene of the eruption?
8. A knowledge of these words will aid you in your understanding of Beebe's description of his adventure: ossified, obsidian, fumarole, scoria, arroyos, exudate, brobdingnagian, tentacles, pterodactyls, aphelion. Add them to your vocabulary list.
9. Develop one of these topics into an essay:

Heat

A narrow escape

Carbon monoxide

Fog-horns

Birds

An eruption

*Travel with Beebe on Other Book Journeys*

JUNGLE PEACE.

EDGE OF THE JUNGLE.

JUNGLE DAYS.

PLEASANT JUNGLES.

BENEATH TROPIC SEAS.

HALF MILE DOWN.



# SNAKES AND COFFEE

## (Brazil)

By

ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

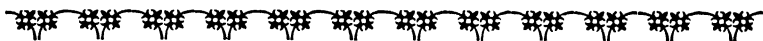
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ALICE CURTIS DESMOND sends the following information about her life:

"I was born on September 19, 1897, in Southport, Connecticut, and educated at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Connecticut. A large part of my girlhood and married life has been spent in traveling to many parts of the world and making two complete trips around it. Living in New York City after my marriage, I studied short-story writing at Columbia University. The desire to write and travel produced a number of travel articles, short stories, and poems, which appeared in magazines and newspapers, and two travel books, *Far Horizons* (Robert M. McBride & Co.) and *South American Adventures* (Macmillan). These books were purchased in sufficient quantities by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace for distribution to the International Mind Alcoves of libraries to send both books into second editions. My two books have also been transcribed into Braille, a system of raised letters which makes it possible for the blind to read with their fingers. I am now living in Newburgh, New York."

INTERNATIONAL trade is a part of the life of every country that has something to buy or something to sell. On the surface, the buying and selling process seems to involve just two nations; yet quite frequently it includes several others. With countries taking part in millions of transactions yearly, the continuance and development of international trade depends upon the coöperation of all nations.

Brazil, as the largest producer of coffee in the world, is a buyer and a seller in the world markets. Her chief export involves the country in transactions with almost every nation in the world. Its growth and preparation for sale are described in a portion of the following selection.



## SNAKES AND COFFEE

By ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

AS WE rode about São Paulo we discovered that the city had grown too fast to preserve much of its antiquity. The old town that saw the birth of the Empire is now merely the commercial quarter; a network of narrow crooked streets called the Triangle, where most of the banks, stores, and office buildings are gathered. From this nucleus broad avenues radiate, lined with elaborate buildings of Italian architecture. The finest of these is the Avenida Paulista, where the coffee kings live in palatial houses, with sunken gardens, tennis courts and swimming pools. . . .

There was a distinctive atmosphere of energy and progress about the city. This is due not alone to the consciousness of its wealth and its commercial status. The early Portuguese settlers intermarried with the Indians, and their descendants have grown into a hardy race in this temperate climate. During the coffee boom great numbers of Italians came in, and they were in evidence everywhere. We heard Italian quite as much as Portuguese on the streets.

The business section of the city was a succession of jewelry shops. The windows were invariably decorated with ornaments made of beetles and butterfly wings, and (always in this country of precious and semi-precious stones) trays of emeralds, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, tourmalines, aquamarines, beryls and agates. What more fitting in this country than that each profession should have its special stone? The doctor is recognized by his emerald ring; the lawyer by his ruby. Engineers affect sapphires; professors, the green tourmaline; dentists wear a topaz; and commercial men, the pink tourmaline.

A few shops were ablaze with diamonds. I thought of the

coffee crisis, remembered how near the diamond fields of Minas Geraes were to São Paulo, and imagined myself buying a diamond bracelet for a few milreis. Hadn't I seen at the Theatro Municipal a display of diamonds that would put many opera audiences to shame? In Brazil diamonds are considered the right of every woman, and even the poorer people own good stones. Our hotel maid wore magnificent earrings.

. . . . .

Next day we drove out to the celebrated "Snake Farm," more properly the Instituto Butantan. This Institute was started as a hobby by Dr. Vital Brazil. Alarmed by the high death rate in Brazil from reptile poisoning, he collected the one hundred and eighty species of Brazilian snakes, especially the ten poisonous varieties, studied the effect of their venom and produced serums to fight it. This antidote he shipped for a small fee to the snake-infested areas of Brazil, particularly to the Amazon basin, and so maintained his Institute until the publicity given it by Theodore Roosevelt's visit and the farm's success in reducing the mortality from snake-bite induced the government to take it over.

We stood beside a low wall looking over a shallow moat at a group of half-spherical cement houses, about four feet high, where hundreds of jararacas lay basking in the sunshine. This is the most feared snake in Brazil. We watched the perilous process of "milking" the venom, skillfully and we thought courageously performed by a Negro. This poison, accumulated in the fifteen days since the serpent had been milked, would be used to make serum for the inoculation of men and animals in the jararaca-infested areas of tropical Brazil. . . .

"A national law requires anyone to ship to the Institute all venomous snakes and any new species of non-venomous snake," the attending doctor stopped to explain before he hurried to the laboratory with the venom. "Deadly snakes will not eat in captivity, and they die in about six months. To keep up our supply for venom we

get about twenty snakes each day. They are transported free by the railroads."

"The job of opening the mail here is exciting, but not sought after!" laughed a big broad-shouldered young man who stood near us. Conversation developed that he was Senhor Goyaz from the Amazon, where he owned a rubber plantation. He had come down to get his annual supply of serum. He accompanied us in our tour of fascinated inspection.

. . . . .

But the Snake Farm is only a side-show here in São Paulo. The main show under the Big Top is coffee, and we were happy therefore when the Visconde of Porto Bello invited us out to Campinas to see his fazenda. This was by courtesy of Jack Shay, as he had promised.

We took Fred [the chauffeur] along to entertain us on the two-hour railway journey. The train was crowded with dark-skinned planters traveling out to their estates. But what did we hear? The limpid Brazilian words intoned with a typically "Southern" drawl.

"North Americans?" asked Tom.

"Not exactly!" Fred grinned. "They're from Villa Americana beyond Campinas. A town founded after your Civil War, sir, by five hundred of your compatriots from the Confederate States who wouldn't join the Union."

I looked across at the group of young men and girls, fourth-generation "Southerners." They looked much like the Brazilians around them. . . .

The map of São Paulo State shows a huge green spot stretching to the frontier of Minas Geraes. This represents the thousands of fazendas that make the coffee wealth of Brazil. At the centre of this area is Campinas, which we found to be a straggling town of some one hundred and fifteen thousand people, picturesquely strewn over the rolling coffee-covered hills. Every street ran out into coffee fields that stretched away over the horizon. The red soil had sifted through the town until all Campinas had a tinge of color. . . .

In a ramshackle car we chugged out a half-hour or so from town to visit this fazenda that had played its part in the coffee history of São Paulo. . . . An ocean of dark green shrubs in lines of unbroken symmetry stretched as far as we could see, like an army on parade.

Then from the summit of a ridge we saw the fazenda, set on the side of a hill. A band of Italian laborers met us at the gate, playing for us "The Star Spangled Banner." Inside the garden wall, standing before the rambling white house with wide porches covered with bougainvillea, surrounded by orchards of orange and lemon trees, pineapples and avocado pears, the Visconde de Porto Bello was waiting with his "*Bem vindo*," the Brazilian welcome.

He was a charming old gentleman, true aristocrat in appearance, with a gentle, almost effeminate manner, and punctilious in his courtesy. As he met Tom with a courtly bow, and kissed my hand, I was reminded of the saying: "The Brazilian laughs at everything except a stranger speaking bad Portuguese."

His old-fashioned manners were those of the days when the Portuguese court was held at Rio de Janeiro, for his title descended from the Empire. Brazil has always had an aristocracy, and, unlike many South American countries, her aristocrat is a man of the country. The early Spanish stayed in the towns, the first Portuguese went out on the land. The land still belongs to the aristocracy and these wealthy landowners run the country. Not so wealthy now, however, with the coffee crisis striking at their chief source of income.

"The distances between our estates are great, and neighbors are few," said the Visconde as he escorted us into his house. "You'll find our self-contained communities are out of touch with the world."

When we came down to dinner we met the Viscondessa. She was a handsome dark-eyed woman, richly dressed in black and sparkling with diamonds, and quite stout from lack of exercise and many candies. Yet she ate heartily, for in Brazil the compliment is "How fat you are!"

The Visconde had a large family; four handsome sons who helped manage the *fazenda*, and three plump, pretty daughters giggling





*Bourke-White Photograph—American Can Co.*

BRAZILIAN FAZENDA

*"An ocean of dark green shrubs in lines of unbroken symmetry."*



with the excitement of guests from the outside world. The boys talked of tennis, football, and rowing as English lads do; the girls had been educated in France. The strong family tie of the Latin was apparent, and they kept up a gay battle of wits during dinner, speaking in several languages (but never Spanish, which they professed to detest), while their parents smiled on them indulgently.

. . . . .

The following morning was hot, yet the Visconde and José, his eldest son, were punctiliously dressed in heavy dark suits. Most planters in the Tropics wear comfortable linen clothes, but not these Brazilian apostles of good form! If Tom had taken off his coat they would have been shocked.

His fazenda was, as our host had said, a self-contained little world with its general (very general!) store, church, school, hospital, restaurant, and even a cinema.

Eight million trees! Six thousand workers, including the various mechanics necessary to keep this community going, as well as the Italian coffee-pickers who lived in a village of their own.

"A nomadic crowd, moving around from one employer to another with each harvest," said the Visconde of the Italians.

Coffee is an exhausting crop and fresh land must be planted from time to time while the old land rests. The trees grow from eighteen to twenty feet high, thick with shiny oblong leaves. Old trees are cut back and grown again from the stump, and in this way some of them bear for one hundred and twenty years. The yield does not come until the fourth year.

"In the flowering season in September, my fazenda is beautiful," said the Visconde with enthusiasm. "Then the shrubs are covered with waxy white blossoms, like snow, and seem to offer up incense."

These sweet-scented flowers last only a few days. When the blossoms fall they are succeeded by clusters of green berries nestling in the axils of the leaves. The harvest is from May until November, when the berries are red ripe.

It wasn't the planting season, but the Visconde graciously invited

me to plant a tree. Tom told me afterwards I was an international meddler in the coffee crisis!

We were fortunate that we had come when the berries had turned red and the picking was under way. The whole fazenda was a bustle of activity. Men, women, and children, with clothes smeared red from the soil, were stripping the berries from the branches down to the cloths spread beneath the trees. The great bundles were then carted away to the storehouses.

"This picking is only the beginning of a lengthy process," said our host, as we followed the carts to a group of buildings near the laborers' village. "Between the outside of the berry and the twin beans within there is a layer of yellowish pulp that must be washed off, then a white parchment, and thinner layer, a silver skin, that must be removed."

The old method was to dry the berries in the sun and shell them, but the Visconde had built up his business by using the modern "wet," or West Indian method. His berries were soaked in concrete tanks, then drawn off into pulping machines and run between a rough cylinder and a curved iron plate to grind away the red skin and yellow pulp. The parchment was removed in another tank, and the berries spread out to dry, then passed again through rollers to remove the final silver skin.

"The beans then are cleaned, and are graded for size through sieves, the damaged beans being removed by hand," explained José, apparently as well informed as his father. "These processes require about ten days."

We left the *fazenda* next morning, taking with us a charming picture of Brazilian rural life. The Visconde bade us goodbye as though we were old family friends. "It is I who should thank you, for your visit!" he said. Then with a handshake and a pat on the back for Tom (the usual Latin-American embrace between men), and for me a basket of tangerines ("For my fruit is as famous as my coffee!"), he escorted us as far as the garden wall.

The Visconde must have been thinking of our conversation of the night before. "Our critics call Brazil the land of *mañana*," were his

final words. "It is too soon to be despondent. Remember we have been a republic only since 1889; we had slaves until 1888. The oldest civilization in South America stands ready to emerge as one of the great nations of the world. Think of our nearness to Europe, our importance as an airplane bridge! Our critics will eat their words. In a real sense, Brazil will be the land of tomorrow!"

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. When one thinks of coffee, he thinks of Brazil. This South American country is the largest contributor to the world's coffee supply. By using information obtained from firms who sell the product, and other facts found in this selection and reference books, develop a booklet, "Coffee—From the Bean to the Cup."
2. Brazilian history chronicles many events that are unknown to most Americans. Prepare a talk on interesting portions of the story of Brazil which would give your classmates the basis for a better understanding of the country.
3. Brazil is one of the members of the Pan-American Union, a federation of the countries of the Americas which helps to bring these nations together. From material supplied by the offices of the Pan-American Union in Washington, and from history books, familiarize yourself with the workings of this unusual organization. Write a report on your findings.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. How are the professional people identified by means of precious stones?
2. Of what practical use is the "Snake Farm"?
3. Why is the opening of the mail at the farm "exciting, but not sought after"?
4. How was the Villa Americana founded?
5. Where had the Visconde's children been educated?
6. According to the author, why were the landowners less wealthy than they had been in previous years?

7. Add these words to your vocabulary: invariably, antidote, intoned, compatriot, symmetry, punctilious, indulgently.
8. Here are some more topics that might be developed into entertaining compositions:

That Southern drawl  
On coffee  
Courtesy  
Spanish food  
Table talk

Snake bite  
Opening the mail  
A true aristocrat  
Weight

*South American Book Travels*

HASTA LA VISTA by Christopher Morley.

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE by A. F. Tschiffely.

FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA by Annie Smith Peck.

A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS by Harry S. Foster.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA by Andre Siegfried.

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO by W. H. Hudson.

# ARTIST IN GREENLAND

By

ROCKWELL KENT

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and Company, Inc., New York*

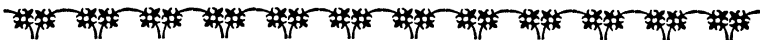
ROCKWELL KENT, artist and author, was born in Tarrytown, New York, in 1882, and educated at Horace Mann School and Columbia University in New York City. His wide range of experience includes teaching school, building boats, working as a carpenter and as a lobsterman, and wandering about the world. In 1917 he wandered to Alaska with his son, spending a year painting the strange beauty of the North. The work he brought back was widely acclaimed and purchased by noted museums and discriminating individuals. He has exhibited his work extensively in the United States, South America, and Europe. His largest painting is a mural at Dennis, Cape Cod. His illustrations of such books as *Moby Dick*, *Canterbury Tales*, and *Candide* have made him well-known as an illustrator. He is the author of *Wilderness* (1920), *Voyaging* (1924), *N. by E.* (1930), and *Salamina* (1935), and a frequent contributor to magazines.

EVER since the days of Marco Polo, Europeans have been greatly interested in building up trade with far-away lands. To them this commerce meant the appearance of many new products on the home markets and the establishment of outlets for surplus goods.

To insure the continuation of this trade in future years, the European nations took over the control of many of these lands and so, today, we find their flags flying over many foreign shores. Proud are these nations of their colonies, jealous of any encroachment upon them, and pleased with the products which they receive from them.

Greenland, a Danish possession, is the subject of the selection that follows.





## ARTIST IN GREENLAND

By ROCKWELL KENT

OF THE events which brought me into contact with the people and helped to level the barrier to mutual understanding which does exist wherever there are rich and poor, white men and colored, a privileged class and others, the building of my house with my own hands, the working at it with native helpers at my side, was, coming at the very outset of my residence at Igdlorssuit, the most fortunate. The mere building of the house was an event in the prevailing uneventfulness of local life; to many it was a source of employment, and to the rest a spectacle. It drew them all—men, women, children, from the very old to the very young—to throng my hillside, to recline there, smoking, chatting, watching through the many idle hours of the day and evening that pleasant sight to comfortably idle ones—the spectacle of other men at work. Even the days of waiting for materials to come, my own impatience at the first prolonged delay, came to be shared by everyone. The house site found, the building staked—what now? Days passed. The schooner that should bring the lumber, nails, cement, my household goods, the whole astounding paraphernalia for keeping alive which the Greenlanders had learned to associate with the coming of a European, that wealth of new and often strange material things—what held the schooner up? Almost no hour of the day or night but someone watched for it, stood on the harbor hill and scanned the fifty miles of calm blue water toward where, behind the solitary, heart-shaped mountain of Umanak, the schooner lay. From the harbor hill they looked off eastwards for the schooner; and southwards, beyond the receding promontories of the island's shore, for

the coming of my motorboat. That too was overdue. Meanwhile, what could be done I did.

The Greenland outpost stores should be, are *meant* to be, supplied with whatever necessities and simple luxuries of European life the local natives in their progress toward enlightenment have learned to want. . . . The Igdlorssuit store received the season's stock whenever, from midsummer until fall, those Umanak authorities would find it not too troublesome to send it. And it was remarkable with what patience the people continued through the months of spring and early summer trading-in the little brass tokens of exchange, which they had received for their produce in skins and fat, for those unwanted left-over European commodities with which alone the now almost depleted store could furnish them. "We have no biscuit, no hardbread—but we have candles; no oatmeal—but we have dried beans. We have coffee—but no sugar. Molasses?—Why, you finished it last fall." There were no beads for the girls' adornment, but there was an assortment of old tarnished and corroded finger rings just short of large enough to fit a Greenland woman's wrist. There were no dress materials, but shop-soiled remnants of drab patterns. The outposts, it is held, don't need good clothes. . . . There was, of course, no butter; but margarine, perhaps? No, none. But lumber? Yes, the most expensive kind; the people can't afford it. Cement? Two barrels. No one uses it. Nails? Sorry, not a nail in stock for months.

Lumber for concrete forms, cement: work can begin. Word of my need of nails went round the settlement; men brought their bent and rusty savings. A boy was put to work to straighten them. Trolleman produced odd lengths of wire saved from crates; I had a pocket level, hammer, hand ax, in my bag. A Greenlander lent me an old saw. And now a dozen men start carrying lumber, sand, and gravel to the job.

It was a steep walk up the hill, yet no one minded it. Their mood was festive; the loads they chose to carry matched it. It was a holiday to work; they kept it one. Sometimes, by the way of sport, someone would take a staggering load and stagger with it while the others

laughed. He'd make the grade and drop the load on its allotted spot; then he and all the rest would sprawl out on the grass to take, as it would seem, a well-earned rest. They came at seven and they stayed till five. They were faithful to the hours of their employment, and delightful company throughout them; it was their hours that they'd sold me for hire, not, it appeared, their labor. Thus every day was a prolonged social event that brought me the acquaintance of many charming people and, incidentally, somewhat advanced the work in hand.

I was too grateful for the numbers who put themselves at my service to mind about the daily changes in their personnel. If, after working for a day or two, a man chose to lay off and go fishing, or, tired of the monotony of his employment, preferred to merely lie on my hillside and watch the others work, it was little to be concerned about. A people who had never known compulsion did, naturally, as they pleased; and not having learned to like material luxuries as much as they disliked the drudgery of earning them, having of food sufficient for the day, what fools they would have been to choose to work.

It is told that a certain Danish contractor who had the erecting of a wireless station in Greenland thought to overcome the people's sloth by offering a two days' wage for one day's labor. The people responded with enthusiasm; they worked a day, were paid. And next day not a soul showed up. Having earned two days' pay in one, why work the second day? Well—why? . . .

September, late September; cold. The Northern sky is luminous under a heavy canopy of low, dark clouds. A north wind penetrates your clothes, your flesh; it nips your bones.

Hands in his pockets, shivering, the sluggish-witted son of Tukajak stands by bewildered by my whirlwind speed. Come! Step on it, you Lucas! Here, rip this plank. You priceless Tukajak, slap on that paint. What! cold? Well—toddle home and get your mittens on. But hurry; work. We'll finish up today. I make and hang two storeroom doors, fit in a cellar window frame, calk it and board it tight. Now up with all the perishable foods. Pack this—and that—

in straw. Good! Now the yard. Clean off that ice-caked lumber with a spade. Stack it, with strips between. Sweep up the chips. Whew, how they blow about! A whirlwind, north-wind finish. Done!—and it's six o'clock, the thirtieth. Come, winter.

And it occurred to many who had watched the work all day that fixing up one's house for winter was a sound idea, that they would do it for themselves some day. Some day? Forever will the sod lie blooming on the meadow lands, the winter's turf uncut, the house walls crumbling. Spurred by necessity at last, each year too late, half-frozen men will pry a few clods from the frozen ground to plug their eaves where winter whistles in—and let it go, this year, at that.

Yet there is enough desultory tinkering going on in the settlement to complete with sound of saw and hammer and with show of work the season's drama of impending change. Men *are* at work, some men, and compensate for the neglect of their houses by overhauling and repairing such gear as work of a day or week ahead requires. Down on the level strand they're spreading out and mending nets, big nets with eight-inch mesh of heavy twine. October promises, it seems, some monstrous harvest.

It is curious how little our imaginations concern themselves with the world beneath the surface of the sea, strange that imagination soars, and never swims. We project ourselves in thought so readily into an element which in its lower strata supports no mammal life, and in its upper, and beyond, prohibits life in any form, and rarely even dream ourselves into that subsea universe which is a habitat of our own kin. So while poets rhapsodize about the feathered lower vertebrates and dress the angels in their wings, such real kindred of ours in flesh and blood as, for instance, *Delphinapterus leucas*—as sweet, as sleek, and (if we may judge him by his silly countenance) as pleasant an enormous relative as man may have—is born, aspires, swims his life out, dies. And no one cares.

Yet if we did, if we but followed him in thought into the fluid element which is his world, in thought looked upward from those depths, saw the blue sky, the sun, the moon, the northern lights,

the stars, the day and night through varying depths of that translucence, soared in thought surfaceward through an inverted wilderness of ice—inverted bergs eight times the height of ours, stalactite mountains pendent from the sky—burst foaming out into the blinding day to feel the sun's hot rays an instant, breathe the air, if we could comprehend *that* gamut of experience and realize in thought one day of what is life to the insensate whale, it might, in fact, prove more than mind could bear. No wonder whales look stupid.

Just as the pupil of the eye contracts when looking at the light, so may whales' brains have shrunk, their bulk increased, to fit them to endure the daily spectacle. To fit them to endure the *hazards* of existence there, they too must be of monstrous nature. Imagine the autumnal overclouding of the arctic depths as ice forms over them; that sudden imposition of a deathlike stillness there; the threat of that to every swimming thing that breathes our air. Seals make their breathing-holes and keep them clear; whales can't. Thick ice, to them, means death. And the occasional desperate crowding of the monsters to a lead in ice of wide extent, their persistence at that lead, heads out for air, despite the gathering of hunters to a slaughter, proves last necessity.

The southerly migrations of *Delphinapterus leucas*, or Beluga, or, as he's really called (but not to be confused with the gigantic Moby Dick), White Whale, are of such perennial regularity as to time, and follow so undeviatingly one course, that what befalls him isn't to be wondered at. His fat is plenteous and rich, his meat is good, his hide is succulent. Men know his ways: God help the whale!

The nets of Igdlorssuit were set on October 2: promptly on October 3 the cry goes up, "*Katakak!*" The whales have come; one's caught.

Out come the people from the houses, all of them. They run far down along the shore to where a few rods out some men are laboring in a boat. It is a dull gray morning, bitter cold. It's cold enough to watch that work—let alone plunging your hands into that icy water as the men are doing. Slowly, fathom after fathom,

the heavy net is drawn from the water, passed along. The men are straining now, and their weight bears down the gunwale so that the choppy sea slops in. White flukes emerge; a rope is passed around the tail, secured. They clear the net and let it go. Time out to chafe numbed fingers. Now to the oars. They pull along the shore down to abreast of Trolleman's, there beach their prow. The crowd takes hold; they draw the boat on land. Then all—men, women, children—putting their shoulders to the whale's towline, draw him out—across the beach, across the flat, to—snap! The line has parted and the people sprawl. There is a roar of laughter—but there lies the whale.

And now from the bed and house emerges Trolleman, struts Trolleman, all puffed out with his furs and feathers and his pride. "Well, well, well, well!" he cries. "What's this? What's this?— See how I do it, Mr. Kent?"

"See how you do it?" I say, innocently enough, for the smallest child seems to have had more to do with it than his nibs.

"Why yes, Mr. Kent; my net, my whale."

"I see: your crew."

He stopped in his tracks, for he had all this time been strutting about with a superb air of command. "Crew!" he cried in excited astonishment. "There is no crew. I do it. I always do it. No, Mr. Kent, no crew. You see, Mr. Kent," he went on confidentially, "when you have a crew you divide with them. That doesn't do. No, no. I do the work myself. Oh, well"—a little deprecatingly—"I let them go and help. They like that. Oh, no, Mr. Kent, no, no, no, no; no crew."

Meanwhile the whale was being expertly dissected, the fat and meat being carried off and deposited in the owner's store shed, and the hide—*matak*, as it is called—being as rapidly devoured as half a hundred human jaws could do it. And although the scene was one of carnage in which everyone got thoroughly besmeared with blood, I must at once dispel the thought that white-whale hide, either raw or cooked, is anything less than one of the most palatable delicacies of the world. Yet how to describe it as a thing to eat?

Tough? As rawhide it is used for whips and lines. Fresh, in the teeth, it has almost rawhide toughness and the resilience of rubber bands. Chew rubber bands to know how eating matak feels. Imagine rubber yielding, as you chew it, the flavor—hardly that, the sweetness, the degree of sweetness—of a watermelon. It isn't that, of course, but let that do: sweetish, with flavor undefined. Cooked it's quite different. Cut into little dice, in soup, it is not unlike green turtle. Cut into strips of little-finger size and fried, it curls up prettily, comes to have the consistency of rather tough fried scallops and a flavor less like them but equally delicate. In rich brown gravy stews, plain boiled, or, better, boiled and served with rice and curry sauce, young matak is too tender for a knife and good enough to make a French chef's everlasting fame. But eaten icy cold; gripped with the teeth and hand-sliced nosewards, bolted down: that is the best, they say who know. And until Trolleman put a stop to the feast by carrying away what slabs of hide remained, just that was going on magnificently.

When all that was of interest to man had been removed, the dog pack that at whip-lash radius had all the while been held at bay was let come in. There was a rush, a hundred-throated snarl. Two deep they seethed above the whale's remains. Dogs weltering in blood and guts: exit Beluga. . . .

Seal-hunting on the frozen sea is a comparatively simple matter, requiring in one method, netting, almost no skill whatever and in others no more than any active enterprising white man might acquire with a season's practice. The setting of seal nets takes place as soon as the sea ice becomes sufficiently consolidated to remove the financial risk of putting out the nets. . . . After the holes have been made—and this is done with the invaluable pike—the pike with a cord attached to it is pushed with careful aim from hole to hole, being given such impetus as to cause its unweighted end to rise up through the next succeeding hole. This takes perhaps a little skill, not much. The nets for obvious reasons are set in the close vicinity of a promontory or an iceberg, or out from where new ice joins old and thicker ice. For all other hunting methods the ice

may be considered as an adjunct of a trap: the breathing-hole or open lead. The spring jaws of that trap are the armed and watchful hunter. Seals must come up to breathe; that breath of life may be their last. The finding of breathing-holes may be difficult, for they are often marked by no more than a low and almost indistinguishable dome of snow. The seal breathes underneath that dome. The hunter, having found the breathing-hole, waits there with gun or lance or pike. He waits immovable in utter silence, for the least concussion or scraping on the ice is conducted through the medium of the water to the ears of the approaching seal. But if the unsuspecting seal comes snorting up, a shot, a swift sure thrust of lance, and it's all over.

In stalking seals the hunter, keeping to leeward, may approach to within two or three hundred yards of his game without any dissimulation beyond silence; from that distance on he stalks. The seal is, strangely, one of the best imitations of man in nature. . . . The method of approaching the seal most in use today employs the shelter of a muslin screen borne on a tiny sledge on muffled runners. Crouching or creeping behind this, the hunter makes an easy near approach. Then pushing his gun through a slit in the muslin and resting it on props arranged for that he aims and fires. Both of these methods of stalking are commonly used when the seals, lured out of water by the warm spring sun, lie dozing at their breathing-holes. Less from the seal's intention, we may assume, than from the incidental erosion of his repeated egress from the breathing-hole, the ice inclines toward the hole; and the seal lying at its very brink slips swiftly in by the slightest movement of his body. Unless the shot brings instant death the seal glides under and is lost. In the early winter season and in late spring, when there are leads of open water, the hunter takes his kayak on his sledge and, leaving his team, either paddles about in search of seal or waits patiently at the ice edge for an appearance within range. Having shot the seal, he embarks to recover it. The hunter in the springtime, off for days, sleeps only when he's tired. He lies down on his sledge, generally without a sleeping-bag or any covering besides the reindeer skin he



lies on—if he has one—pulled up around his legs. A prudent thrifty man like Abraham takes a primus stove along; he has hot coffee and boiled meat. A better hunter and a shiftless man, my David, lives on seal meat—raw. Raw meat is palatable; seal liver, raw and chilled, is a real delicacy. Of work in general the world around, one can't say that men like it; they like to hunt in spring in Greenland.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. "There she blows!" is the cry of the men aboard a whaling vessel when a whale is sighted. The whaling industry still furnishes a number of useful products to the world. Obtain some information on this industry; find out where it is still carried on, its methods, and its products. Make a booklet which would familiarize others with whaling.
2. In the out-of-the-way corners of the earth are places that receive only occasional shipments of supplies from the outside world. Rockwell Kent points out some of the inconveniences of living in a settlement off the beaten track. You'll find a number of such isolated communities in the world if you will examine the maps in your world atlas. Read the account of Point Barrow in Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*, and any other available descriptions of isolated communities. Prepare a talk on "Out-of-the-way Places."
3. Mr. Kent's house was evidently similar to ones built in our country today. House construction, as you know, varies according to countries. Make a comparative study of homes in different lands, and by means of diagrams and suitable descriptions indicate their differences.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Describe the Greenlanders' method of working on Mr. Kent's house.
2. Account for the shortage of certain supplies on the island.
3. Tell how a Danish contractor attempted to overcome the sloth of the people.
4. What was the basis of Trolleman's claim to the whale?
5. How did the natives catch seals?
6. Enlarge your reading vocabulary by finding the meanings of these

words taken from the preceding selection: impending, rhapsodize, vertebrate, translucence, pendent, gamut, succulent, resilience, paraphernalia, deprecating, insensate, desultory, luminous, habitat, strata, mammal.

7. Select one of the following topics as the subject for an interesting essay:

Seals

Lazy people

My carpentry

No supplies

Trading

No crew

On building a house

Tough meat

*Books Giving Others' Impressions of Greenland and Labrador*

LEAVES FROM A GREENLAND DIARY by Ruth Bryan Owen.

MID-ICE by Johannes Georgi.

SAILS OVER ICE by Captain "Bob" Bartlett.

THE ROMANCE OF LABRADOR by Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

# ON GOING BACK (England)

By

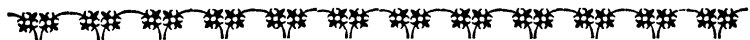
W. H. HUDSON

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W. H. HUDSON (1841-1922), an American born near Buenos Aires, Argentina, lived on the pampas until his twenty-ninth birthday. Many vivid impressions did he take with him to England—so many that years later he wrote *Far Away and Long Ago*, a book based on his childhood recollections. In England, Hudson did not fare well financially. His position as assistant to a genealogist failed to bring him adequate returns, and a boarding house business brought him and his family many liabilities. Actually, the Hudsons lived in poverty for a number of years before the publication of *Green Mansions*. The appearance of this novel in 1904 brought recognition to the author, but even this did not make him independent. Sickness and the lack of a "practical sense" soon brought him back to meager living. Only the indirect aid of friends kept Hudson from abject poverty until his death in London on August 18, 1922. In his *Afoot in England*, one finds the writer describing with a warmth of feeling the country in which he had lived for many years.

OF ALL the great structures that travelers wish to see in foreign lands, churches, cathedrals, or temples are most numerous. These centers of worship reveal at the same time the skill, the wealth, the artistic development, and the spiritual aspirations of their builders. Some are ruins left by an ancient civilization, some are austere buildings fashioned by simple people, and some are great structures of breath-taking beauty. All, however, command the traveler's thoughtful interest.

The author in the following selection tells of visiting a church in rural England and of the cherished memories of that experience.



## ON GOING BACK

By W. H. HUDSON

IN LOOKING over the preceding chapter it occurred to me that I had omitted something, or rather that it would have been well to drop a word of warning to those who have the desire to revisit a place where they have experienced a delightful surprise. Alas! They cannot have that sensation a second time, and on this account alone the mental image must always be better than its reality. Let the image—the first sharp impression—content us. Many a beautiful picture is spoilt by the artist who cannot be satisfied that he has made the best of his subject, and retouching his canvas to bring out some subtle charm which made the work a success loses it altogether. So in going back, the result of the inevitable disillusionment is that the early mental picture loses something of its original freshness. The very fact that the delightful place or scene was discovered by us made it the shining place it is in memory. And again, the charm we found in it may have been in a measure due to the mood we were in, or to the peculiar aspect in which it came before us at the first, due to the season, to atmospheric and sunlight effects, to some human interest, or to a conjunction of several favourable circumstances; we know we can never see it again in that aspect and with that precise feeling.

On this account I am shy of revisiting the places where I have experienced the keenest delight. For example, I have no desire to revisit that small ancient town among the hills, described in the last chapter; to go on a Sunday evening through that narrow gorge, filled with the musical roar of the church bells; to leave that great sound behind and stand again listening to the marvellous echo from the wooded hill on the other side of the valley. Nor would I care

to go again in search of that small ancient lost church in the forest. It would not be early April with the clear sunbeams shining through the old leafless oaks on the floor of fallen yellow leaves, with the cuckoo fluting before his time; nor would that straggling procession of villagers appear, headed by an old man in a smock frock with a big book in his hand; nor would I hear for the first time the strange history of the church which so enchanted me.

I will here give an account of yet another of the many well-remembered delightful spots which I would not revisit, nor even look upon again if I could avoid doing so by going several miles out of my way.

It was green open country in the west of England—very far west, although on the east side of the Tamar—in a beautiful spot remote from railroads and large towns, and the road by which I was traveling (on this occasion on a bicycle) ran or serpentine along the foot of a range of low round hills on my right hand, while on my left I had a green valley with other low round green hills beyond it. The valley had a marshy stream with sedgy margins and occasional clumps of alder and willow trees. It was the end of a hot midsummer day; the sun went down a vast globe of crimson fire in a crystal clear sky; and as I was going east I was obliged to dismount and stand still to watch its setting. When the great red disc had gone down behind the green world I resumed my way but went slowly, then slower still, the better to enjoy the delicious coolness which came from the moist valley and the beauty of the evening in that solitary place which I had never looked on before. Nor was there any need to hurry; I had but three or four miles to go to the small old town where I intended passing the night. By and by the winding road led me down close to the stream at a point where it broadened to a large still pool. This was the ford, and on the other side was a small rustic village, consisting of a church, two or three farmhouses with their barns and outbuildings, and a few ancient-looking stone cottages with thatched roofs. But the church was the main thing; it was a noble building with a very fine tower, and from its size and beauty I concluded that it was an ancient church dating

back to the time when there was a passion in the West Country and in many parts of England of building these great fanes even in the remotest and most thinly populated parishes. In this I was mistaken through having seen it at a distance from the other side of the ford after the sun had set.

Never, I thought, had I seen a lovelier village with its old picturesque cottages shaded by ancient oaks and elms, and the great church with its stately tower looking dark against the luminous western sky. Dismounting again I stood for some time admiring the scene, wishing that I could make that village my home for the rest of my life, conscious at the same time that it was the mood, the season, the magical hour which made it seem so enchanting. Presently a young man, the first human figure that presented itself to my sight, appeared, mounted on a big cart-horse and leading a second horse by a halter, and rode down into the pool to bathe the animals' legs and give them a drink. He was a sturdy-looking young fellow with a sun-browned face, in earth-coloured working clothes, with a small cap stuck on the back of his round curly head; he probably imagined himself not a bad-looking young man, for while his horses were drinking he laid over on the broad bare back and bending down studied his own reflection in the bright water. Then an old woman came out of a cottage close by, and began talking to him in her West Country dialect in a thin high-pitched cracked voice. Their talking was the only sound in the village; so silent was it that all the rest of its inhabitants might have been in bed and fast asleep; then, the conversation ended, the young man rode out with a great splashing and the old woman turned into her cottage again, and I was left in solitude.

Still I lingered: I could not go just yet; the chances were that I should never again see that sweet village in that beautiful aspect at that twilight hour. For now it came into my mind that I could not very well settle there for the rest of my life; I could not, in fact, tie myself to any place without sacrificing certain other advantages I possessed; and the main thing was that by taking root I should

deprive myself of the chance of looking on still other beautiful scenes and experiencing other sweet surprises. I was wishing that I had come a little earlier on the scene to have had time to borrow the key of the church and get a sight of the interior, when all at once I heard a shrill voice and a boy appeared running across the wide green space of the churchyard. A second boy followed, then another, then still others, and I saw that they were going into the church by the side door. They were choir-boys going to practice. The church was open then, and late as it was I could have half an hour inside before it was dark! The stream was spanned by an old stone bridge above the ford, and going over it I at once made my way to the great building, but even before entering it I discovered that it possessed an organ of extraordinary power and that someone was performing on it with a vengeance. Inside the noise was tremendous—a bigger noise from an organ, it seemed to me, than I had ever heard before, even at the Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace, but even more astonishing than the uproar was the sight that met my eyes. The boys, nine or ten sturdy little rustics with round sunburnt West Country faces, were playing the roughest game ever witnessed in a church. Some were engaged in a sort of flying fight, madly pursuing one another up and down the aisles and over the pews, and whenever one overtook another he would seize hold of him and they would struggle together until one was thrown and received a vigorous pommelling. Those who were not fighting were dancing to the music. It was great fun to them, and they were shouting and laughing their loudest, only not a sound of it all could be heard on account of the thunderous roar of the organ which filled and seemed to make the whole building tremble. The boys took no notice of me, and seeing that there was a singularly fine west window, I went to it and stood there some time with my back to the game which was going on at the other end of the building, admiring the beautiful colours and trying to make out the subjects depicted. In the centre part, lit by the afterglow in the sky to a wonderful brilliance, was the figure of a saint, a lovely young



woman in a blue robe with an abundance of loose golden-red hair and an aureole about her head. Her pale face wore a sweet and placid expression, and her eyes of a pure forget-me-not blue were looking straight into mine. As I stood there the music, or noise, ceased and a very profound silence followed—not a giggle, not a whisper from the outrageous young barbarians, and not a sound of the organist or of anyone speaking to them. Presently I became conscious of some person standing almost but not quite abreast of me, and turning sharply I found a clergyman at my side. He was the vicar, the person who had been letting himself go on the organ; a slight man with a handsome, pale, ascetic face, clean-shaven, very dark-eyed, looking more like an Italian monk or priest than an English clergyman. But although rigidly ecclesiastic in his appearance and dress, there was something curiously engaging in him, along with a subtle look which it was not easy to fathom. There was a light in his dark eyes which reminded me of a flame seen through a smoked glass or a thin black veil, and a slight restless movement about the corners of his mouth as if a smile was just on the point of breaking out. But it never quite came; he kept his gravity even when he said things which would have gone very well with a smile.

"I see," he spoke, and his penetrating musical voice had, too, like his eyes and mouth, an expression of mystery in it, "that you are admiring our beautiful west window, especially the figure in the centre. It is quite new—everything is new here—the church itself was only built a few years ago. This window is its chief glory: it was done by a good artist—he has done some of the most admired windows of recent years; and the centre figure is supposed to be a portrait of our generous patroness. At all events she sat for it to him. You have probably heard of Lady Y——?"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Lady Y——: that funny old woman!"

"No—middle-aged," he corrected, a little frigidly and perhaps a little mockingly at the same time.

"Very well, middle-aged if you like; I don't know her personally.

One hears about her; but I did not know she had a place in these parts."

"She owns most of this parish and has done so much for us that we can very well look leniently on a little weakness—her wish that the future inhabitants of the place shall not remember her as a middle-aged woman not remarkable for good looks—'funny,' as you just now said."

He was wonderfully candid, I thought. But what extraordinary benefits had she bestowed on them, I asked, to enable them to regard, or to say, that this picture of a very beautiful young female was her likeness!

"Why," he said, "the church would not have been built but for her. We were astonished at the sum she offered to contribute toward the work, and at once set about pulling the small old church down so as to rebuild on the exact site."

"Do you know," I returned, "I can't help saying something you will not like to hear. It is a very fine church, no doubt, but it always angers me to hear of a case like this where some ancient church is pulled down and a grand new one raised in its place to the honour and glory of some rich parvenu with or without a brand new title."

"You are not hurting me in the least," he replied, with that change which came from time to time in his eyes as if the flame behind the screen had suddenly grown brighter. "I agree with every word you say; the meanest church in the land should be cherished as long as it will hold together. But unfortunately ours had to come down. It was very old and decayed past mending. The floor was six feet below the level of the surrounding ground and frightfully damp. It had been examined over and over again by experts during the past forty or fifty years, and from the first they pronounced it a hopeless case, so that it was never restored. The interior, right down to the time of demolition, was like that of most country churches of a century ago, with the old black worm-eaten pews, in which the worshippers shut themselves up as if in their own houses or castles. On account of the damp we were haunted by toads. You smile,

sir, but it was no smiling matter for me during my first year as vicar, when I discovered that it was the custom here to keep pet toads in the church. It sounds strange and funny, no doubt, but it is a fact that all the best people in the parish had one of these creatures, and it was customary for the ladies to bring it a weekly supply of provisions—bits of meat, hard-boiled eggs chopped up, and earth-worms, and whatever else they fancied it would like—in their reticules. The toads, I suppose, knew when it was Sunday—their feeding day; at all events they would crawl out of their holes in the floor under the pews to receive their rations—and caresses. The toads got on my nerves with rather unpleasant consequences. I preached in a way which my listeners did not appreciate or properly understand, particularly when I took for my subject our duty toward the lower animals, including reptiles.”

“Batrachians,” I interposed, echoing as well as I could the tone in which he had rebuked me before.

“Very well, batrachians—I am not a naturalist. But the impression created on their minds appeared to be that I was rather an odd person in the pulpit. When the time came to pull the old church down the toad-keepers were bidden to remove their pets, which they did with considerable reluctance. What became of them I do not know—I never inquired. I used to have a careful inspection made of the floor to make sure that these creatures were not put back in the new building, and I am happy to think it is not suited to their habits. The floors are very well cemented, and are dry and clean.”

Having finished his story he invited me to go to the parsonage and get some refreshment. “I daresay you are thirsty,” he said.

But it was getting late; it was almost dark in the church by now, although the figure of the golden-haired saint still glowed in the window and gazed at us out of her blue eyes. “I must not waste more of your time,” I added. “There are your boys still patiently waiting to begin their practice—such nice quiet fellows!”

“Yes, they are,” he returned a little bitterly, a sudden accent of weariness in his voice and no trace now of what I had seen in his

countenance a little while ago—the light that shone and brightened behind the dark eye and the little play about the corners of the mouth as of dimpling motions on the surface of a pool.

And in that new guise, or disguise, I left him, the austere priest with nothing to suggest the whimsical or grotesque in his cold ascetic face. Recrossing the bridge I stood a little time and looked once more at the noble church tower standing dark against the clear amber-coloured sky, and said to myself: "Why, this is one of the oddest incidents of my life! Not that I have seen or heard anything very wonderful—just a small rustic village, one of a thousand in the land; a big new church in which some person was playing rather madly on the organ, a set of unruly choir-boys; a handsome stained-glass west window, and, finally, a nice little chat with the vicar." It was not in these things; it was a sense of something strange in the mind, of something in some way unlike all other places and people and experiences.

. . . . .

On departing it struck me that it would assuredly be a mistake to return to this village and look at it again by the common lights of day. No, it was better to keep the impressions I had gathered unspoil; even to believe, if I could, that no such place existed, but that it had existed exactly as I had found it, even to the unruly choir-boys, the ascetic-looking priest with a strange light in his eyes, and the worshippers who kept pet toads in the church. They were not precisely like people of the twentieth century. As for the eccentric middle-aged or elderly person whose portrait adorned the west window, she was not the lady I knew something about, but another older Lady Y——, who flourished some six or seven centuries ago.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. You have heard of some famous cathedrals. Westminster Abbey in London, the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and St. Peter's Church in Rome may be names familiar to you. Look up the history of a cathe-

dral that interests you, get a collection of pictures of its exterior and interior, and with your classmates arrange a display of pictures of various cathedrals for your bulletin board. Write explanatory paragraphs on cards to accompany each collection.

2. In your town or city there are doubtless several memorials to former citizens. Some were erected by private individuals, others by the local or state government. Such memorials as the Singing Tower in Florida or the Lincoln Memorial at Washington are known the world over. In the files of magazines and newspapers find the facts about two or three famous monuments or buildings, and prepare to tell the class about them; or prepare a "personally conducted tour" of your town, in which you will stop at several memorials—statues, buildings or parks—and tell briefly the story of the person or the group in whose honor the memorial was erected.
3. In almost any group of Americans you can start a lively discussion on the subject of antique furniture. It is only a short step from such a topic to the discussion of old buildings. The author says: "The meanest church in the land should be cherished as long as it will hold together." Possibly this is true of churches; but what about schools and houses? Organize an informal debate for your class between the lovers of the old and the devotees of the up-to-date.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. What are the author's views on revisiting places?
2. Were the choir-boys typical? Explain.
3. Why did the minister correct the visitor's impression of Lady Y——?
4. How did the clergyman banish the pet toads from the church?
5. If you were Hudson, would you go back to the village? Explain.
6. These words will help in the building of a larger vocabulary: subtle, inevitable, rustic, luminous, depict, grotesque, effigy, whimsical, eccentric, austere, aureole, reticule, batrachian, candid.
7. Here are some ideas for essays:

A place that I revisit  
Experiences with a bicycle  
A visit to an old church

Toads  
The end of a hot midsummer day  
When I was a young barbarian

*More English Journeys*

- HERE IS ENGLAND by Marion Balderston.  
A THREAD OF ENGLISH ROAD by Charles S. Brooks.  
ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL by Wallace Nutting.  
AS IT IS IN ENGLAND by Albert B. Osborne.  
ENGLISH SUMMER by Cornelia Stratton Parker.  
ENGLISH JOURNEY by J. B. Priestley.  
THE VILLAGES OF ENGLAND by A. K. Wickham.  
AMERICA'S ENGLAND by M. V. Hughes.

# MAN AGAINST THE SEA (Holland)

By

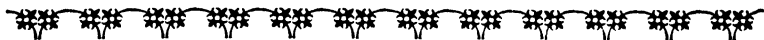
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

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HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1882. His writing career started at the age of eleven years, when he saved pennies to buy "twenty blue copy books." Ten years later he came to America. He was graduated from Cornell University, spent a year at Harvard, then went to Russia as an Associated Press correspondent. During his period of service as a correspondent van Loon visited France, England, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. During these years, he crossed the ocean eight times. It is not surprising that he speaks and writes in ten languages, as well as in their dialects. Many of Dr. van Loon's books are illustrated with pictures of his own making. You will find entertainment and enlightenment in other books by this historian, artist, and traveler.

THE sea has from prehistoric times challenged the inventive genius of man. First he had to construct boats that would carry him over its treacherous surface. Then, as he made larger and more costly craft, he had to devise places for safe anchorage. Now enormous vessels, swift and safe, and great improved harbors to shelter them at the ends of their voyages bear witness to the present extent of man's power over the sea. A newer phase of this struggle is the reclamation of land from the water's edge, and the prevention of floods. The people of Holland have shown the world what can be done in this field. By great industry and ingenuity they have won and kept from the sea some of their richest territory.





## MAN AGAINST THE SEA

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THE first thing to do once you arrive in any place is to sit down and catch your breath and take a nap if you feel so inclined. All boat schedules conspire against a peaceful night's sleep on the part of the traveler. I suppose this is unavoidable. The Harwich Line must catch the early morning connection with Germany and central Europe. The boats of the Holland-America Line (if you happen to go directly from New York to Rotterdam) must still pay some attention to the tides and currents which (as we all know) respect the comfort of no one, and the Batavier Line, which connects London directly with Rotterdam (the oldest regular steamboat line in Europe, I believe), finds it to its advantage to dock some time before the beginning of the business day.

And of course, if you are at all of a curious nature, you will have been up long before the boat comes within sight of the shore. And you will be fully repaid for your troubles.

First of all you will see a thin, dark line which is a different sort of darkness from both sky and sea and which at irregular intervals is pierced with blinding streaks of light which flash across the water like seagulls diving for a fish. That is that row of sand-dunes which since three thousand years ago has protected the country against the inroads of the North Sea. Then the vessel will do some plain and fancy zigzagging, for it must make directly for the narrow gap between two distant breakwaters, and the currents between the sand-banks are infinitely more treacherous than those of our own Hudson River, while the tides are almost equally bad.

Meanwhile your eyes will have become accustomed to the dark-

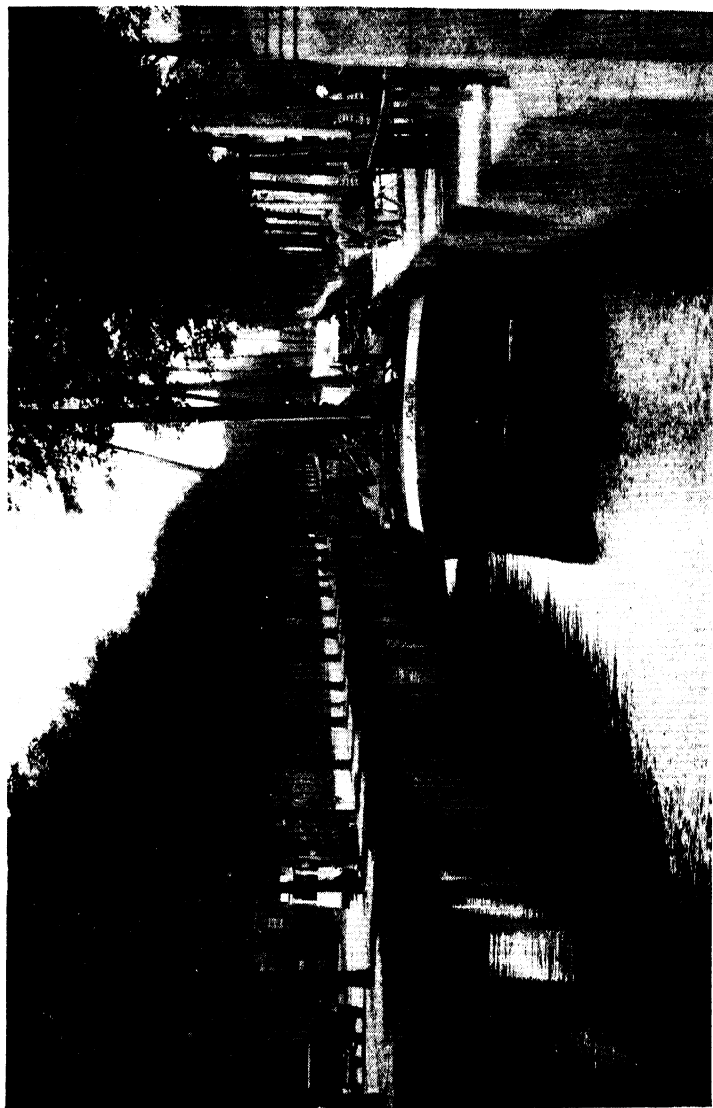
ness and then suddenly the thought will strike you: "But this is absurd! We are sailing right above the roofs of the houses." But it is not absurd. You have quietly slipped inside the breakwater. You are now on the river and all the land on both sides of you is from ten to fifteen feet below the surface of the sea.

As the day dawns above the horizon, you will notice other unfamiliar scenes. On both sides of you are pastures, and contemplative cows look solemnly at the black shadow that drifts past them and then return to the infinitely more important task of getting their breakfast. It may be your business to leave a comfortable home and go a-cruising all over the world. Just then, it is their business to eat. So there!

And the occasional kids that walk along the dykes seem to belong to the same school of placid philosophy. When you enter New York harbor on a summery day, every cat-boat filled with pleasure seekers starts into wild jubilations as if you were a long-lost son and your ship the long-awaited Ark of Righteousness. The Dutch infants, bound so early in the morning for the bakery or for school, are differently constructed. They do not want to be unfriendly. By no means. When you wave at them, they will wave back. But you probably have some perfectly good reason to be on that vessel at that particular moment, just as they have a perfectly good reason to be on their little dyke at that particular moment. So why make a fuss about it?

Meanwhile the vessel has slowed down from half-speed to a fraction of no-speed-at-all. When you look behind you, you will at once notice the reason. The company does not want to be held responsible for the inundation of the entire country, and the harmonious waves driven up by your 25,000 tons are licking the tops of the dykes.

But then at last there is something familiar—factories! Industrialism is rarely pretty. But the stone barracks and the ship wharves and the high smoke-stacks have not been quite able to destroy the old picturesque views of this river, which probably for the first time



*Courtesy Thos. Cook & Son*

CANAL SCENE IN HOLLAND



in your life make you realize the painstaking truth of those Dutch landscapes of the seventeenth century which you have already seen in our own museums.

Now, if you will look far forward, you will notice the outline of an old tower surrounded by a cluster of houses and trees. That is the town of Brielle where the great rebellion started in 1572 (read your Motley). It is now a country village, but it happens to be one of those spots of which one can say, with a slight variation, Pascal's famous dictum about the nose of Cleopatra ("If the nose of Cleopatra had been one tenth of an inch different, the whole subsequent history of the world would have been different too"): "If it had not been for the presence of that little city at the mouth of the Rhine, the entire history of the last four hundred years would have been changed."

And then, on the left, you will see what used to be the village of Delfshaven, famous as the spot where the Pilgrims set forth to go to England, where they were to be reloaded into the leaky holds of the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower," bound for the vague but profitable tobacco fields of Virginia. The "Speedwell" did not speed quite as well, as you may remember, and had to return. The "Mayflower," less lucky, exposed its unhappy cargo to endless weeks of seasickness and then landed them in New England, too miserable to bother about any further pioneering.

After Delfshaven, the traffic grows heavier and a vast number and variety of small cargo boats begin to play hide-and-seek with their big transatlantic sisters, for Holland is still a country where the bulk of all hauling is done by means of canal-boats. A few years ago Henry Ford visited the Netherlands and in an outburst of progress suggested in all seriousness that the canals be filled with sand and be turned into motor high-roads. That these waterways are at the same time drainage canals and that the country would drown the moment they ceased to exist had escaped the eminent interior-combustion expert.

But since we are on the subject and very few people seem to know

how the so-called "polders" of Holland are made, I might as well tell you in just as few words as possible.

Most of the reclaiming was done in the sixteenth century, after the "water-mill," the wind-driven pumping-station, had been sufficiently perfected to be of some practical use. Well, when you want to get rid of a lake, you first of all build a stout dyke around the whole of the marsh or lake you intend to tackle. Then you dig a canal outside that dyke and erect a dozen pumping-stations along it. They will suck the water out of the marsh as you suck lemonade out of a glass through a straw. Then you dig a number of drainage canals inside the dried-up land, in neat little squares, and the pumping-stations (now mostly driven by steam or electricity) will do the rest.

And what becomes of that water pumped out of your erstwhile lake? That in turn is poured into still other canals which finally by means of locks connect with one of the big rivers. When the tide is low and the water in your canal is high, you open the locks and get rid of the superfluous water. If you need water in your canals, as you may during very hot summers, you reverse the process. It is really very simple if you know how.

After another hour houses begin to multiply. So do bicycles. As soon as daylight appears, the Dutch bicycles appear. If there really is anything in all this talk about evolution, another century will see the Dutch children coming into this world on tiny bicycles. There are automobiles too in Holland, but the bicycle has become an integral part of the native technological fauna. Ambitious youngsters will begin to race your ship on their bicycles as soon as they spy you from afar. Butcher-boys, delivering their errands, will do the same. Baker-boys will do the same. Policemen will do the same. The harbor pilot is the only citizen who comes to you decently and ceremoniously in a little boat of his own. And now, all around you, there are ships and more ships, varying from a few cubic feet to twenty or thirty thousand tons. But they all behave in an essentially Dutch way. They mind their own business. So as a rule do the customs people who are the first of the natives to welcome you.

Now that the whole world has become one large community, every nation has flattered us by erecting some sort of customs barrier of its own around all its frontiers. Holland, the traditional country of free trade, has been forced to become a tariff country. But the customs people still feel slightly apologetic about inquiring into the sort of luggage you have chosen to bring with you.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. One of the most important occupations of the Dutch people is diamond-cutting. In fact, most of the world's diamonds are prepared for market in Holland. Develop an extensive talk on the diamond industry, including the mining and the finishing of the stones.
2. The Dutch method of reclaiming land is described by van Loon in this selection. The methods employed by our own country are equally interesting. Many of the buildings in the recent Century of Progress Exposition were placed on reclaimed land. Arid lands in the West have been restored to productivity by irrigation. Secure facts about American methods and write a report on your findings.
3. Holland, the traditional country of free trade, has been forced to become a tariff country. Some political leaders believe that tariff walls should be erected against foreign products; others advocate a policy of free trade. Organize a debate on the topic "Resolved: That a Free Trade Policy Is More Advantageous for a Country Than a Tariff Policy."

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. How does it happen that the boat is sailing above the roofs of the houses?
2. Why does the boat move slowly as it passes the houses?
3. For what important historical event is Delfshaven noted?
4. How did the Dutch add a great deal of land to their country?
5. Van Loon uses some words which might interest you. Do you know the meanings of contemplative, placid, subsequent, dictum, eminent, technological, fauna, traditional, tariff, integral, and philosophy?

6. When you write another theme, try to use one of these topics:

An exciting boat ride	A journey on a ship
An interesting port	Tulips in Holland
Canal locks	Dutch windmills
How I learned to ride a bicycle	Wooden shoes

*Other Books by Hendrik Van Loon*

ANCIENT MAN.

THE STORY OF MANKIND.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE.

TOLERANCE.

R. v. R.

THE STORY OF WILBUR THE HAT.

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY.

SHIPS AND HOW THEY SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS.

MAN, THE MIRACLE MAKER.



# DRESDEN AND BERLIN

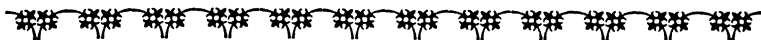
By

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

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of Harper and Brothers, publishers*

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK, an American by birth, has been interested in travel for a number of years. "The use I made of the first money earned by illustrating a set of children's books is indicative of my vagabond spirit, which has grown stronger with years," writes Mrs. Peck. "With a fellow student I took ship for Europe and spent every cent on a three-months' ramble in France. . . . After that came a period of working at paintings, drawings, wood-cuts, and illustrations for books, and the added career of being married and bringing up a boy," Mrs. Peck's letter continues. "But the vagabond would not be downed. For some years past I managed to take frequent trips to Europe, returning with a store of drawings and knowledge of various countries. Soon I began writing articles for travel magazines. . . . My latest and most satisfying career began when Virginia Kirkus asked me to write and illustrate *Storybook Europe* for Harper and Brothers. That was followed by *A Vagabond's Provence*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company; then *Roundabout Europe* for Harpers, and *Young Germany* for Robert McBride and Company."

PEOPLE who play as well as work generally lead a healthier and happier life than those who spend all of their time in earning their living. Leaders of nations therefore try to encourage recreation among their people wherever possible. National, state, and local governments provide stadiums, parks, beaches, museums, and other recreational facilities, so that more persons can have the opportunity to play. The selection which follows devotes several pages to public and private recreation facilities of the Berlin citizenry.



## DRESDEN AND BERLIN

By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

KING AUGUSTUS of Saxony had a green diamond. It cost him a fortune and he treasured it more than any of the other precious jewels and objects of art which he and his father collected and kept in the Green Vault of the royal palace at Dresden. We may visit these rooms filled with a rich treasury of exquisite things. They tell the tale of the extravagance and magnificence of the Saxon kings.

Augustus the Strong, father of the king of the green diamond, was a contemporary of Louis XIV, and vied with him in the splendor of his court. When young Frederick the Great came to visit the Saxon monarch from the rough, penurious court of his father in Berlin, he was amazed and delighted at the luxurious life he saw.

It was Augustus the Strong who built the ornate Zwinger palace, a great quadrangle of pavilions and colonnades surrounding a court laid out in smooth lawns and adorned with fountains. All sorts of court festivities were held here. The buildings are as ornate as a wedding cake in the window of a pastry shop, and are especially decorative seen by starlight, when one of the many orchestras of music-loving Dresden is giving a concert on a summer night.

Augustus and his son made Dresden the city of stately buildings which we visit today. The Zwinger picture gallery, one of the most renowned in Europe, holds many masterpieces which they collected. The most famous of its pictures is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna."

To get the best view of Dresden's rococo beauty, take a boat on the River Elbe. We see the full length of the tree-shaded Brühl

Terrace high above the river bank, with a skyline of green copper domes and slender spires behind it. Graceful bridges cross the broad river, under which we pass as we steam down to Meissen, the home of Dresden china.

The porcelain manufactory is well worth visiting. Not only do we see the flower-decorated china which we know so well, but an infinite variety of dainty figures, birds, and animals in porcelain. Most interesting of all is to go through the plant and watch the miracle of making clay into delicate porcelain. Dishes are shaped on the potter's wheel. We see the elaborate molds used to form the various figures. We are shown the great kilns for firing. There are rooms of skilled workers who sit all day deftly painting designs and applying gold leaf. Those who are painting the most elaborate pieces work from models of stuffed birds, or beautiful color prints of butterflies, flowers, and plant forms. I marveled at their skill, but was glad it was not my job to sit day after day over such precise work.

A young chemist named Böttger discovered the process of making this fine porcelain during the reign of Augustus the Strong. So afraid was the king that the formula would be stolen, that he virtually made prisoners of the inventor and his workers, confining them in the castle of Meissen while they worked. For many years the secret was jealously guarded, but now the guides obligingly explain the whole process to us.

From the setting bequeathed it by its splendor-loving kings, republican Dresden has grown into a modern, efficient city, and is immensely proud of the fact. It has a very different atmosphere from the Old World places which we have been exploring in the south.

But it is in Berlin, the heart of new Germany as well as its capital city, that the contrast between the old and the new is most vivid. This great lively city is as modern in feeling as New York. The streets roar with traffic and at night are bright with electric signs. The new spirit in architecture and in life rules the town. Although there are no skyscrapers, the shops, restaurants, and apartment houses are built in modernistic designs, very handsome and inter-

esting. In the shops of the Wiener Werkstätten we find enchanting scarves, bags, pottery, and jewelry in delightfully modernistic patterns. Berlin is an excellent place to buy amber, by the way, for it is mined in the north and the shops are full of it.

On the famous avenue Unter den Linden, a flashing stream of traffic hurries up and down. Handsome buildings and shops line the sides. Some of the restaurants have plate-glass fronts which slide up so that, on warm days, we may almost have the illusion of eating out-of-doors. The avenue is wide and spacious, with a double row of linden and chestnut trees down the center, and grass plots, flower beds, and benches underneath.

At one end of the avenue stands the majestic Brandenburg Gate, through which the Kaiser was wont to make his dramatic entries into the city. When the revolution broke out after the war, the liberated people tore down the chain across this royal roadway and crowded through it on their march to the palace. Now busses and automobiles whiz through it, with scarcely a thought of past imperial privileges.

Just beyond the Brandenburg Gate is the beautiful Tiergarten, more like a fresh country wood than a city park. On the Sieges-Allée, one of the avenues of the park, stand the rows of white marble statues of past kings and emperors. Their size, their number, and their grandiloquent gestures bear testimony to the pomposity and the bad taste of the Hohenzollerns. They were all too fond of erecting statues to their ancestors as well as to their own glory, and this region of Berlin is overburdened with them. At the far end of Unter den Linden, too, are the huge statues of Frederick the Great, Emperor William I, and other heroes.

Indeed the palaces, the opera house, the cathedral and the fine museum buildings on an island in the River Spree make a picture of imperial dignity, and keep us from quite forgetting royalty. The former Kaiser's palace, once so carefully guarded from the plebeians, is now open to all the world, and houses a splendid collection of industrial arts. The Crown Prince's palace, too, has become a museum, and here we see an interesting exhibition of modern art.

All the world in Berlin wants to be amused, and it is a great place for all kinds of fun. There are countless theaters, night clubs, and restaurants, offering good times to suit everyone's taste. Many of the great modernistic cafés have delightful music along with tea, supper, and dancing. The Haus Vaterland in particular is a great favorite. It is a huge building of many café rooms, each dedicated to a particular foreign country or to a district of Germany. There is an Italian room, a Turkish room, a Wild West cowboy "joint," a Spanish winerom, etc. Perhaps the most popular is the Rhine room, for in this is a panorama of the famous river with mechanical steamboats moving up it and a most realistic storm breaking over the mountains. On the ground floor is a beautiful little movie theater.

But in spite of all the hubbub and gayety, many people find pleasure in the quiet German fashion, even in Berlin. The afternoon gatherings in cafés for coffee and dancing are universal. One of the most popular resorts is the Zoölogical Garden, in the shady woods of the Tiergarten. This zoo is large and interesting, and has a marvelous collection of animals and birds, housed in buildings done in the style of the country from which they come, with lots of room for the creatures to roam about.

Berlin youngsters love to spend Saturday afternoon at the zoo. Feeding-time is very popular. Chimpanzees sit at a table and eat their porridge neatly from soup plates, an anxious eye on the keeper. The great house of lions, tigers, and other big beasts has tiers of seats along the wall from which we may watch the animals being fed.

When the children have seen enough of the animals, they go with their mothers to the great garden café beyond the flower beds and fountains of the Zoo, where acres of gayly decked tables are set out under the thick trees. In the central place a good old pre-war military band is playing lustily. Its conductor looks like one of the Kaiser's generals with his proud bearing and long turned-up mustachios.

Here and there in the gay park are settlements of tables surround-

ing a dancing-floor with a jazz band playing. And there are restaurant-pavilions for those who want to spend money and look smart. But the ordinary Berlin families do not care about looking smart, and they know how to enjoy themselves at small expense. On Saturday afternoon mother and the children will sit over their coffee and cakes at one of these tables, listening to the band and waiting for father to arrive at supper time. When he comes they order beer, while mother produces bread and sausage which she has brought in a capacious bag. They eat heartily, talk with friends, hear some more music, and go quietly home, happy and pleased with their outing.

Another pleasant goal for an afternoon's excursion is the Funkturm, where the grounds are being prepared for a future exposition. It is a lofty radio tower rather like the Eiffel Tower in Paris. High up, near the top, is a restaurant with glass sides sloping outward, so that we get almost an airplane view of Berlin with its acres of buildings, green patches of park, woods, and lakes on the outskirts, stadiums, athletic fields, and a network of railway lines.

Near the Funkturm is the great Stadium, chief of all the smaller fields around the city. There are tracks for running, bicycle-racing, horse-racing, swimming-pools, and a big turf in the center for jumping, basketball, and other sports. A school for physical education for young people is held here, and there are always teachers on hand to train the youngsters in sports, as well as to lecture. Boys and girls come riding out on their bicycles after school to have an hour or two of sport. They are a fine, sturdy lot, these young people of Germany, intensely interested in sports, in dancing, physical fitness, and sun and air. I found the youngsters of Berlin more lively than the gentle peasant children I had known in the south.

Berlin is surrounded with play places to satisfy this universal longing for outdoors and exercise. In the flat country around the city there are stretches of woodland and charming lakes. These have become popular resorts, and, judging from the crowds in the electric trains on week-ends and holidays, it looks as if all Berlin goes out to play.

Wannsee is a particularly pretty place with villas and restaurants snuggled in groves of trees. The lake is lively with white sails and all sorts of small boats. Two very attractive restaurants, the Swedische Pavillon and the Haus am See are set in delightful gardens. At the latter there is a terrace by the lakeside, and farther back, on the smooth lawn, tables are set out invitingly. Of course there is good music, a cement dancing floor, and the usual rich, delicious food.

Nicholassee is Berlin's Coney Island and is a crowded, noisy place. On bright holidays the beach is entirely hidden under the crowd of people. Rows of hooded bath-chairs, which we may hire for a small sum, stand along the beach, and make a shelter in which to eat lunch or read. But most of the people, when I was there, were prone on the sand. The sun bathers were in their element! As nearly naked as could be without entirely embracing the nude cult, they were acquiring a coat of tan with self-satisfied abandon. There is a casino at Nicholassee with dancing-rooms, ping-pong parlors, and a restaurant. Crowds of young people, however, seemed quite content with their own picnic parties and had their portable phonographs set up in the sand, merrily grinding out jazz.

One of the most interesting places around Berlin is the great Tempelhof airport on the outskirts of the city. This is one of the largest flying-fields in Europe. Air travel has been developed to a high degree of efficiency in Germany, and people fly about as nonchalantly as they go on the train.

From the entrance gate we emerge on a broad terrace set with tables under striped umbrellas. Out in the field beyond the fence six great bird-like machines stand in a row, their engines roaring and propellers whirring. Luggage is being stowed into the compartments, passengers climb into the cabins, mechanics are busy around the engines. The pilot takes his seat, the signal is given, and one by one the planes race down the field and take off with a final thunder of engines. One was bound for Frankfurt, one for Munich, another for the Rhine. Some were little mail planes carrying just the pilot and a mechanic.



A speck appears in the sky, and from the lofty radio tower beside the landing-field a siren blows, and the loud speaker announces the arrival of a plane from London and Amsterdam. A splendid, great Luft-Hansa machine with three engines swoops down and taxies up the field to the station. Attendants run up to place steps before the cabin door, smartly dressed people step out casually, luggage is assembled, and off they go to take a bus into Berlin.

All the afternoon people sit at tables watching the busy air traffic, while making themselves comfortable, after the good German fashion, with refreshments. There is always something doing, for every few minutes the siren announces a new arrival, or planes big and little take off with a whir and a roar. Even if we cannot fly from Tempelhof to some other part of Germany, we may take a flight over Berlin in one of the sight-seeing planes.

Berlin of today is an energetic, delightful city, a fine expression of the country which is growing over the ruins of imperial Germany. We have all read descriptions of the city of the Kaisers, of the formal, magnificent court life and military glamour which it lacks today. But how did it come to be the capital of the empire, and how did the kings of Prussia become the emperors of the assembled states and monarchies of the country? It must be admitted that the Hohenzollerns brought this about.

It was Frederick William, the Great Elector, who first made Prussia a strong state. His son, Frederick I, called himself King of Prussia, and his grandson, Frederick William I, strengthened the country and developed the army. He was devoted to his soldiers. Indeed, his family was half starved in order that he might have more funds to lavish on his men. It was he who established the headquarters of the famous Prussian Guard at Potsdam, where it remained until the World War. Frederick William loved his handsome soldiers so much that he hated to send them to war, where they might get killed or their fitness damaged! It was his worship of military efficiency that impressed on his country the spirit which we have come to know as Prussian.

It was not until after the war with France in 1871, which King William of Prussia won for Germany under the guidance of the iron Bismarck, that the other German states decided to unite under the rule of Prussia and to accept the Hohenzollern kings as their emperors.

Among all these many rulers, only one stands out as a really interesting personality—Frederick the Great. He was the son of Frederick William I, and he it was who made Prussia a power in Europe. When we visit Potsdam, it is not so much the royal town built on the island in the Havel which interests us, nor the various palaces built before Frederick's time. It is his charming little French palace of Sans Souci set in an exquisitely beautiful park which we want to see. Frederick gave it that name because he hoped that there, at least, he would be without care. Although that was too much to hope, he always loved this retreat. He expressed his love for the French ideal in the designing of the palace and gardens.

"Oliver Twist in his workhouse and Smike in Dotheboys Hall were spoiled children as compared with this unhappy heir to a throne," says Macaulay in his essay on Frederick the Great. His father, the rough boorish Frederick William, tried to force the frail, sensitive, beauty-loving boy into the pattern of a Prussian Guard. He browbeat him and tyrannized over him, and organized his life on a strict military basis. Frederick became skilled in hypocrisy in order to keep out of trouble. His youth was one long misery and his only comfort was his beloved sister Wilhelmine.

Although the king had no use for books, he thought a prince should be properly educated, and so Frederick had a French tutor, a man of sympathetic understanding as well as a fine scholar. He developed his pupil's mind and his love of literature, and also taught him to play the flute. Music and literature became the only pleasures in the prince's lonely life.

Finally the detested, bullying father died and Frederick became King of Prussia at the age of twenty-eight. Curious changes came over him when at last he was free. After being crushed and thwarted

all his youth, he now had great power in his hands. He could do anything he wished. Strangely enough, instead of being an idle, flute-playing monarch as his court expected and hoped, he became practical and hard-working. His love for militaristic prowess would have satisfied even his father. He waged successful wars and captured territory for Prussia, so that in the course of his lifetime he accomplished his ambition and made all Europe designate him as "the Great."

But in his periods of relaxation, literature and the conversation of brilliant men were still his chief pleasures. When he built Sans Souci he gathered about him a company of choice spirits in order that he might enjoy their minds and bask in their admiration for him. For years he had worshipped the great French scholar Voltaire from afar and had kept up a continual correspondence with him. Frederick finally persuaded Voltaire to come and live with him at Sans Souci, and for about two years king and scholar lived in alternate moods of devoted friendship and bitter quarreling, but they never lost their interest in each other.

Frederick had the best room in the palace specially decorated for his guest, with colored wood carvings applied to the paneling and walls. Out of the bouquets of flowers and foliage peer monkeys to poke fun at Voltaire's ugliness, parrots to symbolize his talkativeness, and peacocks to represent his vanity. Some men would have been insulted by these quips, but Voltaire enjoyed the joke.

Frederick's early life had given him an intense hatred of everything German. He hardly knew the language and always wrote and spoke French. During his time French words crept into the language and are still there, used as easily as though they really belonged.

We may walk through this attractive little palace of Sans Souci. Beautiful indeed are the rooms, the terraces, gardens, and lawns with huge trees and fountains where Frederick made a home for his friends, the intellectual giants of his time. Yet for all this, so many and violent were the quarrels arising from jealousy, and so

difficult the temperament of the king himself, that, despite his efforts for companionship, he died in the arms of his valet, a lonely old man.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Many of the facilities for outdoor exercise enjoyed by young people in Berlin are described in this selection. Your community also provides opportunities for recreation. Obtain information from your local chamber of commerce, town park committee, or athletic officials and make a leaflet describing the recreational advantages of your town or city to serve as a guide for new residents.
2. The chinaware in your home may or may not have been made in Dresden, for Germany is just one of the numerous manufacturers of porcelain ware. America, France, and England produce some very attractive china also. Ask the buyer of chinaware in a local department store or a collector of antiques in your community about the chinaware produced in one or more of these countries, and report to your classmates.
3. A traveler with no knowledge of history misses the significance of much that he sees. In every section of the United States the visitor is directed to old buildings or carefully tended plots of ground cherished for their historic associations. Draw a map of a trip you would like to take, marking suitably the historic buildings or places that you would like to visit on your route.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. How did King Augustus guard the secret of porcelain-making in Dresden?
2. What evidence of Hohenzollern vanity did the author find in Berlin?
3. Why did Frederick William hate to send his soldiers to war?
4. Why do we find a number of French words in the German language today?
5. How many of these words are in your vocabulary: penurious, rococo, glamour, contemporary, quadrangle, realistic, nonchalant?

6. Some topics that might be developed into essays are:

An incident at an airport

A peculiar room

A banquet fit for a king

The latest news from Germany

When I took the children to the zoo

An afternoon at the beach

*These Books Will Show You More of Germany*

A TRAMP ABROAD by Mark Twain.

SEEING GERMANY by E. M. Newman.

A WAYFARER IN CENTRAL GERMANY by Frank Schoonmaker.

GERMAN SUMMER by Cornelia Stratton Parker.

RAMBLES IN THE BLACK FOREST by I. A. R. Wylie.



# INTRODUCTION TO FRANCE

By

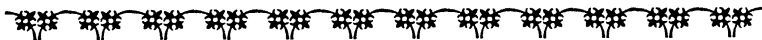
ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

*Reprinted from FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA, by permission of the publisher, Robert M. McBride and Company, New York*

ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS was born in Cranford, New Jersey, in 1879. Educated at home by his father and tutors, he became a reporter for the *New York Times* and later for the *New York Mail and Express*. In 1901, he was chosen as editor of the *Electrical Age* and during the next four years he held several editorial positions. From 1905 to 1925, he served as staff lecturer on art, architecture, and history in colleges and universities, and contributed articles to magazines. Since 1925 he has been editor of the *Art and Archeology* magazine and director of the Archeological Society, Washington, D. C. Arthur Riggs' list of books includes *Vistas in Sicily*, *France from Sea to Sea*, *With Three Armies*, and *The Spanish Pageant*.

TRANSPORTATION is another problem with which man has struggled during the centuries of his existence. In early times he domesticated animals so that they would transport him and his belongings from place to place. With the coming of the machine age man developed boats and locomotives powered by steam. Later the gasoline engine almost revolutionized the possibilities of travel for the average individual. Airplanes, motor buses, streamlined trains, automobiles, steamships—all are at the service of travelers in countries that have solved their transportation problems in the modern way.





## INTRODUCTION TO FRANCE

By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

TO MANY places one must go in the spring to see the country at its best; not so La Belle France. Surely no other name of affection for a land was ever better deserved than this. From the golden sands of Picardy to the blue shore of the Mediterranean, every province is lovely, and every one has its own special form of loveliness, its definite characteristics: golden sands, apple orchards, and billowing fields of grain; black rocks, gray weather, the *Miséréré* of the sea for the music of life—and death; brilliant rivers that wind in sinuous coils, and dark, sullen streams that force their way to the sea with savage impetuosity; placid canals and milky highroads bordered by slender trees; endless vineyards, where bursting grapes drink deep of the golden sun; the sky-piercing fence of the Alps, sawteeth full of snow, and bristling with pine and fir; vast, solemn gorges, suggestive of the Cañon of the Colorado; barren deserts of gray or tan, and wide marshes with blue lagoons; air full of shimmering heat waves, of myriad colors and the subtle perfume of rose and olive and oleander, linden and jasmine and whispering palm. Blue the sky and blue the shore—but why go on forever?

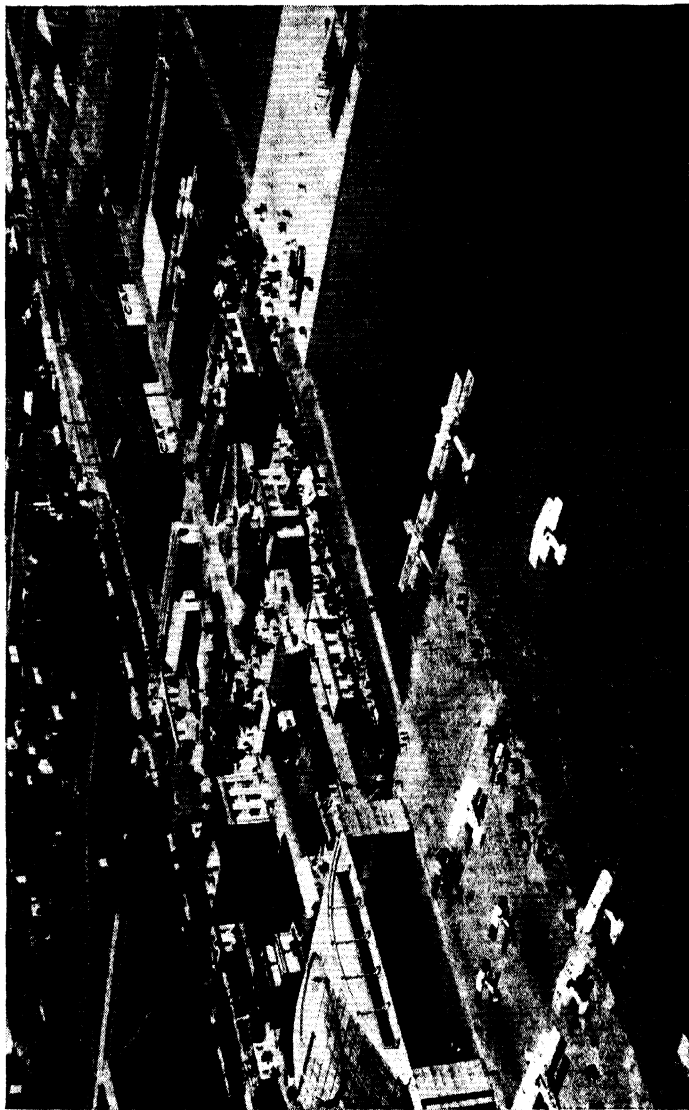
Pity those misguided souls who either rush by all this to frivol away their time in Paris, among the cafés and shops and hotels, with a lot of other stuffy spenders, or who wait to see the country until their jaded senses refuse to absorb the beauty and charm of Nature. These are they who know naught of the joys of loitering across sylvan scenes in stertorous little trains of matchboxes on wheels, that have to stop every few kilomètres to let the sniffing little engine get its breath—there is opportunity for pictures; who

miss entirely the delights of the people, of that friendly welcome into the little compartment where a peasant cheerily lifts a chicken out of the way to let you sit down, or pushes aside a huge basket of vegetables to let you pass; who never experience the delights of quiet, unpretentious little hotels, blissfully ignorant of Paris ways and Paris prices, where the proprietor, also the *chef de cuisine*, comes, smiling and bowing, out of his immaculate kitchen, wiping his soft, pink hands on his immaculate apron, to wish you *bon voyage* with a heart-warming handshake.

Some of these hostelries are more than three hundred years old. The stairs play about like the streams of a fountain, dividing, twisting, shooting off at crazy angles, like wind-blown water. It takes a strong bump of location to find the path to your own chamber. One inn is entered through a fragrant kitchen, another through a littered dining-room or a public bar. Once we found a narrow, circular stair, without any kind of rail, winding up from the kitchen; and in the floor, before the first step, was a villainous trapdoor. Was it *oubliette*, or only wine cellar? We never knew, but only the guidebook's recommendation took us across that wicked-looking door.

There are so many excellent ways of reaching France that a list is quite unnecessary. Enter France as you will, you need have no fear of the French customs. Only don't carry matches. A friend of mine once paid a hundred francs—a franc apiece—for carelessly having a box in his trunk, and forgetting it was there, in plain sight. To carry either perfume or tobacco is equally foolish; one does not take coals to Newcastle, and the government-owned tobacco shops now sell the best grades of foreign mixtures; while as for perfumes—go to Grasse! . . .

Never were there more or easier means of transportation than in France. The whole country is literally gridironed with railroads; perhaps I should say cobwebbed with them, for their crossings and ramifications in every direction are as numerous as the spinnings of an industrious spider. Scarcely a town of any importance but is served by at least one line, sometimes more; and when you hunt



*Wide-World Photo*

LE BOURGET

*"... regular service between Paris, London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Prague, Vienna, and Warsaw."*



up some little out-of-the-way spot you have unbounded admiration for the geniuses who construct those Chinese puzzles they call time-tables. Imagine every railway line, with every station on it, in the Atlantic Coast States, for example, in a single fat little time-table, and you have some notion of the comprehensiveness of the French publications. They are for sale new every month at the station news-stands—the railways never give anything away but themselves. . . .

Of course the romantic—and so the appropriate—way to enter France is by air, a way unimaginable before the war hastened aeroplane development. Today the great *aérogare* of France is at Le Bourget, about twelve kilomètres to the northeast of the Place de la Concorde, on the Chantilly-Senlis road, with comfortable motors to bring the passengers—and their baggage—into the capital. More than eighty machines of the most luxurious types maintain a regular service between Paris, London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Prague, Vienna, and Warsaw; and *via* air-connections, north as far as Helsingfors, east to Nijni Novgorod, south to Fez and Rabat, and west to Manchester. The airport has sixteen huge hangars, two monster garages, a handsome restaurant, customs officers, and a wonderful cement platform for “taking off” and alighting. Safe as travel is by land, the figures claim it is even safer by air. Certainly there is nothing prosaic about it yet. These great machines carry not only passengers but express packages ranging all the way from parts for automobiles, boots, gowns, and gold for the banks, to live chickens—the *normally* feathered variety—and blooded animals.

On the little local trains the office of conductor has been so far reduced to simplicity you rarely, if ever, know he is aboard. Tickets are punched before you step out upon the platform to take the train, and collected at the exit from the station where you leave the line. Between times, if so minded, you alight, check your baggage in the economical *consigne*—two cents a day for any piece—tell the good-natured gatekeeper that you wish to see the town a little while before going on, if he doesn’t mind, show your ticket, and off you go. The courtesy and willingness of the employés is very distinguished, as a rule.

The "flowing roads" are the delight of automobilist, bicyclist, and footfarer alike, magnificent tree-bordered highways, the well-kept children of a generous and paternal government, whose foresight and ample pocket have made them what they are, the standard by which all other roads are judged—and generally found wanting. On every route little *cantonniers'* huts contain the tools with which the laborers repair the damage done by fast automobiles, and the brooms with which they keep the way clean. It is an enlightening sight to see one of these rough-looking fellows, broom in hand, miles away from the nearest town, calmly sweeping a fifty-two-foot highway already immaculate.

Notwithstanding the number and size of the French rivers, there is little opportunity for travel by boat. But when such a chance does come, by all means take it. And then there are the canals, three thousand miles of them, with their huge iron boats brilliantly painted and spotlessly clean, tempting you to idle away the halcyon days gliding noiselessly and slowly over their burnished mirror, between long rows of noble trees, an enormous natural picket fence. What a trip one could make from the Mediterranean to Toulouse by the Canal du Midi, with its hundred locks, its rise of 425 feet to its culminating point, and its fall of two hundred to the Garonne, or rather to the Canal Lateral, which goes on toward the Atlantic.

The two things that have impressed me most about the Frenchman out of doors are his bicycle riding and his fishing. Every stream and canal is lined with men and boys, frequently with women and girls, too, line in hand. Considering the mercurial French temperament, I wondered how they stayed in one place so long, until I watched their method. Then I wondered how they ever caught anything. The line is never still a minute, but up and down, back and forth, goes the pole, in a ceaseless flicking of the water. This must be the safety-valve for their temperament. Another thing that astonished me is the size of the fish that satisfies them. Many a fish have I seen caught, in many a different stream, but never one more than three or four inches in length!

As everybody fishes, so everybody rides a bicycle. But while the fishermen are amusing, the riders are both annoying and dangerous. They seem to drop down from the clear sky and spring up from the solid earth, without the formality of either bell or horn, and are really more trying to watch for than the automobiles. Not one in sight, you start across the street—and jump for your life before you get there! Let one knock you and himself down, and instead of apology you are much more likely to receive anathema—for not looking where the rider was going. . . .

In the north the climate and temperature are very equable, soft and moist. It must be acknowledged that this moistness quite often takes the form of decided precipitation—rain. And the evenness of temperature makes an overcoat in August not so out of place as it sounds. These conditions, however, account for the riot of verdure and the greenness of the country. The greens are a revelation, and give one a wholly new sense of values in landscapes. Cultivation is a vital factor in these so-apparent values, whether in farming or the market gardening in which the French excel. A large family not only can live well, but save money, on one hectare, about two and a half acres, in the vicinity of almost any of the large cities. The most notable thing in one of these gardens is the glass *cloche* or bell, about eighteen inches high, and perhaps a foot in diameter, used as a sort of individual forcing frame. The queer-looking objects give one the uncanny sensation of watching some process of black art worked by the earth trolls in their ugly, grayish retorts.

The women do their full share of the farming and gardening, but don't expect to find them all in picturesque array. Of costumes there are comparatively few left; the quaint and ancient dress of the Bretonnes is an exception, and on workdays this is sober enough. But on fête days! All the riches of rainbow and sunset seem to have been lavished on the women; and the men, if not butterflies, are at least moths of some pretension. I have also seen some handsome costumes in Dauphiné and Savoie, while the dress of the women of Arles, though fairly ascetic in its severity, is often considered the

most charming of all. But there are myriad caps—the distinguishing mark of the French peasant woman—ranging from tiny bits of cambric no bigger than the palm of one's hand to great, full-sailed, embroidered affairs with enormous bows and long, flying streamers. Read them aright, and you know at once the wearer's town and province. And of one thing you may always be sure: the cap, of whatever location, is invariably as fresh and inviting as though it had just come from the iron of an expert laundress.

In France, the public fountain plays no such important part in the life of the people as in Spain and Italy; instead, the café is the center of news, amusement, and gossip for all classes, ages and sexes. There you may sit listening to the gossip for hours, as one at a show, while the harlequin, Life, performs all about and before you. . . . The street procession is endless: goats following clouted pipers with shrill, miniature calliopes; ladies hobbled in fashionable attire, gay hussars, elephantine *dragons* in glittering helmets and horsetail plumes, leather-legged artillerymen, pretty girls with band-boxes they could hide in, magnificent tandems of huge Percherons hauling great carts; placid, cream-colored oxen plodding on with loads of wine or stone, and right across their path a vegetable cart, pulled by a panting dog, a stolid woman, or by both. Cheap as ox-power is in France, dog-power is cheaper yet, and woman-power cheapest of all. Not only are the cafés on the street, but often at even the simplest little hotel or restaurant you dine on the sidewalk, behind a low hedge of box trees in tubs, with the pleasant street life spicing the meal agreeably.

The people of each province are quite as characteristic as its physical features, and by rights every one should have its individual biographer and volume. True, the old boundaries are gone, and France is divided into some eighty *départements*, which have no significance beyond convenience in governing them. But we still love to think of Old Provence, Old Touraine, Old Brittany, Old Normandy, and so on; and the salient fact remains that whether a man be of Reims or of Caen, of Aix or of Poitiers, and no matter



how patriotic he may be, he is even yet under his mask of Frenchness a Champenois or a Norman, a Provençal or a Poitevin, proud of the ancient province whose child he is. Even more engaging than the folk of today are the historic figures of other centuries, whose names are on every tongue, who give rich suggestion to La Belle France. She is the very heart and center of gracious legend and fable, of moving song and music. Troubadour ballads lilt from crag to crag among the mountain castles of Provence; ghosts of dead lords and ladies haunt the châteaux of Touraine, whose blood-stained walls harbor many a wild and eerie tale; Abélard and Bluebeard, Ste. Genéviève and Joan of Arc, historic figures all, but enmeshed in a mass of fable, stir the imagination today as they did of old; kings and commoners, saints and sinners, fiends and fairies, weave about all France a language of mystery and the supernatural so rich, so varied and inexhaustible that no Frenchman even has fathomed its depths.

There is something for every one in France—scientist, holiday-maker, student, whatever or whoever he may be. Megalithic monuments mark the graves of a vanished people; great arenas, crumbling arches, aqueducts and walls breathe the spirit of Imperial Rome; architecture, the natural outgrowth of Nature and man's needs, dots every province with princely palaces and princely temples to the faith; cities and villages almost impossibly lovely relieve the charm of the landscape with sculptured abruptness and efficacy. Throughout this country, so fertile in suggestion, so boundlessly rich in history that wakes the coolest blood to riot, the thoughtful traveler stands in speechless admiration, or murmurs, as did the Latin of old: "*Siste, viator, circumspice.*"

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Each year brings to us new developments in transportation. In some cases the improvements have been gradual; in others they have been very sudden. Choose some type of vehicle, such as the motor car or

- railway locomotive, find as many interesting facts about its development as you can, then write a report on the evolution of this means of transportation which would prove of interest to your parents and friends.
2. Roads are very important in the transportation system of a nation. Early people realized this and built roads to connect various parts of their country. In your history reference works look up information on the roads of the Persians and Romans, and possibly other peoples of the past. In an illustrated booklet compare the early roads with those in America today. A good comparison might include methods and types of construction and main reasons for building.
  3. Make a visit to a greenhouse where plants thrive in winter, and flowers are made to bloom at any time of the year. Ask the gardener to explain to you the methods which he uses in forcing plants to grow. While you are talking with him, ask him about the French bell system which is mentioned in this selection. From your science teacher and library reference books obtain additional information on the subject of forcing plant growth. Organize the facts you have gathered into a report which will help your friends who are interested in gardening.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Mention the different means of transportation in France. Which one would you choose for a journey? Why?
2. How do the French keep their roads in perfect repair?
3. What is the function of the café in the life of the people?
4. Explain: "She [France] is the very heart and center of gracious legend and fable, of moving song and music."
5. In what occupations do the French have especial skill?
6. Are these words in your vocabulary: sinuous, impetuosity, jaded, sylvan, immaculate, halcyon, mercurial, anathema, myriad, tandems? Look up in a dictionary those that you do not know.
7. One of these suggestions may appeal to you as a topic for a theme:
 

Dinner at a side-walk restaurant	Fishing as I see it
Lindbergh at Le Bourget	An unusual hotel
A Bretonne peasant's fête-day dress	Crossing a boundary line

*France, as Others See It*

ALONG FRENCH BYWAYS by Clifton Johnson.

PIGS IN CLOVER by Frances Noyes Hart.

THE LAND OF HAUNTED CASTLES by Robert J. Casey.

A WANDERER IN PARIS by E. V. Lucas.

AN INLAND VOYAGE by R. L. Stevenson.

TRAILS OF THE TROUBADOURS by Raimon de Loi.

A MIRROR TO FRANCE by Ford Madox Ford.

FRANCE: CROSSROADS OF EUROPE by Anne Merriman Peck and Edmond  
A. Méras.



# SOME SWISS IMPRESSIONS

By

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

*Reprinted from THE CAR THAT WENT ABROAD, by  
permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers*

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on July 10, 1861. He received his formal education in the public schools of Zenia, Illinois. During his years of writing, Paine has contributed both verse and prose to *Scribner's*, *Harpers*, *Century*, and other magazines. As editor of the League Department of *St. Nicholas* for ten successive years, he was known to thousands of children. One of his earlier books, written in collaboration with William Allen White, is a volume of poems, *Rhymes of Two Friends*. Outstanding is his work on Mark Twain, three biographies and a collection of his letters. Mark Twain's high opinion of the author and his work is evidenced by the fact that Paine is his literary executor today. National recognition came to Mr. Paine when he was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters. *The Car That Went Abroad*, the source of this selection, was based upon his automobile travels in several European countries.

THE government of a country is a mirror that reflects the character of the governed. The Swiss, democratic and efficient, have established a government which exemplifies their character and "sets the pattern of government for the world." An alert traveler studies the governmental system of a country, for in that system he finds much that will help him toward a better understanding of the country and its people.



## SOME SWISS IMPRESSIONS

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

NOW, when one has reached Switzerland, his inclination is not to go on traveling, for a time at least, but to linger and enjoy certain advantages. First, of course, there is the scenery; the lakes, the terraced hills, and the snow-capped mountains; the châteaux, chalets, and mossy villages; the old inns and brand-new, heaven-climbing hotels. And then Switzerland is the land of the three F's—French, Food, and Freedom, all attractive things. For Switzerland is the model republic, without graft and without greed; its schools, whether public or private, enjoy the patronage of all civilized lands, and as to the matter of food, Switzerland is the *table d'hôte* of the world.

Swiss landlords are combined into a sort of trust, not, as would be the case elsewhere, to keep prices up, but to keep prices down! It is the result of wisdom, a far-seeing prudence which says: "Our scenery, our climate, our pure water—these are our stock in trade. Our profit from them is through the visitor. Therefore we will encourage visitors with good food, attractive accommodations, courtesy; and we will be content with small profit from each, thus inviting a general, even if modest, prosperity; also, incidentally, the cheerfulness and good will of our patrons." It is a policy which calls for careful management, one that has made hotel-keeping in Switzerland an exact science—a gift, in fact, transmitted down the generations, a sort of magic; for nothing short of magic could supply a spotless room, steam heated, with windows opening upon the lake, and three meals—the evening meal a seven-course dinner of the first order—all for six francs fifty (one dollar and thirty cents) a day.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The rate today is somewhat higher.

It is a policy which prevails in other directions. Not all things are cheap in Switzerland, but most things are—the things which one buys oftenest—woolen clothing and food. Cotton goods are not cheap, for Switzerland does not grow cotton, and there are a few other such items. Shoes are cheap enough, if one will wear the Swiss make, but few visitors like to view them on their own feet. They enjoy them most when they hear them clattering along on the feet of Swiss children, the wooden soles beating out a rhythmic measure that sounds like a cooper's chorus. Not all Swiss shoes have wooden soles, but the others do not gain grace by their absence. . . .

Switzerland is a republic that runs with the exactness of a Swiss watch, its machinery as hermetically concealed. I had heard that the Swiss Republic sets the pattern of government for the world, and I was anxious to know something of its methods and personnel. I was sorry that I was so ignorant. I didn't even know the name of the Swiss President, and for a week was ashamed to confess it. I was hoping I might see it in one of the French papers I puzzled over every evening. But at the end of the week I timidly and apologetically inquired of our friendly landlord as to the name of the Swiss Chief Executive.

But then came a shock. Our landlord grew confused, blushed, and confessed that he didn't know it, either! He had known it, he said, of course, but it had slipped his mind. Slipped his mind! Think of the name of Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Taft slipping the mind of anybody in America—and a landlord! I asked the man who sold me cigars. He had forgotten, too. I asked the apothecary, but got no information. I was not so timid after that. I asked a fellow passenger—guest, I mean, an American, but of long Swiss residence—and got this story. I believe most of it. He said:

"When I came to Switzerland and found out what a wonderful little country it was, its government so economical, so free from party corruption and spoils, from graft and politics, so different from the home life of our own dear Columbia, I thought 'the man at the head of this thing must be a master hand; I'll find out his name.' So I picked out a bright-looking subject, and said:



"What is the name of the Swiss President?"

"He tried to pretend he didn't understand my French, but he did, for I can tear the language off all right—learned it studying art in Paris. When I pinned him down, he said he knew the name well enough, *parfaitement*, but couldn't think of it at that moment.

"That was a surprise, but I asked the next man. He couldn't think of it, either. Then I asked a police officer. Of course he knew it, all right: '*oh oui, certainement, mais*'—then he scratched his head and scowled, but he couldn't dig up that name. He was just a plain prevaricator—*toute simplement*—like the others. I asked every man I met, and every one of them knew it, had it right on the end of his tongue; but somehow it seemed to stick there. Not a man in Vevey or Montreux could tell me the name of the Swiss President. It was the same in Fribourg, the same even in Berne, the capital. I had about given it up when one evening, there in Berne, I noticed a sturdy man with an honest face, approaching. He looked intelligent, too, and as a last resort I said:

"Could you, by any chance, tell me the name of the Swiss President?"

"The effect was startling. He seized me by the arm and, after looking up and down the street, leaned forward and whispered in my ear:

"*Mon Dieu! c'est moi!* I am the Swiss President; but—ah *non*, don't tell anyone! I am the only man in Switzerland who knows it!"

"You see," my friend continued, "he is elected privately, no torchlight campaigns, no scandal, and only for a year. He is only a sort of chairman, though of course his work is important, and the present able incumbent has been elected a number of times. His name is—is—is—ah yes, that's my tram. So sorry to have to hurry away. See you tonight at dinner."

One sees a good many nationalities in Switzerland, and some of them I soon learned to distinguish. When I saw a man with a dinky Panama hat pulled down about his face, and wearing a big black mustache or beard, I knew he was a Frenchman. When I met a stout, red-faced man, with a pack on his back and with hobnailed

shoes, short trousers, and a little felt hat with a feather stuck in it, I knew him for a German. When I noticed a very carefully dressed person, with correct costume and gaiters—also monocle, if perfect—saying, "Aw—Swiss people—so queah, don't you know," I was pretty sure he was an Englishman. When I remarked a tall, limber person, carrying a copy of the *Paris Herald* and asking every other person he met, "Hey, there! Vooly voo mir please sagen—" all the rest incomprehensible, I knew him for an American of the deepest dye. The Swiss themselves have no such distinguishing mark. They are just sturdy, plainly dressed, unpretentious people, polite and friendly, with a look of capability, cleanliness, and honesty which invites confidence.

An Englishwoman said to me:

"I have heard that the Swiss are the best governed and the least intelligent people in the world."

I reflected on this. It had a snappy sound, but it somehow did not seem to be firm at the joints. "The best governed people and the least intelligent"—there was something drunken about it. I said:

"It doesn't quite seem to fit. And how about the magnificent Swiss public-school system, and the manufacturing, and the national railway, with all the splendid engineering that goes with the building of the funiculars and tunnels? And the Swiss prosperity, and the medical practice, and the sciences? I always imagined those things were in some way connected with intelligence."

"Oh, well," she said, "I suppose they do go with intelligence of a kind; but then, of course, you know what I mean."

But I was somehow too dull for her epigram. It didn't seem to have any sense in it. She was a grass widow and I think she made it herself. Later she asked me whereabouts in America I came from. When I said Connecticut, she asked me if Connecticut was as big as Lausanne. A woman like that ought to go out of the epigram business.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> I have thought since that she may have meant that the Swiss do not lead the world in the art and literary industries. She may *have* connected those things with intelligence—you never can tell.

As a matter of fact, a good many foreigners are inclined to say rather peevish things about sturdy little, thriving little, happy little Switzerland. I rather suspect they are a bit jealous of the pocket-deluxe nation that shelters them, and feeds them, and entertains them, and cures them, cheaper and better and kindlier than their home countries. They are willing to enjoy these advantages, but they acknowledge rather grudgingly that Switzerland, without a great standing army, a horde of grafters, or a regiment of tariff millionaires to support, can give lessons in national housekeeping to their own larger, more pretentious lands.

I would not leave the impression, by the way, that the Swiss are invariably prosperous. Indeed, some of them along the lake must have been very poor just then, for the grape crop had failed two years in succession, and with many of them their vineyard is their all. But there was no outward destitution, no rags, no dirt, no begging. Whatever his privation, the Swiss does not wear his poverty on his sleeve.

Switzerland has two other official languages besides French—German and Italian. Government documents, even the postal cards, are printed in these three languages. It would seem a small country for three well-developed tongues, besides all the canton dialects, some of which go back to the old Romanic, and are quite distinct from anything modern. The French, German, and Italian divisions are geographical, the lines of separation pretty distinct. There is rivalry among the cantons, a healthy rivalry, in matters of progress and education. The cantons are sufficiently a unit on all national questions, and together they form about as compact and sturdy a little nation as the world has yet seen—a nation the size and shape of an English walnut, and a hard nut for any would-be aggressor to crack. There are not many entrances into Switzerland, and they would be very well defended. The standing army is small, but every Swiss is subject to a call to arms, and is trained by enforced, though brief, service to their use. He seems by nature to be handy with a rifle, and never allows himself to be out of practice. There are regular practice meets every Sunday, and I am told the government

supplies the cartridges. Boys organize little companies and regiments and this the government also encourages. It is said that Switzerland could put half a million soldiers in the field, and that every one would be a crack shot.<sup>3</sup> The German Kaiser, once reviewing the Swiss troops, remarked, casually, to a sub-officer, "You say you could muster half a million soldiers?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And suppose I should send a million of my soldiers against you. What would you do then?"

"We should fire two shots apiece, Your Majesty."

In every Swiss town there are regular market days, important events where one may profitably observe the people. The sale of vegetables and flowers must support many families. In each town there is an open square, which twice a week is picturesquely crowded, and there one may buy everything to eat and many things to wear; also the wherewith to improve the home, the garden, and even the mind; for besides the garden things there are stalls of second-hand books, hardware, furniture, and general knick-knacks. Flanking the streets are displays of ribbons, laces, hats, knitted things, and general dry-goods miscellany; also antiques, the scrapings of many a Swiss cupboard and corner.

But it is in the open square itself that the greater market blooms—really blooms, for, in season, the vegetables are truly floral in their rich vigor, and among them are pots and bouquets of the posies that the Swiss, like all Europeans, so dearly love. Most of the flower and vegetable displays are down on the ground, arranged in baskets or on bits of paper, and form a succession of gay little gardens, ranged in long, narrow avenues of color and movement, a picture of which we do not grow weary. Nor of the setting—the quaint tile-roofed buildings; the blue lake, with its sails and swans and throng of wheeling gulls; the green hills; the lofty snow-capped mountains that look down from every side. How many sights those ancient peaks have seen on this same square!—markets and military,

<sup>3</sup> When the call to arms came, August 1, 1914, Switzerland put 250,000 men on her frontier in twenty-four hours.

battles and buffoonery. There are no battles today, but the Swiss cadets use it for a drill ground, and every little while lightsome shows and merry-go-rounds establish themselves in one end of it, and the little people skip about, and go riding around and around to the latest ragtime, while the mountains look down with their large complaisance, just as they watched the capering ancestors of these small people, ages and ages ago; just as they will watch their light-footed descendants for a million years, maybe.

The market is not confined entirely to the square. On its greater days, when many loads of wood and hay crowd one side of it, it overflows into the streets. Around a floral fountain may be found butter, eggs, and cheese—oh, especially cheese, the cheese of Gruyère, with every size and pattern of holes, in any quantity, cut and weighed by a handsome apple-faced woman who seems the living embodiment of the cheese industry. I have heard it said—this was in America—that the one thing not to be obtained in Switzerland is Swiss cheese. The person who conceived that smartness belongs with the one who invented the “intelligence” epigram.

On the market days before Christmas our square had a different look. The little displays were full of greenery, and in the center of the market-place there had sprung up a forest of Christmas trees. They were not in heaps, lying flat; but each, mounted on a neat tripod stand, stood upright, as if planted there. They made a veritable Santa Claus forest, and the gayly dressed young people walking among them, looking and selecting, added to this pretty sight.

The Swiss make much of Christmas. Their shop windows are overflowing with decorations and attractive things. Vevey is “Chocolate Town.” Most of the great chocolate factories of Europe are there, and at all holiday seasons the grocery and confectionery windows bear special evidence of this industry. Chocolate Santa Clauses—very large—chickens, rabbits, and the like—life size; also trees, groups, set pieces, ornaments—the windows are wildernesses of the rich brown confection, all so skillfully modeled and arranged.

The toy windows, too, are fascinating. You would know at once

that you were looking into a Swiss toy window, from the variety of carved bears; also, from the toy châteaux—very fine and large, with walled courts, portcullises, and battlements—with which the little Swiss lad plays war. The dolls are different, too, and the toy books—all in French. But none of these things were as interesting as the children standing outside, pointing at them and discussing them—so easily, so glibly—in French. How little they guessed my envy of them—how gladly I would buy out that toy window for, say, seven dollars, and trade it to them for their glib unconsciousness of gender and number and case.

On the afternoon before Christmas the bells began. From the high mountain-sides, out of deep ravines that led back into the hinterland, came the ringing. The hills seemed full of bells—a sound that must go echoing from range to range, to the north and to the south, traveling across Europe with the afternoon. Then, on Christmas Day, the trees. In every home and school and hotel they sparkled. We attended four in the course of the day, one a very gorgeous one in the lofty festooned hall of a truly grand hotel, with tea served and soft music stealing from some concealed place—a slow strain of the “Tannenbaum,” which is like our “Maryland,” only more beautiful—and seemed to come from a source celestial. And when one remembered that in every corner of Europe something of the kind was going on, and that it was all done in memory and in honor of One who, along dusty roadsides and in waste places, taught the doctrine of humility, one wondered if the world might not be worth saving, after all.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. The name “Swiss Chocolate” has come before your eyes many times. Perhaps you have wondered what is behind this familiar title. Consult encyclopedias and other sources and prepare an informational booklet, possibly with pictures, “Swiss Chocolate, from the Raw Material to the Finished Product.” Make your booklet so attractive that others interested in the subject will enjoy reading it.

2. As you read the author's account of his search for the president of the republic, you were surprised to find that no one knew his name. A comparison of the government of Switzerland with that of the United States will show you why their president is not as well-known as ours. Obtain sufficient information from source materials to develop a thorough explanation of this circumstance.
3. Switzerland is the headquarters of many international organizations. History books, current magazines, and newspapers contain references to them. Make a handbook describing one of these important international groups.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. What distinguishes the Swiss landlords from those of other lands?
2. What are the official languages of Switzerland? Explain the meaning of the term "official" language.
3. What does one usually see in a Swiss town on market days?
4. Name some toys that you would find in a Swiss toy shop.
5. What comment on the people did an Englishwoman make to the author?
6. Add these useful words to your vocabulary list: corruption, funicular, prevaricator, incumbent, incomprehensible, unpretentious, epigram, capering.
7. Write some of your own impressions on one of these subjects:

Decorating for Christmas	Something about cheese
A question that I couldn't answer	Tunes that I enjoy
Foreign newspapers	Shoes

### *Other Authors' Impressions of Switzerland*

THINGS SEEN IN SWITZERLAND IN WINTER by Charles W. Domville-Fife.  
GENEVA by Francis H. Gribble.  
TOGETHER by Norman Douglas.  
AN OBERLAND CHALET by Edith Elmer Wood.  
THEY CLIMBED THE ALPS by Edwin Muller, Jr.





# TREN MIXTO (Spain)

By

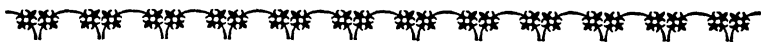
WALTER STARKIE

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copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc.,  
New York*

WALTER F. STARKIE, professor of Spanish literature and lecturer in Italian at Dublin University, Dublin, Ireland, was educated at Trinity College in Dublin, where he was gold-medalist in the classics. He received his musical education at the Royal-Irish Academy of Music, becoming so proficient on the violin that he received a scholarship. Professor Starkie has given courses and lectures on and in Spanish at foreign universities, and has lectured at Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and many other educational institutions in the United States. Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, has honored him with an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. An enthusiastic traveler, or "wanderer," as he might term himself, Dr. Starkie has written articles on gypsy lore, and several travel books.

SOME travelers prefer to spend most of their time in the important cities of the land they visit; others rush through the country by automobile, stopping now and then to enjoy an unusual view or a picturesque scene; and some—a small group—seek to observe quietly and sympathetically the everyday life of the people, and gain an understanding of their customs, their work, and their ideals. In order to do this, the traveler must leave the regular tourists' routes and the popular resorts; he must submit to some inconveniences and give up all idea of haste. The knowledge he will gain, however, and the experiences he will have will compensate for the minor discomforts of third-class travel.

Walter Starkie belongs to that small group of travelers who desire to gain an understanding of the people. How he became intimately acquainted with the Spanish people is told in his book, *Spanish Raggle-Taggle*.



## TREN MIXTO

By WALTER STARKIE

YES, Señor, there is a *tren mixto* to Miranda at 15.55, but I warn you it is very slow. If you wait until 17.10 you will catch the *rápido*."

"Give me a ticket for the *mixto*. I prefer it."

The *tren mixto*, or mixed train, is a unique institution and one to be recommended to the contemplative traveler who has left his watch at home. It is one of the great contributions to the Spanish philosophy of life, but, alas, its beneficial lessons are not understood by the great band of globe-trotters. If I were a powerful statesman in England or the United States, I would make an arrangement with the Spanish Government whereby all Speed Aces and Road-Hogs should be sent to Spain for some months every year to undergo a course of "Mixed Trains." The Spanish Government would supply them with third-class kilometeric tickets. What is a kilometeric ticket? they would ask sourly.

My dear sir, a kilometeric ticket enables you to buy one, two, three thousand kilometres of Spain. Here is the document duly signed and stamped with your photograph in the corner. Quick, sir! The train waits—Good-bye—*hasta luego!*

The Road-Hogs would then run to catch the mixed train and I should see them fade away into the distance over the vast steppes of Castile and La Mancha in their puffing, jolting, slowly winding train as though they had ridden off on camels into the Sahara. Weeks of crawling, delaying, shunting would chasten their proud spirits and, in consequence, the roads of England and America would be safe again for man and beast.

When I entered the mixed train at Bilbao I regretted that I was

a tramp. I should have preferred to be a kilometric vagabond. There is a subtle thrill in presenting the brown passport with its countless little coupons at the ticket office for the clerk to tear off the kilometres. As our lengthy wandering progresses, the land of Spain seems to flutter away in a trail of tiny scraps of paper, as though we were laying a paper-chase.

A mixed train is a combination of the goods as well as the passenger train. The greater part of ours was given up to cattle and casks of wine and oil. At the beginning of the journey there was great excitement: the cattle lowed, the women chattered shrilly; some men sang and others whistled. The corridors of the third-class carriages were full to overflowing, not because the train was full, but because many Spaniards never decide where they will sit until the train has been for some time under way. Standing in the corridors they spy out the land and then pounce for the best seats.

It is remarkable how heavily laden Spanish peasants are when they travel. There are three women in my compartment, who carry enough luggage to set up house in a desert. There are baskets of clucking hens and quacking ducks; a sewing-machine, which is perched perilously on the rack; sacks of vegetables, not to mention a paper bundle smelling strongly of fish, which is placed on the rack above my head and begins after a few minutes to drip at regular intervals upon the back of my neck.

Soon it is meal-time and one of the men draws out a battered case from which he extracts various portions of garlic-scented *salame*, hard-boiled eggs, *chorizo* or sausage, and bread. At first I felt inclined to be stand-offish, for I want to keep to my own meditations, but at such a communal banquet it is impossible to play the outsider. Homer would have called it an *eranos*, for everyone in the carriage contributed some delicacy except myself. One brought sausage, another cheese, another beer or wine, and an old fellow in the corner passed round a bottle of *aguardiente*. I felt ashamed that my wallet and *bota* were empty, for I was given royal hospitality. As the French say, "*l'appétit vient en mangeant*," and I am afraid I was indiscreet in my visitations to the wine-skin of my

neighbour, and his white cheese. But do not imagine for a moment that any of those good people looked askance at me. "Good appetite" was all they said as they watched me tucking away huge slices of bread and ham, in the intervals of squirting the red wine into my mouth when the skin was passed to me.

After the meal the carriage looked like a battlefield the morning after. There were crumbs everywhere, greasy bits of paper with pieces of ham and sausage adhering to them, and orange peel, while in the air floated a symphony of smells, with fish and garlic as the leading motives. After cigarette-rolling and cloudy puffing, the digestive period began. I could retire into my shell once more, for the majority of the passengers passed into beatific slumber. Even the hens in the hampers stopped clucking, and the cat that had been miaowing and scratching restlessly at the lid of the basket under the seat relaxed into rest. There was a rhythmic sound of snores—loud and assertive from the old man in the corner—timid and high-pitched from the melancholy woman on my left, whose head leant trustfully on my shoulder. The only wakeful person was the woman opposite me—a pale-faced, frightened widow with a black veil over her head who kept on continually murmuring prayers to herself—decades of the Rosary, I think, for her lips moved in a sequence, and every few seconds I heard the accented final syllable of amen.

I was in a reminiscent mood and that short journey by rail from Bilbao to Miranda awakened recollections of past adventures in trains. In the twelve years I had been visiting Spain, how often had I lived this life of the vagabond train, watching the panorama of Spain flit past. It was in 1920 that a Spanish friend said to me, "There is only one way to study Spain and that is the way of Pérez Galdós, the greatest novelist since Cervantes. When he was writing his books on contemporary Spain he wandered through Spain in third class, talking to the peasants, shopkeepers, and vagabonds of all kinds, whom he met between one station and another." As Azorín said of him, "He appeared silently. With his little eyes

that pierced, his cold, scrupulous glance, he appeared, looking at everything, examining everything."

As a result of my friend's advice my wife and I spent a long honeymoon in Spain, armed with kilometric tickets for three thousand kilometres.

An incident stands out in my mind as characteristic of Spanish railways. One day we had a two hours' wait at a small station in North Spain and we wanted to visit the town, but, warned by experience in other countries, we were afraid to leave our luggage unprotected on the platform. As we were deliberating, a Spanish *caballero* who was traveling on the same train came up to us and bowing courteously said: "Leave your luggage there on the platform: no one will touch it. Remember that in Spain no one robs the stranger." We had many opportunities of verifying the truth of the *caballero's* boast.

It is curious that when a kilometric wanderer looks back over his long range of experience he rarely thinks of the majestic towns, castles or landscapes he has seen. Instead, he thinks of some particularly bleak station miles from anywhere, and he remembers the dreary restaurant, with its stacks of bottles. . . . Years afterwards, when the vision of the cathedral of Burgos or the Mosque at Córdoba have begun to dim, the traveler will remember the dim-lit platform of Venta de Baños, or the sound of trains shunting at San Fernando.

This is all due to the obstinate cussedness of the human imagination.

As soon as I feel cross-grained and angry with my surroundings, straightway my imagination begins to weave their ugly drabness into a wonderful pattern, as though to do so were the prime pleasure in the world. When I travel by train through Spain I do not think of Madrid, Seville, or Barcelona, but I feel a genuine affection for such stations as Bobadilla, Baeza, and Medina del Campo.

They are oases in the vast desert of Spanish railways.

Bobadilla never shone in history. It is the junction for Granada, but none of the Abencerrajes ever halted there, and no dark-eyed

Zorayda gazes from a watchtower. It is just a railway station, but its significance is deep, for it guides the modern mind to the past. If the junction had been at a place of great historic interest like Ronda, it would have distracted my attention and made it impossible for me to approach the Alhambra in the right spirit. Bobadilla I shall remember too, because there I met the most famous Irish railway porter in the world. "You are the guide to the Arabian Nights," said I to him once, "and if you understood Greek I should call you the *ψυχοπομπός* or guide of the 'Souls' who were weaned on Washington Irving."

Then take Baeza, where many a "mixed-train" traveler spends long hours waiting for a connecting train for Córdoba. Though I have been there many times I have never walked to the town, so fascinated was I with the passengers I met in the station *fonda*. The dyspeptic waiter in the *fonda* knows the power of music since the day when Aurelio the cross-eyed, my Gypsy friend from Cadiz, and I played for our dinner of *arroz*, *chuletas*, and a bottle of Manzanilla.

Finally, to come to Medina del Campo, let me relate another touching example of Spanish honesty. One day when we were waiting in the *fonda* there for the train to take us to Salamanca, my wife left behind her an umbrella with a silver top. When she discovered her loss in the train, she said: "Alas, I shall never find it again, for who knows when we shall pass Medina del Campo again? Besides, there is no morality or honesty in the world as far as umbrellas are concerned."

Two months later on our return from Salamanca, the train stopped at Medina del Campo, and just for curiosity I asked the waiter in the *fonda* if a silver-handled umbrella had been found. "No, Señor, not to my knowledge," he replied. Before I left the room I went over to the corner where I remembered that we had dined two months before, and to my surprise I saw the umbrella leaning against the back of the sofa exactly in the same position as my wife had left it.

During a train journey in Spain I became fascinated by the vast

monotony of the landscape. The earth—yellow, red, brown—stretches out without a break to the horizon; hardly a tree to vary the scene. Occasionally I see a horseman ride away in the distance. Above there is not a cloud.

As a contrast to the monotony of the scene, the life in the train is varied and multi-coloured. At every station queer wandering sellers board the train. There are knife-sellers, with trays full of the ferocious daggers from Albacete in La Mancha. They are the classical *navajas* used by the gypsies in their brawls, and described by Goya in his famous drawing of the two duellists buried up to their knees in the sand and slashing at one another. Then there are water-sellers with big jugs made of porous clay, sellers of *sandías* or watermelons, sellers of wine and pastry.

As the train runs along, the ticket collector balances like an acrobat on the footboard outside the carriage as he passes from one separate compartment to another. On the way to Sevilla there is a great increase in the numbers of itinerant sellers and beggars. I have seen a cripple who had lost both legs at the hips carried round the third-class carriages on a tray in order to beg alms. Those who do the biggest trade are the sellers of prawns (*camarones*) and other shellfish. Most of them come from Puerto de Santa María, and speak a very exaggerated Andalusian with as much *ceceo* or lisp as a gypsy from Triana. With them come the vagabond guitarists and lottery promoters. Do not imagine that to win the lottery on the train will bring you in a fortune. Those lotteries are the thinnest camouflage for begging in the world. The men rush along the train, if it is a corridor one, with little coupon tickets, and, by fair means or foul, pester the traveler into paying for a number. When they have sold sufficient tickets they announce the winning number, and the prize is a rather bedraggled box of chocolates. On several occasions I have taken a hand in running those train lotteries between Córdoba and Sevilla, but the talents required for rapid salesmanship were greater than I possess. It is essentially a *métier* for the full-blown Gitano.

During the day in the Spanish trains there is plenty of amuse-



ment, even excitement, in spite of the sun which beats down upon the wooden carriages, and scorches us into coma. But then comes the compensation at sunset when we pass through gigantic mountain defiles, where jagged, beetling crags overhang the train.

It is at night that the contemplative traveler needs to possess his soul in patience. Night-traveling in a *tren mixto* was meant for a race born to be ascetic. Many times I longed for the silent fortitude of those saints Ribera painted, with their emaciated faces and wiry muscles quivering under self-inflicted torture. In the crowded compartment my diminutive portion of hard wooden seat, after five or six hours, became like the torture of the "tripod," or *veglia*, as it was practised under the Inquisition. There are no glass windows on the carriage, but at night wooden shutters are pulled up which effectively shut out the air, for fresh air, it should be remembered, frightens the primitive man. In the night air fevers roam about, so shut the window, Señor, *por caridad*, and let us sleep. Yes, fresh air is a sign of decadent modern civilization.

Nobody who travels a long distance in a *tren mixto* need expect any sympathy, for his Spanish friends would say sharply: "*Hombre*, don't be a madman—you are not a mule or an ox that you should travel in such trucks and vans. Why don't you take an express?"

On one occasion, some years ago, I thought our train bewitched because it played such antics. We had set out at night from Madrid *en route* for Baeza and Córdoba. The carriage was old, unpainted, and dilapidated. . . . When we gathered speed the walls of the carriage began to roll and rock in the most alarming fashion. Every jolt threw me, with the rest of the passengers, from one side to another. "Jesús mío," screamed the women, and blessed themselves. The men swore and spat noisily. When the fear had passed, the antics of the carriage became a theme for jokes, and every fresh jolt caused roars of laughter. It was like Alice's journey in the Looking-Glass World when the train jumped the brook. As for me, I felt very ill, for I had eaten prawns in Madrid, and the jolting, steeple-chasing motion of the train made them bob up and down in my inside like corks in a rough sea. At last I closed my eyes and sank

into uneasy slumber, for the train had become a mare and I was riding her like mad over fences, hedges, water-jumps. All of a sudden I heard a shrill scream from an engine and I saw that my mare was riding straight along the track towards an oncoming train. The engine whistled: I screamed, and, in desperation, tried to throw myself from the mare, but my foot caught in the stirrup and I dangled on the rails—helpless. . . . I shrieked and shrieked. . . .

When I awoke I found three men and a woman pinioning my arms while the rest of the passengers gazed at me as though they had seen a ghost.

"A nice scare you gave us, Señor," said one of the men. "You shrieked as if all the demons in hell were after you, and then you jumped up and made a spring for the door over there: we thought you were going to throw yourself out on the line."

Just then the train began to slow down, so I asked the man what station we were stopping at.

"This is Conco Casas," said he, "where you change for Argamasilla de Alba."

"Argamasilla, cradle of Don Quixote de la Mancha," I murmured dreamily.

Then all was as clear as daylight to me.

The train was a Quixotic one, and who could blame it for frisking and curveting through the plains of La Mancha?

Many were the recollections that passed through my mind on that journey from Bilbao. When I arrived at Miranda de Ebro, it was dark; so I halted for the night in the station *fonda*.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. The first American author to attract favorable notice in Europe was Washington Irving. One of his most delightful books, *The Alhambra*, deals entirely with Spain. Read three or four selections from this book and summarize them for the members of the class.

2. Resolved: That by staying in one town the traveler secures a better understanding of the people of a country than he gains by journeying to all parts of the land during an equal period of time. Get information from your teachers of modern languages, and prepare an informal debate on this proposition.
3. Every country has its legendary heroes. Possibly you have heard of El Cid and Don Quixote, central figures in the romantic background of Spain. Arrange a program dealing with legendary heroes of various lands in which each student tells a story from the life of a different hero.

*Understanding the Selection*

1. Why does the author recommend a course in "tren mixto" for all Speed Aces and Road-Hogs? What do you think of the suggestion?
2. Make a list of the luggage carried by the peasants.
3. What experiences of the author illustrate the truth of the saying: "Remember that in Spain no one robs the stranger"?
4. Describe the landscape seen from the train.
5. Why is the "tren mixto" less agreeable at night?
6. Explain: "The train was a Quixotic one, and who could blame it for frisking and curveting through the plains of La Mancha?"
7. You should know the meaning of these words: contemplative, reminiscent, scrupulous, obstinate, dyspeptic, Goya, porous, itinerant, emaciated, compensation, askance. If any are unfamiliar to you, look them up in a good dictionary.
8. The following are a few theme topics suggested by the selection:

Dreams and nightmares  
My neighbors in the crowded car  
or bus  
Taking Tabby on a vacation

On feeling "stand-offish"  
A gypsy band  
At 15:55 o'clock

*Books Other Travelers in Spain Have Written*

SPANISH HOLIDAY by Eleanor Mercein.

SPAIN IN A TWO SEATER by Halford Ross.

A SPANISH HOLIDAY by Charles Marriott.

NIGHTS ABROAD by Konrad Bercovici.

MEET THE SPANIARDS by Henry Albert Phillips.

BASQUE PEOPLE by Dorothy Canfield.

SOUTH TO CADIZ by H. M. Tomlinson.

# JUNGLES PREFERRED (Belgian Congo)

By

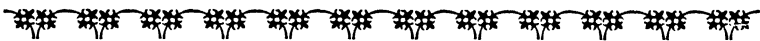
JANET MILLER

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DR. JANET MILLER was born in Tennessee. She received her education in this country, in Germany, and in England. Her experience as a doctor in the mission fields included several years in Japan and China before her African journey described here. While she journeyed into the Belgian Congo, giving medical aid to superstitious African savages, she kept a comprehensive record which she used in the writing of *Jungles Preferred*. Her progress inland from Matadi, at the mouth of the Congo, was her introduction to the people among whom she spent the next three years.

AFRICA is the last continent still inhabited for the most part by backward peoples. Most of it is now under the rule of European powers, its great national resources having attracted the business men of civilized nations, and the needs of its millions of savages having appealed to the missionaries and philanthropists.

Belgian Congo, with its terrific heat, its dense jungle, and its strange people, is typical of much of Africa. This territory was formally annexed by Belgium as a colony on November 15, 1908.



## JUNGLES PREFERRED

By JANET MILLER

MATADI is the place of debarkation from the ocean liner for those who are going inland. It is nothing more, and still the day that we landed there was a day to be put aside from all other days of the journey and remembered, because of the hospitality which was shown us by some English people who came to the boat and hunted us up just for the purpose of making our one day in port a pleasant one.

We were two days on the train from Matadi to Leopoldville, on a little hooting, screeching, shrieking, pygmy train whose ear-piercing whistle was never off duty in the hands of the native driver.

I say two days, for the train did not run at night. Elephants have a way of ripping up railroad tracks as if they were strips of spaghetti, and it is just as well to see where one is going when the track is laid through the jungle.

We wound around wild tropical amphitheaters with foliage rising in terraces, one above the other, each painted a different shade of green. There were masses of crimson blossoms on strange flowering trees, and the beautiful russet drop blossoms of wild mango trees. We passed many game pits sunken in the crossings of animal trails. The native villages were always nestled in a grove of palm trees. A coconut palm, with a family of black people sitting in its shade, makes just such a picture as I had expected to see in Central Africa. The houses were all as exactly alike as a row of birds' nests. Little square mud huts with long, shaggy grass roofs.

At every village the entire population came out to see the train go by; although it passes once each week, it is always a miracle to them. The women wore pompons of thick woolly hair over each

ear, and a big ball of hair on top of the head. The men had a peculiar style of haircut. Usually a long band of hair two inches wide was left uncut, extending from the forehead to the back of the neck, on an otherwise shaven head. Others had their hair entirely shaved except for a small patch of hair about two inches long over the forehead. This looked exactly like a handle, and gave one the impression that it might have been placed there to open up the top of the skull as one would raise the lid of a box.

Every one—men, women, and children—wore ankle and wrist bracelets. All the women wore pounds of beads around their necks and many shell necklaces. The noses did not escape decoration nor did the ears, nor the lips in some instances.

At one of our numerous stops we had our first conversation with a Central African bushman. The people in the villages along the railroad track were quite sophisticated in comparison with this old backwoodsman. We watched his thoughts express themselves in lightning changes on his ugly black face. We saw the wonder that filled him at his first sight of a train and of white people, and his chilling fear of the noisy engine.

He stood there staring at everything, wrestling with the situation. I could almost hear his rusty brain creaking; but when the engine spurted out an ear-splitting screech, he bounded away into the forest and we saw him no more.

At another place we made a long stop right on the edge of the thick woods. We attempted a short stroll into the shady forest, but we soon learned there must be no stopping to rest and no sitting down in this teeming tropical jungle. To appreciate a forest in Central Africa, you must keep moving or else an army of insects will begin an attack upon you that is almost beyond resistance. Insects dash into your eyes, and buzz in your ears, and sting your face and hands. Such furious activity of insect life I have never seen before, or I should say never experienced before, for I received at least one hundred bites during the ten minutes I was there—no two bites alike.



We reached Leopoldville early in the afternoon. We found a small town broken out all over with an eruption of shops where native things are sold. From early in the morning until noon every day a native market is held. The New York Stock Exchange could not possibly make half the noise achieved by the financial magnates of Leopoldville. . . .

The perfection of tropical trees is seen in Leopoldville. There are avenues of lovely palms, giant tree ferns, wild bananas, and other unfamiliar trees covered with thick green masses of foliage from root to top. There are brilliant poinsettias, broad-leaved plants, and in every tree fork and along the horizontal branches of the trees are flowering air plants.

. . . . .

The Saionara, our little Mission boat, is here to meet us. It is a charming little boat with a tiny dining-saloon, two cabins besides the captain's cabin, a bath, and a kitchen on the top deck, and the engine and quarters for twenty-five boat-boys on the lower deck. The boat was made in England especially for the Central African rivers through which we will make our way in our long journey into the heart of Africa, where our Mission is located. It is a little stern-wheel boat with only thirty-five horses for the pilot to manage, but it leaves nothing to be desired in our eyes.

. . . . .

At sundown to-day we arrived at a large native village and decided to tie up for the night. As the boat drew near the shore, each hut poured forth its contribution of men, women, children, chickens, and goats. They lined up in front of the boat, and stood with their arms like semaphores inventorying us from head to foot—at least all the humans did. One fat, bulgy infant began to howl at the sight of us. We passed him down a cube of sugar, and a grin of restored confidence spread over his shiny black face.

We invited the sick people to come aboard for treatment, and I held my first clinic on the lower deck. We were two degrees south

of the equator, and the engine had not cooled off after the day's run, so the lower deck was as hot as the cave of the Nibelung. We wanted to get ashore, so we transacted the business of pulling teeth, treating eyes, and lancing abscesses with dizzy celerity, but our haste profited us absolutely nothing, for we could not prevail upon the people to leave the boat. No matter how much we urged them, they would not go. They had never been on a boat before, and they were going to make the best of this opportunity. They peeked around corners and into the cavernous depths of the engine. They touched the still hot boiler with the tips of their fingers, and asked what the bell rope was for. They were so naïvely curious about everything that we had not the heart to force them to leave, so we decided to make the best of the situation and to give them an entertainment.

We produced the baby organ and played them a very solemn tune. This they received with shrieks of mirth. We wound up our ninety-eight-cent clock and set off the alarm for their delectation. This was so beautiful a sound that they rolled their eyes and clasped their hands in voiceless ecstasy. Then we showed them a doll that would close its eyes when it slept, and a teddybear that would squeak when you pulled its leg. After that we said, "Now the entertainment is over, every one must go ashore." But no, *indeed*, they had less idea of leaving now than ever.

We thought if we would give them some refreshments as a kind of bribe, perhaps then they would go.

Refreshments—what should it be? We remembered their passion for salt. These Central African people are salt-starved all of their lives. They live so far from the sea that they have no way of getting salt from that source, and there are no salt mines here, so the only salt they have is made from drying and burning the leaves of certain trees which have a little salt in them.

So we got a jar of salt and a spoon, and gave every one a teaspoonful for refreshments. A look of incredulous delight spread over their faces when they saw the salt jar making its rounds; this was almost too good to be true. Less than ever now did they want

to go ashore; who could tell what unbelievable thing might happen next after such royal hospitality as they had received? Finally, we gave up the effort of persuading them to leave, and decided to play the victrola for them. We put on a talking record. This produced a grand climax and dénouement which we had not anticipated.

*When they heard a human voice* come out of that *little wooden box*—there was one moment of stunned, terrified silence; for just the length of a short breath they stood aghast, then, with a chorus of piercing yelps that resounded to the skies, they stampeded madly over the side of the boat—scorning the gangplank; they splashed helter-skelter, pell-mell, into the shallow water like a flock of frightened sheep.

When they looked back from the vantage-ground of the shore, and saw the boat-boys laughing at them, they began to laugh too, but they exhibited no yearning desire to return to the boat.

We went ashore, and the black people swarmed around us to trade with us.

The Central African is a born trader, and almost every one had something to offer. There were eggs, obviously of the vintage of many days previous—this would only enhance their value, however, in the eyes of a Central African. There was dried buffalo meat and elephant meat wrapped in broad banana leaves, and there was monkey sausage. There were many varieties of dried fish, and there were crocodile eggs—they held the eggs up to the light for us to see the infant crocs inside. There were parrots, and pygmy antelopes ten inches high, with pretty little horns two inches long. There were hideous carved figures and other grotesqueries of their own manufacturing.

In exchange they wanted safety pins, nice long ones, for they make such *lovely* earrings. They wanted the brass ends of exploded cartridge shells, because they make such beautiful nose ornaments; and of course they wanted salt. All Central Africans want salt. They clamored for empty tin cans; they were coveted as a silver goblet of rare design might be desired at home.

One of the boys bought a big gray parrot for an empty asparagus can. An Ingersoll watch, no matter how ignorant, so long as it had a tick, would have bought a banana plantation. They wanted fish-hooks, heavy copper wire for ankle bracelets, bandanas for head-dresses, and a piece of pink perfumed soap was so much in demand that it had to be auctioned off.

Their great passion is for beads, and we are amply supplied, for we were told that our welcome into Central Africa would be in proportion to the number and variety of beads we brought with us.

And pictures—they adore the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal* pictures, especially the colored advertisements. The collection which we have saved up is a source of great wealth to us, for next to salt, brilliantly colored pictures are the most desired commodity we have to offer.

One old hunter brought me a necklace of forty leopards' teeth in graduated sizes, beautifully mounted on a strip of crocodile skin. This was so beautiful that I told him to name his own price. He said, "Three big spoons of salt and that box," pointing to an empty Gold Dust Twins box. He admired the black twins. I gave him these and a glass bottle as well. He was highly delighted.

We sat on the sand talking a long time with the people, our boat-boys interpreting for us.

How difficult they are to understand! A savage woman fearing spirits in every object around her, in the lightning and the thunder and the swift-flowing water, in the wind and the stars—a slave to fear, the most cruel of all masters. The customs, prejudices, and beliefs of these people are those of long-past centuries; even the primitive night of the Cave Age is still in the brain and the blood of these black people.

The night was cool and we went to bed in our little boat, feeling more lonely in our proximity to these strange people than we had felt on the edge of the jungle. Just as sleep was descending upon me, I heard the far-off trumpeting of a bull elephant. It sent an ecstatic shiver of mixed terror and delight down my back; then a delicious

sense of peace and repose came upon me. I was still within call of the deep pervading calm of the jungle.

Most decidedly—JUNGLES PREFERRED.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. “. . . fear—the most cruel of all masters, . . .” says Dr. Miller. The fears of the primitive African may seem absurd to us. But in our own history you can find periods when whole communities were gripped by fears that seem fantastic today. Even now some localities in the United States live under a cloud of superstitious beliefs and fears. Make a comparative study of fears that we as a nation have outgrown, and fears that still oppress us, and compose a booklet on the subject. If you can draw, illustrate the pages suitably.
2. No doubt you have often admired the little ivory elephants that ornament library tables in many homes. The story behind the ivory is a combination of mystery and thrills and, in some instances, horror. Read accounts of the ivory trade in Belgian Congo and write a report that will interest the readers.
3. Every healthy boy and girl is interested in food. The production of foodstuffs is the world's greatest industry. In every country certain dishes are general favorites. As the civilization of a region progresses, the tastes and habits of the people regarding foods change noticeably. Study the present eating-habits of various countries, or of one country during the past three or four centuries, and give a talk before your classmates.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Notice the author's descriptions of tropical foliage. List the plants she names, and the colors she mentions.
2. Explain the term “salt-starved.”
3. What is the meaning of the title “Jungles Preferred”?
4. State your idea of the author's personality as revealed in this sketch.
5. Here is a list of words that should be in your vocabulary: semaphores,

celerity, cavernous, naïvely, proximity, incredulous, dénouement, commodity, ecstatic.

6. If you are looking for a theme topic, the following may help you:

Trade with Africa today	Trading I have done
Natural wonders of Africa	Salt on <i>our</i> tables
Some motion pictures with African background	Personal adornment—a matter of taste

*You'll Like These Books About Africa*

IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA by Carl Akeley.

SAFARI by Martin Johnson.

IN DARKEST AFRICA by Henry Stanley.

BLACK LAUGHTER by Llewelyn Powys.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS by Sarah Gertrude Millin.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS by Theodore Roosevelt.

# THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Yugoslavia)

*By*

LOUIS ADAMIC

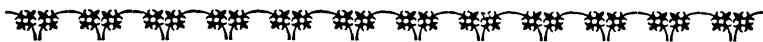
*Reprinted from THE NATIVE'S RETURN by permission  
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LOUIS ADAMIC was born in 1899 in the little province of Carniola, which is now a part of Yugoslavia. When he was fourteen years old he came to America. He promptly obtained a Slovenian-English dictionary, and after three years in his adopted country he was able to translate English news articles into his native tongue. This accomplishment brought him a position as assistant editor of a Slovenian newspaper. He served in France in the A.E.F., and was a serious young man not quite twenty-one years old when his discharge came in 1920. A variety of experiences followed. Adamic became first a laborer, then a sailor, finally a dock worker. While he was working on the docks in San Pedro, he had an article accepted by the *American Mercury*. Since then he has written three outstanding books and many magazine articles.

A COUNTRY is in many ways like an individual. As the individual differs from his fellow men in appearance, so does the country differ from other countries in the appearance of its houses, the slope of its land, or the architecture of its public buildings. The country may also be individual in the manners, customs, or interests of its people.

The observant traveler notices the differences and similarities as he goes from one country to another. He records them and brings them to the attention of his readers. Louis Adamic, returning to his native land, Yugoslavia, after spending a number of years in America, points out characteristics of his former homeland in the selection that follows.





## THE NATIVE'S RETURN

By LOUIS ADAMIC

OUR ship stopped for a few hours each at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cannes, Naples, and Palermo. Save in Cannes, everywhere, on getting ashore, we were mobbed by ragged youngsters, crying, "Gimme! Gimme!" and making signs that they were famished and wanted to eat. In the streets (especially in Lisbon) women with children in their arms approached us and made signs that their babies were hungry. Most of these, no doubt, were professionals, dressed and trained for begging; but even so it was depressing.

"In Yugoslavia it may be even worse," I said.

On the morning of May 13th we began to sail along the coast of Dalmatia, once also a province of Austria, now a part of Yugoslavia. We passed tiny islands and bright little towns along the shore line, and gradually I began to feel better. I scarcely know why. Perhaps because the hills ashore looked so much like the hills from San Pedro to San Diego in southern California, where I lived for years. Perhaps also because the Adriatic Sea, with the sun on it, was even bluer, lovelier than the Mediterranean.

But even so, I was hardly prepared for Dubrovnik, or Ragusa. From the ship, as we approached it, it appeared unreal. "Like a stage set for a play," Stella remarked. And another American, leaning next to her on the rail, said, "One expects a bunch of actors to appear out there at any moment and begin to sing, 'We are the merry villagers. . . .'"

The boat stopped for three hours and we went ashore. Here we were not mobbed by beggars. Some of the young boys on the pier were almost as ragged as those in Lisbon and in Palermo, but they looked anything but starved or sick. Their grins reached from ear

to ear. Their white, strong teeth flashed in the sun. Their faces were brown. Locks of straggly dark hair hung over their blue eyes.

To one of the ragamuffins Stella offered a coin. He looked at her, startled. "*Zashto?* (What for?)" he asked. I explained to the youngster in Croatian (which, to my surprise, I suddenly began to speak with very little difficulty) that my wife wanted to make him a present of the coin. He scowled: "*Hvala liepa!* (Thank you!) No alms!"

. . . . .

I felt grand. "My people!" I said to myself. "‘No alms!’" I could have run after the urchin and hugged him. "My people!" I said, aloud.

Stella laughed. We both laughed.

We walked through the ancient, sun-flooded, and shadowy streets of Dubrovnik, whose history reaches back to the fifth century. Many of the streets were not streets at all, but twisty stairways running from the main thoroughfares up the steep grades. Some of the people we saw were obviously foreigners—visitors or tourists from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, France, and England—but the majority were native Dalmatians of all ages, many in colorful homespun costumes, and Serbo-Moslem laborers from near-by Bosnia and Herzegovina, wearing *opanke*, Serb sandals, with up-turned toes and baggy Turkish breeches, close-fitting jackets, and red fezes. On one street we saw two veiled Mohammedan women walking on one side; on the other side were two Catholic nuns. . . . There were swarms of children everywhere.

"Such faces!" exclaimed Stella every few minutes. "Even the homely ones are beautiful, they're so healthy and brown."

In Dubrovnik—unlike in Lisbon, Gibraltar, Naples, and Palermo—no one forced himself upon us to sell us something. Here no guides were offering their services. . . . In the little bazaars, where business evidently was poor, the men and women in charge of the stores seemingly did not care whether the passers-by stopped to look at and buy their handmade peasant embroidery, jewelry, and

earthenware or not. They talked and laughed among themselves, or sat still and dozed in the warm sun.

On the way back to the pier, going down a steep stair-street, we came upon a tall, splendidly proportioned girl, dark-haired and blue-eyed, clad in an agreeably colorful medley of several south-Dalmatian costumes, among which the local Ragusan dress predominated. On her head she balanced a great basket of something or other, perhaps of wash for one of the modern houses above the old town. The basket seemed a part of her. She walked and swayed from her hips. Her arms were bare and firm. One of them she held akimbo. In the other hand she carried a bunch of golden-rain blossoms. She slowed her pace to look at us; possibly Stella's American dress interested her.

I said, "*Dobar dan!* (Good day!)"

"*Dobar dan!*" she returned, smiled—again one of those smiles to which words cannot do justice—and stopped. "Are you *nashki*? (of our nationality?)"

"I was born in Slovenia," I said, "but went to America as a young boy. My wife is American."

"So!" said the girl, eagerly. "An uncle of mine is in America. He is a fisherman in Louisiana, where the great river Mees-sees-sceep-pee," she syllabicated, "falls into the ocean." She smiled all the while.

"She is beautiful," said Stella. "What a body!"

I translated, "My wife says you are beautiful and you have a fine body."

The girl's smile widened and deepened, and her face and neck colored. "*Hvala liepa!*" she said. "Please tell your American wife that *she* is beautiful."

I told Stella what the girl had said. Then from the bunch she carried the girl handed her several twigs of golden-rain and, without saying anything, went on up the stairs.

"That is what I call nice," said Stella, looking after the girl. "Such a simple, sincere gesture."

I had a sudden feeling that I would like Yugoslavia, her people;

that, perhaps, even my visit home would be more of a pleasure than an ordeal.

. . . . .

I do not mean to say that the regions of Carniola by themselves, with all their congestion of lovely valleys, lakes, rivers, hills, woods, and mountains, are more beautiful than other regions I have seen elsewhere in the world. I know of vastly grander places in the United States, but houses and towns in America, a new country, often spoil a natural scene. If not houses and towns, then outdoor advertisements and heaps of tin cans and discarded machinery. In Carniola, however, the simple peasant architecture of the small villages seems to enhance the beauty of the country-side. The houses and villages *belong*. They appear to have grown out of the soil. They belong exactly where they are, both æsthetically and economically. Most of them have been where they are for five, six, seven hundred years. They are harmonious with the woods, the fields, the lakes. They are in the pattern of the country as a whole, an elemental and sympathetic feature thereof.

The same goes for the people. The peasants driving the oxen on the dirt roads; the women, young and old, in their colorful working-clothes, weeding or hoeing in the fields and now pausing in their work to smile and wave to us in the train; the girls by the riverside, with their up-drawn petticoats, washing the heavy homespun linen by slapping it on big smooth rocks; the woodsmen floating freshly felled logs down the river; the barefoot, sturdy children playing before the houses—they all seemed to me inextricably and eternally an important, indigenous part of the scenery, the beauty-pattern, the deep harmony of Carniola.

I was glad to be back. My reaction to the beauty of Carniola, of course, was enhanced by the fact that it was my native land. I felt like shouting greetings to the peasants in the fields along the railroad.

There was another general impression that I got on the train. Carniola seemed so very, very small. I remembered, for instance,



YUGOSLAVIAN PEASANTS



that in my boyhood a trip from Lublyana to Trieste was considered a long journey, an event in anybody's life to make it. And here Stella and I were coming from Trieste to Lublyana in a couple of hours by a slow train, humorously called an express, and we thought it was a short trip. The train stopped every few minutes in villages and small towns, which I suddenly recalled at least by names. With my consciousness of distances in the United States, and with the tens of thousands of miles that stretched behind me over the American continent and over two oceans, the distances in Carniola now seemed scarcely one-tenth of what I had thought them to be nineteen years before. Carniola had shrunk from an Austrian province to hardly more than a big Western ranch or a small national park in America.

When, toward evening, we arrived in Lublyana, which once upon a time I had considered a large city, it, too—with its 75,000 inhabitants—impressed me as a very small place; for I had behind me New York, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Chicago.

I had an impulse to go from Lublyana right on to my native village, not far from the city, but since I had written to my people that we would not come till Sunday afternoon, we let the *ban's* representative put us up for the night at one of the hotels.

After dinner, Stella went to bed, but I couldn't.

I went out and walked in the dimly-lit, quiet, almost deserted streets till past midnight, and discovered, to my great satisfaction, that, like the rest of Carniola, Lublyana, too, had not changed in its essentials; indeed, hardly even in its superficial aspects. The World War and the change from Austria to Yugoslavia did not touch it.

The old Roman wall seemed a little more crumbled than I remembered it, and in the middle of the city a twelve-story *nebotichnik* (skytoucher) was being built. But there were the same bridges over the River Lublyanica; the same nine-hundred-year-old fort and castle on the hill, now lit up at night; the same five-hundred-year-old City Hall, except that in place of the statue of the

Emperor Francis Joseph in front of it there was now a new statue of the late King Peter of Serbia. There were the same old churches and monuments to writers, grammarians, musicians, orators, and poets; the same old stores, with the same old signs over the doors. Here, I remembered, I used to buy paper and pencils while attending the gymnasium in my early teens. And here I used to buy rolls and apples for my midday lunch; here my occasional piece of cake or chocolate; here, in this two-hundred-year-old bookshop, my books; and here my mother used to come shopping for drygoods once in a fortnight. ("She probably still does," I said to myself.) And here was the school I had gone to; here the house I had roomed in for two years; and here the theater where I had seen my first Shakespearean performance. Everything came back to me, and once more Lublyana was an important, vital part of my life.

Here were street-sweepers, old men with long birch brooms, sweeping the streets at night in the same old way. Here was a lamplighter with his tall pole, now, toward midnight, putting out some of the lights. Here I almost bumped into a black little fellow, a chimneysweep! and, amused at myself, I swiftly grabbed a button on my coat, for in my boyhood I had shared the folk superstition that to hold onto a button when meeting a chimneysweep meant good luck.

Here glowed the curtained windows of an old coffee-house. I entered and ordered a coffee, just to make sure its tables were occupied by the same types of men as nineteen years before, reading newspapers, playing chess and dominoes, talking, talking, talking in low tones so as not to disturb those who read or played chess. . . . Here was stability; or so it seemed.

I returned to the hotel tired, inwardly excited, deeply content.

. . . . .

Gradually, I realized what I had dimly known in my boyhood, that, next to agriculture, Slovenia's leading industry was Culture. It was an intrinsic part of the place. In Lublyana were seven large



bookshops (as large as most of the hardware, drygoods, and drug stores in town), two of them more than a hundred years old.

Every year, I learned, bookseller-publishers and the book clubs, of which there were eleven, published hundreds of books, few of which failed to pay for themselves. A "failure" was a book which sold less than 1,000 copies! Besides, each bookstore carried a selection of the latest German, French, Czech, Serbo-Croat, and a few English and Italian books. The publishers did almost no advertising, for in Slovenia nearly everybody—merchants, peasants, priests, teachers, students—bought books anyhow, or subscribed to book clubs. One book club had over 40,000 subscribers, another nearly 30,000, two over 20,000, and the rest had between 2,000 and 15,000. One juvenile book club distributed nearly 100,000 books every year among 23,000 children between the ages of ten and fourteen. And it must be remembered that there are only 1,100,000 Slovenians in Yugoslavia, with about 300,000 more in Italy and some 250,000 scattered as immigrants in the United States, various South American countries, and elsewhere; and over half of those in Slovenia live in villages with less than 500 population.

In two years, I was informed, there had been forty-eight performances of "Hamlet" in Lublyana. Most of the city's streets are named after poets, essayists, novelists, dramatists, grammarians. The largest monument in town is to a poet, Francé Presheren, who was at his height about a hundred years ago. When students take hikes into the country, their destinations usually are the graves and birth-places of poets, dramatists, and other writers.

The year before I returned home there had been a hundredth-anniversary celebration of the birth of a writer, Francé Levstik, in the town of his birth, Velike Lasche, not far from Blato. It was the greatest event in Slovenia that year. Nearly 100,000 people attended the festival.

Shortly after I came back I happened to see a piece in a Lublyana newspaper that the village of X (the name now escapes me), somewhere in the mountains, twenty kilometers from the nearest railway,

was about to unveil a modest monument to one of its sons, the late So-and-so, who a century ago had had a hand in the working out of certain rules of Slovenian grammar. The committee in charge of the occasion was frank in announcing that the village was very poor and the people would be unable to entertain the guests in suitable style; the peasants, however, would provide all visitors with such transportation from the railway to the village as they had, namely hay-wagons; and cherries, due to ripen by then, would be free to all comers.

In 1928, as I was told some time after my homecoming, Slovenia's foremost living poet—Oton Zupanchich—celebrated his fiftieth anniversary, and on that occasion, which was a special holiday for the entire province, nearly one hundred delegations from all parts of the country called on him. Most of them were peasant delegations, some from remote mountain villages and counties. All of them brought him gifts. Women came with exquisite national handwork. Some presented him with bags of potatoes, hams, sausages, and other peasant products. Nearly all of them brought him money which had been appropriated by their respective county or village councils. Singing societies came from country districts to sing under his window. Student quartettes from Lublyana schools sang his poems set to music.

Most larger villages and all towns have public libraries, reading-rooms, and little theater groups. My brother Anté and sister Poldka belong to one of the latter, in the town of Grosuplye, which is near Blato. Most homes, city and village alike, have bookshelves with books on them.

In the coffee-houses most of the talk I heard was about plays, paintings, sculpture, architecture, books and music, and social and economic ideas. Most of the questions I was asked about America had to do with cultural and social problems, and among the people who asked them were a young priest, an army officer, the wife of a bookbinder, and a veterinary whom I met casually. Their interest, evidently, was not of a dilettante nature. It was definitely an intimate part of their lives, of Lublyana, of the country.

*Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Born in a foreign country, Louis Adamic came to America and "made good." Read about Edward Bok in *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, the story of Michael Pupin in *From Immigrant to Inventor*, the life of Edward Steiner in his *From Alien to Citizen*, or the biography of some other foreign-born man who was successful in America, and give a talk based upon your reading.
2. Louis Adamic gives his readers several characteristics of his native country. Select a particular section of your own country, preferably the one in which you live, and read a novel or a travel book that describes present-day conditions in that section. Combine the information which you gather in this way with observations which you have made, and write an article for your school magazine on the individuality of the part of the country in which you live.
3. Immigration has brought many foreigners to our shores. Find out from your civics and history books what provisions are made for the entry of foreign-born into this country, and the means by which they may become American citizens. Then prepare a booklet which might be entitled "The Road to American Citizenship."

*Understanding the Selection*

1. What was the difference between the actions of the poor ragamuffins in many European ports and those in Dubrovnik?
2. How are tourists treated by the merchants and other citizens of Dubrovnik?
3. According to the author, what sometimes spoils a natural scene in the United States?
4. Why was he more interested in the country about Carniola than the average tourist?
5. After reading the selection would you say that the people are cultured? Explain.
6. Dilettante, intrinsic, indigenous, inextricably, predominated, and akimbo are words that you might add to your vocabulary.

7. These topics are suggested as possible for creative writing:

Gimme!

Like a stage set for a play

Such faces!

An evening walk

My poetic attempts

Outdoor advertising

Superstitions

English grammar as I see it

*Travel in and Near the "Native's" Country*

UNDISCOVERED EUROPE by Edward Alexander Powell.

TWO VAGABONDS IN ALBANIA by Jan and Cora Gordon.

ISVOR—THE COUNTRY OF WILLOWS by Princess Bibesco.

THE HEART OF THE BALKANS by Demetra Vaka.

THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE by Marie, Queen of Roumania.

TO THE LAND OF THE EAGLE by Paul Edmonds.

# CAIRO AND BEYOND (Egypt)

By

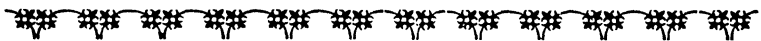
EMELENE ABBEY DUNN

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EMELENE ABBEY DUNN was born in Rochester, New York, attended the public schools and Rochester Free Academy, and studied art here and abroad. After she had completed her studies, she taught art in Connecticut schools and later established a studio in New York for the advanced instruction of art teachers. If you have read Miss Dunn's *Mediterranean Picture Lands*, the book from which the chapter on Egypt is taken, you have seen some of the attractive water color sketches painted by her.

**IN SOME** countries of the world, one finds the present and the past together, yet also apart. A civilization may have risen and fallen in years gone by, yet in the very shadows of its antiquity the workaday world moves on. Often the language, customs, and even traditions of the great civilization of the past have been forgotten by the natives. The ruins of the past remain as centers of interest to tourists and historians, and the means of livelihood for many who live near them.

In Egypt we find a land whose past extends "far back into the dawn of historic morning." The mementos of her ancient civilization—temples, the Sphinx, and the pyramids—bear witness to her importance in the ancient world. Egypt of today, with its shops and guides and ancient ruins, is the subject of the selection that follows.



## CAIRO AND BEYOND

By EMELENE ABBEY DUNN

**A**RRIVAL in the din and stir of Cairo brings you abruptly to a scene of present-day significance, . . . and you are prepared to enjoy Cairo and its endless variety of gay sights.

It is a relief to dicker with the splendid huckster who sells strings of beads from the Soudan—beads which prove to be tiny shells mixed with the blue glass products of the local scarab factory. You delight in overtures to obtain the showy nose-ornament of the camel, and with the most delicate insistence obtain its owner's heavy necklace of cloves, bits of amber, and brass prayer pieces of Mecca. His purse of Arabian enamel, hung upon his belt with stout chains, is also at your disposal if you are willing to exchange for it a meager handful of copper and silver coins.

Leaving the bead-seller as pleased as yourself, you retire to your palm-shaded room to engage in the disconcerting labor of packing the impossible into the restricting spaces of bag and hold-all. The trinkets are too valuable to leave behind, so, while the pet monkey in the court jibes (though unwittingly) at your indecision, you refresh yourself with dates from Ararat and orange peel from the Huyler of Damascus, meanwhile eliminating sufficient sordid wearing apparel from your baggage to admit these and future purchases.

The freshness of a Cairo morning in March is like a breath of flowery June at home. Partaking of coffee and rolls in a fragrant porch with palms at the right, and palms at the left of you, while turban and cracking whip are held at bay by brotherly waiters in embroidered coat or blue Zouave jacket, you read your letters in peace while your dragoman hires your carriage and arranges the pleasures of the day. Hassan of the mysterious eyes is now your

devoted attendant. This popular dragoman to American and Englishman waits to seat you comfortably in your cab and repulse the trade of merchants who see visions of profit in your appreciative eye. During the drive to places of varying interest, you sketch the dress and personality of this man of unvarying interest.

He is clad with delightful disregard of anachronisms, declaring himself of cosmopolitan taste in the resources of costume. An English sailor hat perched daintily on his head has been decorated by a Damascus square with its fringe of glowing tassels. A negligee shirt collar rises above a favorite brown sweater. Imposed upon these are the white garment of every loyal Egyptian and the discarded dinner coat of an English patron. His legs are encased in the latticed hose of Scotch golf players, his feet in a pair of American tan shoes.

Arrived at the entrance of the Muski—street of gay shops, French, English, and native shoppers, joy of the tinkling cordial-vender, delight of every man of lungs and every donkey of voice—you drop your carriage for the remainder of the day, knowing that it is easy to lose an hour in a brass shop or in watching the moving picture of the street. But you are recalled to shopping in earnest when a Bagdad cover attracts your eye, or when you find the French jewelry shop where the treasures of the museum are duplicated by fine handiwork.

When your notions of shopping propriety are satisfied, you slip into a street of the bazaar and drop contentedly into a tale of *The Arabian Nights*. For here sits the unruffled maker of red shoes, the filigree silversmith, the seller of stones and scarabs, the maker of tents, the purveyor of mosque lamps, and a hundred other ease-loving merchants. No hurry, or importunity, no interest in promoting sales, no labored bargaining. You are a guest. Sitting on a pile of priceless rugs, you see Sindbad and Scheherazade in the crowd, and—perhaps—witness the butchering of a sheep at the door of an adjoining market stall.

Sipping the coffee of your hospitable host, you find selection of buckle or scarf a restful occupation. Water porters, loaded with skins of Nile water, pass with the ever-welcome bread-sellers. The daily



news comes with the porter who lingers from door to door each morning and repeats his visit in the evening. He may stay as long as business interests allow, and he may carry away a dainty piece of handwork as the price of a skin of water or a loaf of bread.

In the stuffs of the bazaars, you see again the windings of the river and hear the songs of patient boatmen, as they pull up to their mooring. You see the blue dome of day, and the sunset of evening. You taste the sweet air of the hill country, forgetting the misery of the river folk. All are reflected in tent cloth, butterfly sail, pearl inlay, brilliant fez, and yellow sash. The brown people of shadûf and farm bring to market cases of fodder in masses of tender green, repeating the shadowy tones of bank and reflection. The din continues and everyone, down to the naked babe of your host and the incense vender of unmistakable poverty, moves cheerfully about in the confusion of the street, ignoring all but the present moment and the pursuit of the coin.

Tax gatherers estimate the crop, the stock in trade, the production of the day. The fertility of the Nile, craft workers' results, the gains of the money-changer come under their recording eye. At the dinner table of the hotel, so far removed in atmosphere, the life of the Muski and the bazaars seems to fall again into its romantic association with the tales of *The Arabian Nights*.

The running history of the city of Cairo began with its Mohammedan founders. It has passed through epochs of Sultan rule and misrule, has been rescued by French commanders and by English generals. The Coptic people are descended from the original Egyptians. They have become Christianized by preference, into Catholic and Protestant believers. Outside of the soldiers of the garrison, many of the English-speaking people of Cairo are found in the luxurious hotels, or at the American Mission for Girls, where the daughter of the khedive is pursuing her education with the children of foreign diplomats.

English is attempted by every living Egyptian, and some of them make remarkable progress. Dragomans and donkey boys assume a perfect understanding of the language; pyramid guides amuse

while they bargain for the good English shilling in exchange for the scarab of modernity. The visitor meanwhile stands in admiring wonderment at their clever repartee or kindly witticisms.

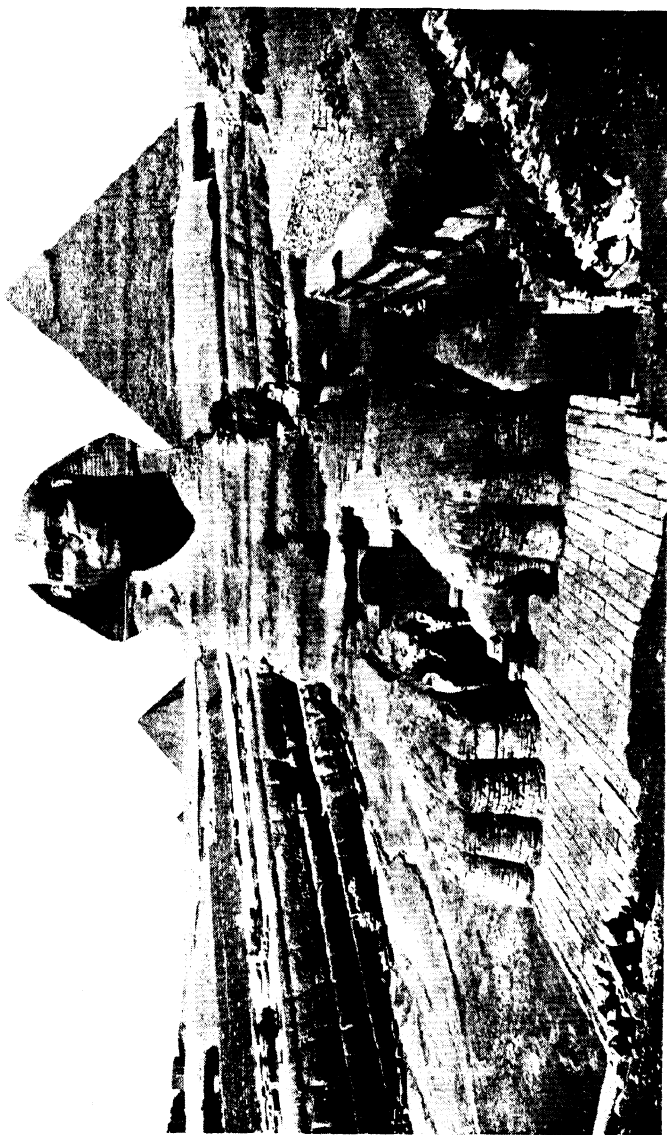
At the museums the collections prepare one to appreciate the historic remains of Egypt, or ably tell the remarkable story which may have been read in actual temple and tomb. Cairo makes holiday for a cosmopolitan company of sight-seers. She offers inviting drives to pyramid or calif's tomb, to Mameluke ruins or to the citadel's comprehensive point of view. She keeps one busy visiting mosque and monument and furnishes a well-regulated beggar for every rod of the way. She exhibits her arrangement for measuring the inundation of the river, discloses her public and private affairs to the curious eyes of the crowd, shows you where Moses rested in the bulrushes, and makes even her funerals and weddings subjects of entertainment to the eager.

Frank cordiality is her habit, and whatever her faults they are those of some phase of hospitality. Warmest feelings of appreciation, carried away by the stranger within her gates, awaken his hope that he may return for better acquaintance.

To go again to Egypt is the vow of many half-satisfied visitors, for she is admirable in her humbled position, and gentle under the ill-usage of heartless rulers. She was born to be beloved and lives to reclaim her heritage.

The pyramid builders were kings. He also was a king who builded the Sphinx after his own likeness. The grotesquely battered face wears an incongruous expression, but the idea remains intact, the majesty of figure and pose is noble. He is a type to kings, who find in him the greatness and significance of the ruler. Napoleon called him brother; crowned heads offer their tribute.

As the sun beats hotly upon the desert at noonday, blue shadows divide the yellow of sand and broken stone from the rich violet-browns of that side of the statue which is in shadow. Reflections appear to come from sky and shifting sand, intensifying the high lights of orange and soft grey which play upon the side in brilliant sunlight.



THE SPHINX

*"Its eyes invite meditation; its ears the creeds of nations."*

*Courtesy Thos. Cook & Son*



Two or three trips to his desert home are necessary for a complete study of His Majesty, a portrait made at noon seeming to delineate with especial sincerity the color and form of this heat-defying personage. Nothing upon sea or land can so affect the sense of magnificence, or so merit the result of a builder's temerity.

The shifting sands of pyramid field and surrounding desert are dislodged from the great body when funds are presented in sufficient amounts for accomplishing the work. Sometimes the temple between the paws may be entered; sometimes it is covered by sand, together with the body of the statue. The head has never been buried, but it has been the target of Arabian gun practice and the sport of souvenir hunters.

The sublimity of this Presence is never disturbed by cracksman, beggar, or the junketing of tourists. Its eyes invite meditation; its ears the creeds of nations. For the honor of the king, let us salute him.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. "The Gift of the Nile" is the historian's description of Egypt. Without the Nile River, Egypt would not have been one of the first centers of civilization. Prepare to tell the story of the beginnings of Egypt and the part that the Nile played in its development.
2. Years ago the pyramids were listed among the "Seven Wonders of the World." Since that time many changes have taken place in our civilization. As an observer of the present day, you can examine modern wonders and submit your "wonders of the world" to your classmates with arguments supporting your proposed list.
3. Miss Dunn, an artist, uses a great deal of color in her selection. Artists are not the only people who are conscious of color or are influenced by it. Chemists spend years in laboratories reproducing old dyes and searching for new ones. Interior decorators, stamp collectors, advertising men, style experts, and a host of other specialists realize the importance of color in their work. Make a scrapbook showing how vital color is in one or several of these fields.

*Understanding the Selection*

1. Describe the dress of Hassan, the dragoman.
2. Who were Sindbad and Scheherazade?
3. Why does the author enjoy the bazaars especially?
4. What effect does Egypt have upon most visitors? Why does the country have this effect upon them?
5. In what ways does Miss Dunn's description of the Sphinx reveal that she is an artist?
6. How many of the following words are in your vocabulary: huckster, disconcerting, filigree, importunity, scarab, incongruous, temerity?
7. One of these composition titles might help you when you write again:

Alexandria, the port of Egypt

A picture of Egypt that I should  
like to own

Getting the daily news

The life-giving Nile

Egyptian architecture

Riding a camel

Packing the impossible

*For Those Who Want to Make a More Extensive Tour of the  
Mediterranean*

NOMAD'S LAND by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

EGYPTIAN DAY by Princess Bibesco.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND by E. M. Newman.

IN EGYPT by John C. Van Dyke.

MAGIC SPADES by Ralph Magoffin and Emily Davis.

FROM TANGIER TO TRIPOLI by Frank G. Carpenter.

ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES by Emil Ludwig.

IN BARBARY by E. Alexander Powell.

FROM RED SEA TO BLUE NILE by Rosita Forbes.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI by Vincent Sheean.

# THE ARAB WORLD

By

HARRY A. FRANCK

*From A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD,  
used by permission of D. Appleton-Century Company,  
publishers, New York City*

HARRY ALVERSON FRANCK has drawn material for many fascinating travel books from a background of experiences in almost every corner of the globe. An American by birth, Franck received his education at Michigan, Harvard, and Columbia universities. After graduation he made use of his knowledge of languages as head of the modern language departments of schools in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, New York City, and Springfield, Massachusetts. Following his desire to "tramp" about the world, he boarded a cattle boat bound for the British Isles. The story of his globe-encircling trip is found in *A Vagabond Journey around the World*, the book from which this selection is taken. Mr. Franck does not attempt to pose as a hero in the accounts of his wanderings; undoubtedly this lack of affectation accounts for the convincing power of his narratives.

THE popular conception of the vagabond traveler is a gay youth with never a care in the world, who moves from one country to another without any apparent effort on his part, is befriended by wealthy travelers, and lives in the best hotels en route. Nothing could be further from actual fact than this popular belief. In reality, the vagabond traveler has to earn his own way by hard work; suffers the inconvenience of the cheapest living quarters and food, and rarely meets people who are above the group in which he is working.

Harry A. Franck in *The Arab World* gives an unforgettable picture from the life of an American who became a vagabond traveler.





## THE ARAB WORLD

By HARRY A. FRANCK

ON A placid sea the *Warwickshire* sped eastward, sighting the mountain ranges of Corsica and Sardinia, and sweeping through the straits of Messina so close to the Sicilian shore that we could make out plainly, from the deck, the evening strollers on the brightly-lighted promenade. The crew was East Indian. The white quartermasters with whom I messed were gorged with such food as only a French chef can cook, and valiantly I struggled to make up for those famished days in the dismal streets of Marseilles. My official duties were largely confined to "polishin' 'er brasses," and, with all due modesty, I assert that the ship was the brighter for my presence. The Bibby Line scorned to carry any but first-class passengers. I took my "watch below" within easy hailing distance of the promenade deck and those belinened voyagers to whom the custom of tipping for every possible service had become second nature, and picked up many a franc and six-pence among them.

On the morning of the fifth day out, the brasses were pronounced in a satisfactory condition, and I was ordered into the hold, with a score of the native crew, to send up the trunks of Egyptian travelers. The weather grew perceptibly warmer with every throb of the engines. When I climbed on deck after the last chest, the deep blue of the ocean had turned to a shabby brown, but the horizon was still unbroken. Suddenly there rose from the sea, on our star-board bow, as a marionette bobs up in a puppet-show, a flat-topped building, then another and another, until a whole village, the houses of which seemed to sit like gulls on the ruddy sea, spread out before us. It was Port Saïd. The pilot-boat had swung alongside and the statue of de Lesseps was plainly visible before we caught the first

glimpse of land, a narrow stretch of reddish desert sand beyond the town. Slowly the *Warwickshire* nosed her way into the canal, the anchor ran out with a rattle and a roar of cable, and there swarmed upon our decks a countless multitude of humans, that seemed the denizens of some remote and unknown sphere.

Darkness fell soon after. I had signed on the *Warwickshire* under a promise that I might leave her at Port Saïd. Through all the voyage, however, the quartermasters had spent hours of the dog-watch in pouring into my ears tales of the horrors that had befallen white men stranded among the Arabs. The shrieks that rose from the maze of buildings ashore, the snarling, scowling mobs that raced about our decks, called back these stories all too vividly. In the blackest of nights, this new and unknown world was in imagination peopled with diabolical creatures lying in wait for lone mortals who might venture ashore unarmed and well-nigh penniless. If I escaped a quick assassination among these black hordes, a lingering starvation on this neck of sand might be my lot. The captain had given me leave to continue to Rangoon. An Englishman, returning to the Burmese district he governed, had promised me a well-salaried position. Most foolhardy it seemed to halt in this "dumping ground of rascality" when in a few days I might complete half my journey around the globe and find a ready employment.

For an hour I sat undecided, staring into the black inferno beyond the wharves. Palestine and Egypt, however, were lands too famous to be lightly passed by. I bade farewell to the astonished quartermasters, collected my few days' wages from the mate, and with some two pounds in francs, lire, and shillings in my pocket, dropped into a feluca and was rowed ashore.

A scene typically Oriental graced my landing. In my ignorance, I had neglected to spend a half-hour in bargaining with the swarthy boatman before stepping into his craft. That the legal fare I paid him was posted conspicuously on the wharf made him none the less assertive in his demands. For an hour he dogged my footsteps howling threats or whining pleas in a cracked treble, now in his

native Arabic, now in such English as he could muster. The summary vengeance of the Islamites, prophesied with such fullness of detail by my shipmates, seemed at hand; but I shook the fellow off at last and set out to find a lodging.

The task at which I had grown so proficient in Europe was a far more difficult problem in this strange world. To be sure, there were several hotels along the avenue facing the wharves, before which well-dressed white men lounged at little tables; and black, barefooted waiters flitted back and forth, carrying cool drinks that we of America are wont to associate with August mid-days rather than with December evenings. But a strong financial backing is nowhere so indispensable as in hostelryes offering "European accommodations" in the Orient. There were, undoubtedly, scores of native inns in the maze of hovels into which I plunged at the first step off the avenue, but how distinguish them when the only signs that met my eye were as meaningless as so many spatters of ink? Even in Holland I had been able to guess at shop names. But Arabic! I had not the remotest idea whether the ensign before me announced a lodging house or the quarters of an undertaker. I returned to the avenue; but the few white men who paused to listen to my inquiry for a "native" hotel stared at me as at one who had lost his wits, and passed on with a shrug of the shoulders. A long evening I pattered in and out of crooked byways, bumping now and then into a swarthy Mussulman who snarled at me and made off, and bringing up here and there in some dismal blind alley. Fearful of wandering too far from the lighted square, I turned back toward the harbor and suddenly caught sight of a sign in English: "Catholic Sailors' Home." Whether the establishment was Catholic or Coptic was small matter, so long as it announced itself in a human language, and I dashed joyfully towards it.

The "Home" comprised little more than a small reading room. Half-hidden behind the stacks of ragged magazines sat the "manager," a Maltese boy, huddled over paper and pencil and staring disconsolately at an Italian-English grammar. I stepped forward and offered my assistance, and together we waded through an intermina-

ble lesson. Before we had ended, six tattered white men wandered in and carefully chose books over which to fall asleep.

"You must know," said the manager, as he closed the grammar, "that there are no sleepers here. And we close at eleven. But I am fix you oop. . . ."

He peered out into the night, locked the doors, blew out the lights, and aroused the sleepers. We groped our way along a stone-paved corridor to the back of the building.

"You are getting in here," said the Maltese, pulling open what proved by morning light to be a heavy pair of shutters, "but be quietness."

I climbed through after the others. A companion struck a match that lighted up a stone room eight feet square, once the kitchen of the Home. Closely packed as we were, it soon grew icy cold on the stone floor. Two "beachcombers" rose with exclamations of disgust and crawled out through the window, to tramp up and down the corridor. I groped my way to a coffin-shaped cupboard in one corner, laid it lengthwise on the floor, pulled out the shelves, and, crawling inside, closed the doors above me. My sleep was unbroken until morning.

By the light of day my bedfellows, squatted against the wall of the corridor, formed a heterogeneous group. At one end sat a Boer dressed in heavy, woolen garments of the veldt, of a faded, weather-beaten condition startlingly in keeping with the bronzed and be-whiskered countenance of the wearer. A seedy Austrian youth lolled open-mouthed between the South African and an oily Turk. A Liberian negro was sharing a mangled crust with a Russian Finn, half-hidden behind a forest of unpruned whiskers. A ragged Englishman stood stiffly erect near the door.

We found ample time to divulge the secrets of our past before the turnkey came to release us. With the Englishman I strolled down to the harbor. Myriads of "coaling niggers," in dirty, loose robes, as indistinguishable one from another as ants, swarmed up the sides of newly-arrived ships, or returned, jaded and begrimed, in densely packed boat-loads, from a night of toil. The customs

police, big, pompous negroes beside whom the Arabs seemed light colored, strutted back and forth within the wharf enclosure. As each band of heavers arrived, the officers laid aside their brilliant fezes, slipped over their gay uniforms a bag-like garment that covered them to their gaitered shoes, and gathered the workmen, one by one, in a loving embrace.

"Affectionate fellows, these followers of the prophet," I mused.

"Aye," croaked my companion, "and bloody good smugglers, dressed in them dirty sky'sls."

They live in coal, these heavers of Port Saïd. Their beds, their wives, their children, the merchants with whom they come in contact, even the little baked fish which bleary-eyed females sell them outside the gates, are covered with its dust. . . .

Each day, at noon, the friars of a Catholic monastery served dinner to the penniless. A crowd overwhelmingly Oriental lined up with us under the trees of the convent garden to await the serene pleasure of the tawny Arab who dispensed the charity of the priests. Between a Tartar and a Nubian, I received, after long delay, a deep tinplate, a pewter spoon, and a misshapen slice of bread. The entire party had lost hope of obtaining anything more edible, when the monasterial servant appeared once more, straining painfully along with a huge caldron of soup, which he deposited on the flat gravestone of a defunct friar. As we filed by him, the Arab tossed at each of us a ladleful of the boiling concoction. Whether it landed in our plates or distributed itself generously over our nether garments depended entirely on our own dexterity, for the haughty server dumped the ladle where, in his opinion, our dishes ought to have been, utterly indifferent as to whether they were there or not.

The Englishman disappeared next day, and I joined fortunes with the seedy Austrian. With a daily dinner and a lodging, even in a cupboard, assured, I found Port Saïd a more agreeable halting-place than Marseilles. There was work to be had here, too. On this second afternoon we were stretched out on the breakwater, under the shadow of the statue of de Lesseps, watching the coming and going of the pilot-boats and the sparkle of the canal that dwindled

to a thread on the far horizon of the yellow desert, when a portly Greek approached and asked, in Italian, if we wanted employment. We did, of course, and followed him back to land and off to the westward along the beach to a hovel in the native section. On the earth floor sat two massive stone mortars. The Greek motioned to us to seat ourselves before them, poured into them some species of small nut, and handed each of us a stone pestle. When we had fallen to work, he sat down on a stool, prepared his *narghileh* and, except for an occasional wave of the hand as a signal to us to empty the mortars of the beaten pulp and refill them, remained utterly motionless for the rest of the day.

Mechanically we pounded hour after hour. The pestles were heavy when we began; before the day was done my own weighed at least a ton. What we were beating up and what, in the name of Allah, we were beating it up for, I do not know to this day. The Austrian asserted that he knew the use of the product, but fell silent when I asked to be enlightened. Night sounds were drifting in through the door of the hovel when the Greek signed to us to stop, and with the air of one who feels himself to be over-generous but proud of his fault, handed each of us five small piastres (12½ cents). My companion at once raised his voice in vociferous protest, in which, at a nudge of his elbow, I joined. The Greek was hurt to the point of tears. The ingratitude of man, when he had, out of the kindness of his heart, given us a whole day's wages for a half-day's work! How could we bring ourselves to complain when he had cut his own profit in half simply because we were men of his own color for whom he felt an altruistic and unmercenary sympathy? At the end of a half-hour of noisy clamoring he consented to present us each with another piastre, and we hurried away across the beach to a native shop where spitted mutton sold cheaply.

Two days later I took a "deck-passage" for Beirut and boarded a hulk flying the British flag. By sundown we lost sight of the low-lying port and set a course northeastward. A throng of Arabs, Turks, and Syrians, Christian and Mohammedan, male and female, squatted on the half-covered deck. In one scupper were piled a half-

hundred wooden gratings, the use of which remained a mystery to me until my fellow passengers fell to pulling them down one by one and spreading their beds on them. I alone, of all the multitude, was unsupplied with bedding; even the lean, gaunt Bedouins, dressed in tattered filth, had each a roll of ragged blankets in which, their evening prayers and salaams towards Mecca ended, they rolled themselves and lay down together in a place apart. This dividing into groups was general, for caste lines are sharp drawn in the Orient and, when I stretched out on a bare grating, the entire throng was huddled in a dozen isolated bands, each barricaded by the sturdiest males.

Morning broke bright and clear. Far off to starboard rose the snow-capped range of the Lebanon; but we were bearing northward now, and several hours did not bring us perceptibly nearer the coast. The time was close at hand when I must learn something of the modes of travel in Asia Minor, though, to tell the truth, I had small hope of landing, for passports were reported indispensable in this mysterious land of the Turk. I strolled anxiously about the deck. In a group of Christian Turks I came upon two who spoke French, and engaged them in conversation with the ulterior motive of "pumping" them. A few stories of highways of Europe amused the party greatly. Casually I announced my intention of walking to Damascus. The interpreted statement evoked loud shouts of incredulity, not unmixed with derision.

"What!" cried one of the French-speaking Turks, waving a flabby hand towards the snow banks that covered the wall-like Lebanon range, "Go to Damascus on foot! *Pas possible*. You would be buried in the snow. This country is not like Europe! There are thousands of murderous Bedouins between here and Damascus who would glory in cutting the throat of a dog of an unbeliever! Why, I have lived years in Beirut, and no man of my acquaintance, native or Frank, would ever undertake such a journey on foot."

"And you would lose your way and die in the snow," put in the other. All through the morning the pair were kept busy interpreting the opinion of the group on the absolutely unsurmountable obstacles

against such an undertaking. It was the first version of a story that grew old and threadbare before I ended my journeyings in the Orient. But it was a new tale then, told with an unoriental vehemence, and as I ran my eye along the snow-cowled wall that faded into hazy distance to the north and south, I was half inclined to believe that I was nearing a land where my plans must be abandoned.

The coast line drew nearer. On the plain at the mountain foot appeared well-cultivated patches, interspersed with dreary stretches of blood-red sand. At high noon we dropped anchor well out in the harbor of Beirut. Clamoring boatmen were soon rowing first-class passengers ashore. But the red flag of quarantine was snapping in the breeze above the customs house, and as deck passengers, more likely to spread the plague than tourists well supplied with "back-sheesh," we were detained on board. Four sweltering hours had passed when a screech sounded ashore, and several company tenders put out from the inner harbor. Down the gangway tumbled a mighty cascade of Orientals, male and female, large and small, dirty and half dirty, pushing, kicking, scratching, and biting each other with utter disregard of color, sex, or social standing, and hopelessly entangled with bundles of every conceivable shape. The sinewy boatmen established something like an equality of burdens by rough and ready tactics, and amid the shrieks of husbands separated from wives, children from parents, Bedouins from their priceless rolls of blankets, the tenders set off for a stern, stone building on a barren rock across the bay. The spirit of segregation grew contagious. As we swung in against the rock I caught a haughty Bedouin attempting to separate me from my knapsack. A well-directed push landed him in the laps of several heavily-veiled females and I sprang up a stairway cut in the face of the rock. The building at the summit bore the star and crescent, and the title "Lazeret." In small groups we passed into a room where a pudgy-faced man in European garments, topped by a fez, stared at me long and quizzically before he beckoned to the first of our party to approach. One by one my fellow passengers answered a few ques-



tions, received a paper signed by the man in the fez, and fell to quarreling with him over the price thereof. Well they knew that no amount of bellowing could reduce the official fee, but as Orientals they could not have purchased a postage stamp without attempting to "beat down" the salesman. The officer heaved a sigh of relief when I handed him without protest the five piastres demanded, and I passed on, still wondering why I had been taxed. The paper was in French as well as Turkish and informed me that I had paid for disinfection. . . .

Suddenly there rang out a cry for passports. An icy bubble ran up and down my spine, but I stepped boldly forward and thrust my letter of introduction into the face of a diminutive, white-haired officer at the gate. He received it gingerly, as if expecting it to explode in his hands, turned it up sidewise, upside down, sidewise once more, and, certain that he had found its proper position, began to run his finger up and down the lines, mumbling to himself and shaking his head sagely from side to side. Slowly he turned, eyed me suspiciously, and after several preliminary gurgles, wheezed: "Paseeporto? Paseeporto?"

"Sure, it's a passeeporto!" I replied, nodding my head vigorously. The officer glanced from the paper to my face and back at the paper several times, plainly as helpless before a problem for which he knew no precedent as a child. The doctor who had made out our disinfection slips stepped out into the square, and the officer, knowing that he read and spoke French, rushed upon him. The good leech could hold the letter right side up, but he knew no more of its contents than the man who had read it sidewise. He turned to ply me with questions. I assured him that American passports were just such simple things, and he accepted my assertion. The officer thrust the letter into his sack—for in Turkey passports are held over night by the police and returned to the owner's consulate in the morning—and waved his hand as a sign of dismissal.

Darkness had fallen and the city was some miles distant. The doctor called a sinister-looking native, attired in a single garment that reached his knees, and ordered him to guide me to the town.

We set off through the night, heavy with the smell of oranges, along a narrow road, six inches deep in the softest mud. At the outskirts of the city the native halted and addressed me in Arabic. I shook my head. Like most uneducated Orientals, he was of the opinion that, if a full-grown Frank could not understand language intelligible to the smallest child of his acquaintance, it was through some fault of his hearing. He put the question again and again, louder and more rapidly with every repetition. I let him bellow until breath failed him and he gave up and splashed on. He halted once more in a square, reeking with mud, in the center of the city, and burst forth in a greater vehemence of incoherency than before.

"Ingleesee?" he shrieked with his last gasp.

"No," I answered, comprehending this one word, "Americano."

"Ha!" shouted the Arab, "Americano?" and he began his bellowing once more. Evidently he was attempting to explain something about my fellow countrymen, for the word "Americano" was often repeated. Exhausted once more, he struck off to the southward. I shouted "hotel" and "inn" in every language I could muster, but after a few mumbles he fell silent and only the splash of our feet in the muddy roadway attended our progress. We left the city behind, but still the Arab plodded steadily and silently southward. Many a quartermaster's story of white men led into Mussulman traps passed through my mind. Far out among the orange groves of the suburbs he turned into a small garden and pointed to a lighted sign above the portal of the building among the trees. It announced the American consulate. Not knowing what else to do with a Frank who did not understand the loudest Arabic, the native had led me to the only man in Beirut to whom he had heard the term "Americano" applied.

When I had paid my bill next morning in the French pension to which I had been directed, my worldly wealth was reduced to one English sovereign. I turned in at the office of Cook and Son and, tossing the piece to the native clerk, asked him to change it into coin of the realm, of small denomination. He turned the sovereign over several times, bit it, laid it carefully away, and set to

pulling out boxes and drawers and dumping the coins they contained on the counter before me. There were pieces of copper, pieces of silver, pieces of bronze, tin, iron, nickel, zinc; coins half the size of a dime, coins that looked like tobacco tags, coins big enough with which to fell an ox, coins with holes in them, coins bent double, saucer-shaped coins, coins that had been scalloped around the edge by some erstwhile possessor of artistic temperament and hours of leisure; and still the clerk continued to pour out coins until I felt in duty bound, as a tolerably honest member of society, to call a halt.

"Say, old man," I put in, "that was only a sov. I gave you, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know," panted the native, dumping another handful that rattled down the sides of the heap like a bucketful of stones on the pile under a stone crusher, "I know, and I am very sorry I have not enough to change him. But I give you this and he just make him up."

He tossed towards me a gold piece of ten francs.

"What!" I cried, "you don't mean that I get that heap and ten francs besides, for one quid?"

"Aywa, efendee, yes, that makes one pound," he answered.

I pawed over the heap. Each rake brought to light pieces of new and unique pattern. "Fine collection," I said, "but what's the answer?"

The clerk drew a long breath as if for an extended lecture, and picked up one of the tobacco tags: "This," he said, "is a metleek. It is worth eleven-twelfths of a half-penny. Five of these coppers make a metleek—only not quite—that is—here in Beirut—in Damascus five of them make a metleek and a little more. Ten metleeks make a bishleek—" he picked up one of the coins the owner of which would be arrested, in a civilized country, for carrying concealed weapons, "one bishleek—that is—except one and a half of these copper coins—that is—here—in Damascus ten metleeks make a bishleek and four coppers—except not quite—and in Sidon they make the same as in Damascus—only a little less—and these coins

are worth the same as a bishleek—except not quite—that is—here—if they have a hole in them they are worth a copper and three-fourths—more—that is, here—in Damascus they are worth a copper and one-fourth more, and this dish-shaped one is worth three bishleeks and three metleeks and two coppers and sometimes three-fourths of a copper more, except they with holes in them which are worth two metleeks and a copper and a half more, and this mejeedieh is worth in Dasmascus seven bishleeks and seven metleeks and two coppers and sometimes three and sometimes here not so much by two and a half coppers and in Jerusalem —”

“And suppose it is a rainy day?”

“Oh, that does not make any difference,” said the clerk, with owl-like solemnity, “but sometimes on busy days, as on feast days, the bishleek is worth three coppers and a half more—that is, here—in Damascus it is worth two more and sometimes not so much—as in Ramadan, and in Sidon it is worth three-fourths of a copper less and in—here in Beirut —”

“Hold on, efendee,” I cried. “If you have a pencil and a ream of paper at hand —”

I understood his explanation perfectly, of course, but I had an unconquerable dread of forgetting it in my sleep.

“Certainly,” cried the obliging clerk, and he dragged forth two sheets of paper and covered both with figures. Reduced to writing, the monetary system of Syria was simplicity itself. One could see through it as easily as through six inches of armor plate.

“Now, in carting this around—” I asked, tucking the sheets of paper away in a pocket, “you don’t hire a porter —”

“Ah,” said the clerk, “you have not the large purse? Our Syrians carry a purse which is very long, which is long like the stocking which it is said are worn by the lady; but if you have not such a long purse and you have not any ladies—” I drew out a large handkerchief and fell to raking the heap of coins into it. “Ah,” he cried, “that does very good, only you do not forget that in Damascus the mejeedieh is worth seven bishleeks and seven metleeks and two coppers and sometimes—” But I had escaped into the silence outside.

I reduced my burden somewhat by spending the heaviest pieces of junk for breakfast and, strolling down to the harbor, sat down on a pier. The bedlam of shrieking stevedores, braying camels, and the rattle of discharging ships drowned for some time all individual sounds. In a sudden lull, I caught faintly a shout in English behind me and turned around. A lean native in European dress and fez was beckoning me from the opening of one of the narrow streets. I dropped from the pier and turned shoreward. The native ran towards me. "You speak Eengleesh?" he cried. "Yes? No? What countryman you?"

"American."

"No? Not American?" shrieked the native, dancing up and down. "You not American? Ha! ha! ver' fine. I American one time, too. I be one time sailor on American warsheep *Brooklyn*. You know *Brooklyn*? Ver' nice sheep, *Brooklyn*. You write Eengleesh, too. No? Yes? Ver' fine! You like job? I got letters write in Eengleesh! Come, you!"

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. The modern traveler has the convenience of using money as a medium of exchange for goods. In the early days of civilization, crude forms of money or just goods were the basis for exchange. Collect interesting ideas from books dealing with early civilizations, especially of Egypt, Babylon, and Phœnecia, and write a report on "Early Mediums of Exchange."
2. The writer noticed the statues of de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, also well-known for his efforts to build a canal in Panama. In reference books find out more about this unusual man, and give an oral report to the other members of your class.
3. Franck said, "An icy bubble ran up and down my spine," when he heard the cry for passports. Fortunately for him he did not need to show a passport at this time. Ordinarily a traveler needs that paper which permits him to go from one country to another. From the United States Department of State, your civics book, and other sources,

secure enough information so that you can arrange a booklet on "Passports—Their Nature and Their Use."

*Understanding the Selection*

1. What work did Franck do aboard the *Warwickshire*?
2. Why was the Port Saïd job disappointing?
3. Give reasons for the Turks' warning against the proposed walking trip to Damascus.
4. What happened to the writer's "passport" when it was presented at Beirut?
5. How does this selection show the money complications of the Near East?
6. Add these words to your vocabulary list: pompous, pestle, vociferous, ulterior, diminutive, intelligible, incoherency, heterogeneous, diabolical, fez, pewter, dexterity, sinister, unique, altruistic, unmercenary, derision, vehemence, contagious.
7. Try your skill in essay writing with one of these topics:

Adventure in a strange city  
A disappointing job  
On shipboard

Passports  
When we were quarantined  
A dangerous journey

*Other Books by the Same Author*

FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN.  
TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO.  
VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES.  
VAGABONDING THROUGH CHANGING GERMANY.  
ROAMING THROUGH THE WEST INDIES.  
WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA.  
EAST OF SIAM.

# ENDS OF THE EARTH (Lolo Land and Tibetan Frontier)

By

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

*Reprinted from ENDS OF THE EARTH by permission of  
the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers*

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS has the determination and persistence necessary to take him through difficulties to "the ends of the earth." From early boyhood he intended to be a naturalist and explorer. After graduating from Beloit College in Beloit, Wisconsin, Mr. Andrews began his career with the American Museum of Natural History in New York. His first job was in the taxidermy department mixing clay, preparing animal and bird skins for mounting, and keeping the floor clean. Two years later, in 1908, he started for Alaska on his first real expedition—to study whales. He is now Vice Director of the American Museum of Natural History in charge of Exploration and Research. Best of all, he is doing the work he has always wanted to do.

TO MOST of us hunting suggests skill in shooting animals and birds. However, occasionally we find another type of hunting in which the hunters look for rare specimens of wild life to be exhibited in scientific institutions. True, these hunters do like to show their skill with the gun; yet their primary purpose is to obtain new animals and birds that may be studied by thousands of people.

The selection that follows shows a world-famous explorer at work searching for unusual specimens to bring back to civilization.





## ENDS OF THE EARTH

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

WE LEFT early in March, 1916, went first to Peking and then to Foochow via Shanghai. Our objective was to join a shooting missionary, Harry Caldwell, who had made quite a reputation for himself in China. With a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other he pursued his evangelical work among the Chinese, ridding their villages of man-eating tigers, the while he poured into their ears the Eternal Truth. Harry is a regular fellow. Bursting with enthusiasm, interested in everything under the sun but particularly in natural history, he has done much real good among the people of his district.

Some years earlier he had discovered a "blue" tiger. Twice he had seen it at close range, and the natives knew it well. The beast had become a man-eater, and was credited with many victims. I wished to kill it. Caldwell described it as striped with black on a blue-gray ground. Doubtless it was a partially melanistic phase of the ordinary yellow tiger. Melanism, the opposite of albinism, occurs very frequently in some animals but is rare in others. Black leopards are common but no dark-colored tigers had been previously reported.

The animal ranged in a district about Futsing not far from Foochow. It was the same method of hunting I had had in Korea. Hard traveling from village to village whenever the beast was reported by the natives. The heat was terrible. Wet, soggy air, blazing sun, fast traveling, hard climbing. Once we missed the tiger by a hair's breadth. Natives had seen it go into a deep ravine filled with an impenetrable jungle of swordgrass and thorn bushes. Caldwell and I staked out another goat with her kid in a small clearing. We concealed ourselves in the grass on a hillside thirty feet away. The

kid kept up a continual bawling. This was what we relied upon to entice the animal from its lair just before sundown. Caldwell had killed seven tigers that way.

For two hours we waited, watching the shadows creep further up the hillslopes. Velvety blackness lay thick in the deeper recesses of the ravine. There came the faintest sound of a rolling pebble; then another. Caldwell put his mouth close to my ear and whispered: "Get ready. He's coming."

The tiger was there, not twenty feet from us, taking a last survey before he dashed into the open to leap upon the goat. I sat waiting, every nerve tense, the butt of my rifle nestled against my cheek.

Suddenly pandemonium broke loose. Over the hill opposite us came a party of wood cutters. Blowing horns and banging tin cans, they streamed down the slope across the bottom of the ravine and up the other side. They were taking a shortcut home, and the noise was to protect them from a tiger's attack. Our chance was gone.

In spite of the fact that my companion was a missionary I did some really artistic cursing. Had those confounded Chinese arrived ten minutes later the tiger would have been lying dead in front of us. Instead he had quietly withdrawn into the depths of his lair. We found the pug marks where the great beast had crouched right at the edge of the long grass. It was rotten luck but the old men of the village wagged their heads and said:

"You can never kill him. He is not a proper tiger. It is an evil spirit." All of them believed it too. For a month we hunted him, time after time almost getting a shot. It did seem that the beast was a phantom; that it was possessed of some occult power to evade the waiting death.

After we left, Caldwell had another go at the blue tiger, but never even saw him. Others have hunted him since, but he is still at large. His death-list now reaches nearly a hundred people, according to the natives. Later reports said that another had appeared and that the two hunted together. It may be so.

While we were in the tiger country Edmund Heller joined us for the trip to Yunnan, and we went by ship to Haiphong, Indo-China,

thence up the picturesque French railway to Yunnan-fu. With a caravan of thirty-five ponies, we started westward for Tali-fu, right in the center of the province.

We had been warned of bandits and at the end of every march were given a guard of four or five soldiers. We did not want the wretched fellows but were required to take them. Usually they carried an extraordinary assortment of ancient firearms, and few of the cartridges would fit their rifles. We felt sure that they would be the first to run if brigands were encountered. They did not disappoint us. Nine days out, just as we were climbing a rocky pass to the summit of a ten-thousand-foot mountain, a breathless Chinese came tearing down the road. He was too excited to talk coherently but I caught the word *tu-fei* (brigand) several times. A moment later our soldiers were breaking all speed records on the back trail!

I soon discovered that a caravan had been attacked less than half a mile in front of us. The bandits were even then going through the goods. We were in a bad place for a fight but I got our party to the summit of the hill and arranged a barricade with the loads. Then we did a little scouting. From a high rock we could see the brigands right below us, ripping open the packages and scattering their contents right and left. There were forty of them. I could have easily killed half a dozen but decided to let them alone if they did not molest us.

They found what they were after, several packages of jade, and disappeared into the mountains. We learned that they had been following this caravan for several days. It belonged to a rich mandarin, and the bandits knew just what he had among his possessions.

At Tali-fu, with a new caravan, we started for the Snow Mountain near the Tibetan frontier. It proved to be a wonderful collecting ground. Virgin forest extended almost up to the snow line at fourteen thousand feet. We got serow and goral, strange goat-like animals inhabitants only of Asia, and dozens of new species of squirrels, shrews, voles, rats, and mice. We were camped at 12,000 feet in a beautiful open meadow with snow-covered peaks almost encircling

us. Cloud masses dipped and swirled about the tents, but with a charcoal fire in an open brazier we were snug and warm.

Here I contracted a severe infection in the palm of my right hand and we had to move to a little temple at the base of the mountain. I would have died except for the devoted nursing of my wife. Day by day she watched the infection spread and saw my arm swell almost to bursting. At night I was delirious. Steaming cloths changed every few minutes all through the night and day eventually controlled the poison. Still it was weeks before I could use my hand again.

We had a difficult time in crossing a pass 16,000 feet high into the Yangtze drainage region. In a few hours we came from the warm sun of October to the dead of winter. Up through a larch forest, into the higher belt of dwarf bamboo beyond the uttermost timber line of rhododendrons, we climbed. The summit of the pass was bare and bleak, frozen hard. A bitter wind swirled about our tent. It was too cold to sleep. All night we shivered about a tiny fire, for we could find little wood. Three of the ponies died from cold and the effects of the altitude. Most of the men suffered severely, but all were game. It was a miserable party that descended next morning into the golden sunshine of mid-October.

Every mountain range which we crossed brought us into new valleys occupied by strange aboriginal people. There are thirty distinct tribes in Yunnan, the remnants of the original inhabitants of China. Just as the white men pushed the American Indians westward, so did the Chinese drive the aborigines south and west unknown centuries ago. Now they have concentrated in the wild mountains of Yunnan. One of them, the Lolos, never have been subdued by the Chinese. They still occupy a territory called "Lolo land," in the midst of Szechwan, one of the richest provinces of China. No Chinese is allowed in Lolo land. Instant death is the penalty. Small bands of Lolos have wandered from the forbidden country and settled in Yunnan.

After crossing the mountain pass we descended to a Lolo village hidden away deep in a secluded valley. Fine tall fellows they were,

with long heads, high-bridged noses, and thin lips; almost a Caucasian type of face. They never had seen a white person and at first were frightened. Cigarettes and small presents soon made them realize that we were friends. Of course everything about us was interesting. Cameras, watches, and the like were too far beyond their comprehension to be impressive, but field glasses seemed a miracle. My high-power rifle and automatic pistol were tools of a god. From them I purchased a sheep for demonstration. I showed them the tiny 6.5 mm. Mannlicher bullet and tied the sheep 200 yards away on the hillside. The whole village was breathless with suspense. When I fired and the animal fell, they brought it back with wonder and awe in their faces. Their own guns were primitive matchlock things having a range of thirty yards.

In photographs they could not recognize themselves, for they never had seen their own faces. It was only by pointing to some special article of dress and then indicating it in the photograph that they could be made to understand. In my wife's mirror they saw themselves for the first time. The Lolo women would have sold their souls to possess it.

Passing through the Moso country, up to the frontier of Tibet we went, finding new mammals and birds, new plants, new tribes, and unmapped trails. The Tibetans were shy of the camera. It was only by subterfuge that my wife could get a photograph. One day we concealed ourselves beside a trail, with the movie camera behind a bush. Along came a party of Tibetans, men and women, single file. When in just the right position we pulled down the bush and began to crank the camera. Each man grabbed a woman, holding her struggling body in front of him. They were taking no chances with their precious selves. Tin cans and bottles were our best currency. Money meant little, for they had no way to spend it. Tea, knives, and almost any trinket could be exchanged for chickens, eggs, or sheep.

We pushed across the Yangtze River where it rushes out of a black canyon, its depths unknown to any human being, and into the gorge of the Mekong. In late January, back to Tali-fu. A fort-

night there to rest and engage a new caravan, then southward toward the Burma border.

Days upon days of steady traveling before we dropped down into the valley of the Nam-ting River and the humid heat of the tropics. Nowhere could we have found a greater contrast. Thick palm jungle instead of snow-capped peaks; leopard, sambur, and monkeys; peacocks and half a dozen other pheasants.

The first morning I was up at daylight to solve a mystery. From a score of places in the jungle came the "cock-a-do-dle-do" of barnyard roosters. The last note was a little short, but otherwise exactly the same. We were a long way from any domestic fowls. What did it mean? Cautiously I stalked the sounds. Startled clucking came from a thick tree in front; suddenly in a burst of flaming red and gold five birds sailed into the open. I fired quickly, and then again. Two were down. In another moment I had solved the mystery. They were jungle fowl! Stupid of me not to have suspected it. Centuries before Christ these birds had been domesticated, and from them come all the breeds of our barnyard fowls. I had killed two beautiful roosters in full spring plumage; they looked exactly like diminutive game cocks.

Every morning and evening sweet mournful calls sounded in the jungle. We knew that they were monkeys, but stalking was difficult, for from the upper branches they could look down into the thick jungle and see us easily. But we learned how to do it finally, and got a dozen specimens. They were gibbons—one of the anthropoid, or "man-like," apes—of a rare species.

From the Nam-ting River we traveled north, skirting the Burma border. We could not go across because we had no permits to shoot, and the World War was on. But we lost ourselves and had to cross the frontier to the little village of Ma-li-pa to find out where we were. There we were taken prisoner by a delightful English officer, Captain Clive, who was fretting his heart out on frontier duty while his regiment was active in Africa. But "someone must do it" said the army chief, and he happened to be that "someone."

From him we got our first news in many months. America had joined the Allies and we were in the war! Half around the world from the battlefields of France, in the midst of a Burmese jungle, still that word somehow took all the joy out of life for me. I wanted to go back to do my bit, whatever it was to be. We had long since determined to come out by way of Bhamo and Rangoon on the Irawadi River. We would go there now as fast as possible. Fortunately we were near the end of our planned exploration and the traverse could be completed in a few more weeks.

Captain Clive was in touch with Rangoon by heliograph, and in five days came permission for us to depart in peace by any route we chose. I wanted much to have a look at the terrible Salween Valley which lay between us and Bhamo. A ghastly place it is, hot, dry, deserted of all human life, given over to peacocks, leopards, and wild red dogs. Even the aboriginal natives, Lisos, dare not face the malignant malaria which makes of the valley a fever-stricken hell. Only deep injections of quinine will kill those germs. Without them one dies. In a week, I thought, we should be able to get a good representation of the fauna, and with extraordinary precautions escape the fever.

The place was fascinating even though we knew that we were flirting with death to remain at all. Our reward was a fine collection. Almost all the mammals, I believe, were new to science. No one else had cared to go there. Whenever I fired a gun it was answered from a dozen places in the jungle by the mournful wail of peacocks. Meaow, meaow, meaow! How to get them? Stalking was impossible, for the dry leaves crackled like chips under our feet. We learned that the birds came down to drink every evening at sand pits on the opposite shore. Lying in wait brought us several gorgeous specimens. One evening Heller, who was watching a point a hundred yards upstream, saw an old peacock out-wit me. I had heard a scratching in the jungle and had turned my back to the water, expecting every moment to see a peacock strut out from cover. Meantime a splendid male had walked along the beach and

was quietly drinking within twenty feet of where I crouched. Heller saw the bird jump upon a stone and catch sight of me; then, flattened almost to the ground, slip back into the thick cover. I would have known nothing of the little drama had Heller not seen it all.

A single attack of fever, which laid me flat for a few days, was our only ill effect from the Salween Valley. A week of hunting the black gibbons of Ho-mu-shu on a steep mountain spine, and we made our way to Teng-yueh, one of the outposts of civilization. It is a customs station on the main trade route from Burma to China. There is a British consul, half a dozen missionaries, and several foreign members of the customs staff. Not a bad place to live, Teng-yueh. A fine climate, comfortable houses, and splendid schooling.

Mail was awaiting us there, the first in many months. Ten days later we came into Bhamo, called on the commissioner, and were invited to use the Circuit House, a glorified *dak* bungalow. He took us to the club that night. How strange and shy we felt. To see women in filmy dresses sipping cold drinks on the lawn; to hear a band and converse with officers in spotless uniforms!

For nine months we had been in the wilderness of China's hinterland, away from others of our kind, but neither of us could say good-bye to the mountains and the jungle without regret.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Any subject is interesting if you know enough about it. Only the most ignorant people find museums dull. To you who have just finished reading about one man who braved all kinds of danger for the furtherance of science, it is clear that behind each separate specimen preserved or behind each scientific discovery made in the interest of humanity there lies a story of heroic adventure. From the lives of inventors, scientists, explorers, and others, secure evidence to prove the value of dangerous expeditions and experiments, and write an argumentative essay on the subject.
2. Roy Chapman Andrews brought back many photographs as tangible evidence of his expedition's work. If photography is one of your hob-



bies, prepare an exhibit of pictures which you have obtained while "hunting" with your camera. These should be accompanied by written descriptions of the incidents that made the securing of the pictures an adventure for you. Or if you are not an amateur photographer, prepare a similar exhibit using clippings of photographic reproductions.

3. Have you ever traded stamps, hats, or anything? It was a bit of a lark for you, wasn't it? For some people, however, trading is very serious business, as barter is the only means by which they may obtain goods from others. During the recent depression barter exchanges sprang up in every section of the country. Several colleges and universities accepted farm produce or cattle instead of cash for tuition and board. Some deals involved three or four traders, and were therefore somewhat complicated. Look up articles on the use of barter during the depression years and prepare a series of stories about interesting "swaps" to tell your classmates.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Tell vividly how the author prepared to kill the tiger.
2. Name several animals "collected" by the author in the forest near Snow Mountain.
3. Describe the Lolos. Who are they?
4. What articles in the author's equipment especially interested the Lolos?
5. What "mystery" got the author up at daylight one morning?
6. What news hastened the author's departure from Burma? Why was he in Burma?
7. Would you call this trip successful scientifically? Explain.
8. These words will add to the vividness of your conversation or writing: pandemonium, melanism, occult, coherently, jade, aboriginal, subterfuge, diminutive, stalking, malignant.
9. Do these topics suggest an experience you would like to recount?

A night on a mountain top  
An animal I have stalked  
A visit to a museum

Monkeys  
An expedition I should like to  
make

*Other Books about the Ends of the Earth*

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER by Francis Yeats-Brown.

A CONQUEST OF TIBET by Sven Hedin.

LOST HORIZON by James Hilton.

TO LHASA IN DISGUISE by Dr. William Montgomery McGovern.

FIRST OVER EVEREST by Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes.

THIS BUSINESS OF EXPLORING by Roy Chapman Andrews.

TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY by Mrs. Thaddeus C. White.

# ORIENTAL STREETS (China)

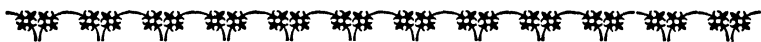
By

ABEL BONNARD

*Taken from IN CHINA, published by E. P. Dutton and  
Company, Inc., New York*

ABEL BONNARD was born in Poitiers, France, in 1883. He was educated at the Lycée de Marseille and at the Lycée Louis le Grand in Paris. His works are written in the French language, and only a few have been translated into English. His *In China*, or *En Chine*, received the Grand Prize of Literature from the French Academy and is now available in English translation, as is also his story of St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan order of friars.

TO MANY travelers the Orient is a mysterious world of peculiar peoples and exotic modes of living. Those to whom the East is a mystery evidently do not understand the Oriental point of view, for they make fun of Eastern customs and traditions and look upon the people as curiosities rather than as human beings. Persons whose long acquaintance with this portion of the world has made them familiar with the religion, history, and philosophy of its countries view the behavior of the Oriental with sympathy, tolerance, and understanding. It is only with this outlook that the Occidental can judge fairly the actions and reactions of the Oriental people. The following selection, which deals with unusual Chinese customs and traditions, should be read with this point of view.



## ORIENTAL STREETS

By ABEL BONNARD

LET us go out of doors, and plunge in among the populace. An observer can never afford to neglect material that is at every one's disposal. The characters which mark the difference between the two worlds are peppered about in this crowd which elbows me as I pass through it.

I find myself passing along a little street which flows along between low walls surmounted by a little leafage. . . . Some children are playing languidly outside a door. A woman totters for a few steps on her triangular deformities of feet, like a bird whose wings have been clipped to prevent its flight. The street-sellers pass by one after another, each one proclaiming his wares with the particular noise which is an indication of the nature of his trade. The hair-dresser has a tuning-fork from which he expells a vibration every now and then. The confectioner bangs two copper cupels together, another trader plays a set of wooden snappers, another holds a long drum downwards and hits it with two hard fruit-kernels attached to thongs. That furtive but sonorous tremor of bells comes from a little hedge of bells (I cannot describe it in any other way) which surmounts the mender's workstand. All these noises have a muffled and restrained note intimately associated with the unchanging life, the insignificant but tenacious effort of this swarm of little merchants, and really it evokes comparison with the buzzing of an insect community. One would say that the cricket and the grasshopper were making signals to each other, loud enough to be heard and recognised among themselves, but too carefully muffled to be apparent to any bird of prey on the watch for them. Amid all this

caution, only one clear limpid sound proclaims that the author of it fears no one: it is the note of the blind man's silver gong.

Come back into a main street. Here we find restaurants with flames bursting out of the tops of the ovens, with rolls cooked by steam and piles of smoking-hot pasteballs. Bearers sit about browsing over their rice in bowls. Here is a child with its whole face buried in a slice of watermelon. Fat merchants only half-clad come to the fronts of their shops, to breathe a little fresh air, as fish rise to the surface of the water on summer days.

There are beggars about with faces of such complete insensibility, that in their emptiness and nullity they have a likeness to the sublime faces of ascetics given up to contemplation.

But these details do not stand out. They are merged into a whole from which one has to make an effort to disengage them: at first you see nothing but a multitude which is the sum total of all that I have been describing and much besides, and the heat seems to make this dough-like mixture of beings still more compact. At first it reminded me of life in certain towns of Southern Europe. There is the same swarm of people, the same itinerant hawking in a very small way, and the same touchingly humble pleasures. We may even state that the Orient reaches as far as France. Only when we cross that frontier do we find the individual standing out from the crowd, brilliant with a personality of his own. And yet what a difference between the crowd which surrounds me here and a crowd in some town of Italy. Down there in Italy, every instant some gesture of a woman, or jest of a man, some involuntary beautiful movement of grace, gaiety or kindness, stands forth as a signal, like a tall palm-tree on a river-bank.

The Chinese crowd on the contrary is a stream which flows between embankments of stone. It does not spend its force in useless emotion, or what would be considered useless emotion in China. Only a quarrel occasionally breaks up this unnatural composure, and then at the sight of the awkward fury, the hysterical rage of the two adversaries, glaring at each other as if they would like to gobble each other up, but yet are uncertain how best to set about it,

you understand. Oh! you understand what violent instincts the rites have held in check.

But these disputes are very rare. Every passer-by goes straight to his business without looking about him. Even the loungers in the street do not show any curiosity about street-incidents, or at any rate only a dull curiosity which like a glass without tinfoil seems to reflect nothing. There is no expression in the faces; voices are monotonous and never in the least caressing. You certainly receive the impression of an absolutely insensible race and the foreign visitor immediately makes up his mind that there he has hit on a capital difference between the two worlds.

You may meet jolly good-fellowship here, far more often than sympathetic kindness. For instance, though you are received in the little shops with the greatest politeness, if you should happen to bump your head as you often do against the absurdly low ceiling of the shop, all these good people would burst out laughing. That is their natural reaction. I have seen the Chinese roar with laughter at serious accidents which seemed in their eyes, in the *first* place, comic misadventures. They would also think nothing of laughing at a corpse. . . .

And yet one does not see the brutal scenes in the streets which degrade some of our European towns only too often. The Chinese treat their draught-animals most benignly, but if they are sparing with shouts and blows, it is in the interests of economy and not owing to real clemency. If they saw any utility about it, they would not hesitate to inflict the most cruel treatment on their animals. . . .

The Chinese seem, however, to be really fond of birds, which they even take out for a walk with them, and when they come to a patch of grass they place the cage upon it, and crouching down beside it they listen to the trills and shakes of the little singer, with an air of beatitude; but there again it is difficult to decide whether this taste does not proceed from childishness rather than from real tenderness of feeling and perception.

The tenderness that the Chinese, and also the Japanese, do possess, is almost entirely concentrated upon children. Boys especially

are idolized, and it is quite common to see a baby-boy appear on the threshold of a house, enthroned as a little monarch, in the arms of his nurse, crowned with a sort of diadem of material adorned with many-coloured tufts. Indeed there is nothing in China so amusing and enchanting as a Chinese child. With their intriguing airs of craftiness and fun, with the oblique, mischievous glance of their narrow eyes, it is they, and not the grown-up people, who are like the Chinese embroidered on screens and old silks. They are most coquettishly bedizened. Patches of velvety black hair are left upon their little shaven heads, from which their plaits spring, braided up with red cords which end in tassels of the same colour, a colour which is considered to bring good fortune here.

The parents seem to give way to them in every respect, and persons of the most weighty intellects delight in amusing them, and come down to a level within the little grasp, without the smallest difficulty. With us, on the other hand, many people of weight and position would fear to make themselves ridiculous by any such demonstration, and even if they went in for it would probably behave most awkwardly.

We can no longer step back to our own childhood. It has become as strange to us as a former existence. Throughout the whole of Asia it is otherwise; the grown man is marvellously at ease with the child, because the child in himself still lives.

One reason why the Chinese crowd is so dull and poor in aspect is to be found in the insignificant part played by women. In any other quarter of the world woman is a boundless source of poetry, whether in Europe, where she can show and express herself, or in the East, where she has the magical power of all guarded mysteries. Here she is neither guarded nor developed, but treated most cruelly of all, reduced to dullness and indeed to nothingness in the sight of all. Dressed in a short sack-like blouse and tight black trousers, staggering along on bandaged feet, her hair dragged back, her face habitually cross-grained, the ordinary Chinese woman's only attempt at coquetry is to put on a few jewels. The best-looking among them would not catch your eye anywhere.



The Manchu women are certainly more attractive, taller, and slender looking, in the long robe which inundates them from neck to foot. There is a certain fascination in their ivory faces, painted to look like idols, and the hard angular arrangement of their silky black hair.

Sometimes a ceremonial procession appears amongst this crowd as distinct from it as a vessel from the ocean which bears it. They are for the most part wedding or funeral processions, and for the foreigner it is very hard to distinguish the one from the other. Held high above the people's heads you will see paper storks, and then swaying and oscillating, a number of those big Chinese lions constructed entirely of green leaves, which look like mongrel dogs out of a nightmare, and only make you laugh by their tremendous effort to be terrible.

This morning I happened to meet a great funeral procession. The sky was grey and a sharp wind tormented the fringe of the parasol-canopies. On each side, the procession was bordered by a string of men walking in single file, dressed in closely-clinging green shirts which were stencilled with Chinese characters in rust-colour. They had felt hats like flat plates with a ragged plume sticking up in the middle, and carried red staffs tipped with gilded Buddhist emblems. There was also a number of large paper dolls, representing servants and concubines, which were to be burnt, by way of dispatching them to the dead man, and certainly they looked only fit to be cast into flames as quickly as possible in order to rid the world of their foolish smiles and complete inanity of aspect. Then there were children carrying platters of gilded paper squares, which took their place in this illusory apparatus as the riches destined for the dead; other children were carrying bunches of artificial flowers, whose tender colours seemed to be overwhelmed by the menace of the sky. A man in linen breeches with bare legs and feet walked at regular intervals in the ranks striking a gong, to regulate the pace of the procession. He wore a scarlet shirt and cap like those which were once worn by our convicts. When he stopped beating the gong the procession came to a standstill, the children began to laugh and

joke among themselves and to furl the parasols with some difficulty, as if they had been sails, and as this was taking place you saw the phœnixes painted on the parasols being folded down on huge, bursting, wine-coloured bull-finches, like birds of prey swooping upon their victims. Some members of the procession fell to scratching themselves, others lighted cigarettes. Some of the lowest rabble in Pekin take part in these processions and nothing is done to give them a presentable appearance. That sense of the fitness of things peculiar to the *bourgeoisie* of Europe is entirely lacking in Asia; there on the contrary you find more pomp than decency and a mixture of elaboration and negligence, of luxury and rags, which, when you have acquired the taste for it, has its own splendour. Once more the gong began to sound and the procession set off again. Now you hear wailing and soon you see a company of men advancing, blowing into long wooden trumpets, while others, with embroidered aprons hanging over tattered breeches, are beating drums. Then comes a Chinese cart with green and red curtains, then a chair wreathed with flowers where the memorial tablet and a portrait of the dead man are enthroned. But the dignity of the procession is stricken to the heart by the fact that this portrait is no longer a painting, as the usage was, but a horrible enlargement of a photograph!

Next comes an orchestra tinkling bells; and then, a particularly magnificent parasol, whose glory absolutely effaces the three monkey-like bearers who are entrusted with it. Now the members of the procession are dressed in white, as if to signify a deeper state of woe; bands of linen stamped with writings float upon the breeze; here are more children, but passing more quickly now and carrying coffers and vases; behind them walks a company of priests in grey linen robes, and behind them again a group of people moving very slowly, each with a white paper chrysanthemum pinned to the breast; these are the family mourners. Several of them wear soft European felt hats, but the nearest relations have observed all the rites: they wear white boots, and white cloths with woolen tufts are bound round their heads; they are dressed in white linen which

has not been hemmed up and is even soiled, in order to show what a wild condition their grief has brought them to. The chief mourner is a tall thin man, leaning on the ritual staff, which ought to be made of hazel-wood, and is adorned with white paper decorations. Two other mourners support him under the arm-pits. No matter what startling noise occurs in the street he never lifts his head nor looks round, and at moments, he so far respects the conventions, as to feign a swooning condition. Behind him there is a man rattling knuckle-bones. And finally enormous, glorious and triumphal under its brilliant pall, amid showers of paper and the waving of scarves comes the coffin crushing its group of bearers to the earth. At the very end comes the last small change of detail, children, bundles of stakes bound together with yellow linen, chairs and carts with white curtains.

No possible effort is spared here to achieve magnificence in the processions, and Asiatic families seize the opportunity for an outburst of vanity and display at least as often as Europeans. The desire of being in the public eye is very powerful in the Chinese breast, quite as powerful as the desire for pleasure.

Public opinion is a perfect tyrant. There is no race more terrified of ridicule. If one of the adversaries in a dispute is able to make the crowd laugh at the other, the latter simply feels that he has been unhorsed and is rolling in the dust, and is so much ashamed, and so convinced of his inferiority that he at once relapses into silence.

You have only to watch the humble folk greeting one another to be convinced that there are ranks and social positions at the very bottom of the ladder, and that susceptibility must exist everywhere in China because politeness does. I have seen servants, who would have accepted a severe scolding quite calmly, fearfully perturbed because their foreign master, having sent for them, took no notice of their entrance, and then, in an absent-minded manner which was scarcely feigned at all, put a few questions to them.

. . . . .

When Yuan cheu Kai was compelled to descend from the throne

of which he had only just taken possession, he did not live long, and a report went about that he had been poisoned. It is unnecessary to suppose that poison was administered to him; his own shame, rage and spite at being thus annihilated before the whole of China were quite enough to poison him.

It is this susceptibility of the Chinese which makes their mutual relations so delicate. They are sensible of the smallest considerations in this respect, and in any differences you may have with them you will gain their gratitude if instead of abusing any advantage you may have, you allow them any modest covering for their state of defeat. On the other hand, no one, even of the lowest rank, ever forgets or forgives an offence. China is the country of everlasting revenge. History and romances are full of long-drawn-out vengeance, which does not even end with death, for the offended person is born again to glut himself with resentment. We have a careless saying that "words have wings"; but they think otherwise in this country where words have preserved a power that is almost magical: nothing passes unnoticed, not even words flung to the winds. This is declared by a proverb which is just the opposite of ours: "A word spoken is an arrow discharged: it sticks."

But whatever their feelings are they manage to conceal them. The Chinese disgust for the expression of anger is well known: it is what drunkenness is to us, an obscene degradation in the public eye. At the same time, one must not exaggerate. If they despise us to the extent they do for giving way openly to anger, it is largely because they know that it will not be carried into action, and not only because they consider it degrading. The Empress Tseu-hi gave vent to appalling fury from time to time, but as it was followed by terrible effects, far from injuring this sovereign's reputation, it augmented the fear which she inspired in the nation.

In most cases whether through necessity or convention the Chinese control their tempers, but let no one be deceived as to the violence which is thus reined in. It is a received opinion among themselves that the effort involved may be fatal to health and even to life. . . .

This morning, I attended a prize-giving at the Marist College.

There were about four hundred students present, and a little entertainment had been provided for us. The programme announced fables from La Fontaine and some scenes from Molière, and whilst I was glad to think that, thanks to the Brothers, our language at its very best had travelled far, I admit that I expected some of those dreary recitations that one just endures, of which the students acquit themselves as if it were forced labour. How very much mistaken I was. Nothing can have been keener than the pleasure of the audience unless it was the pleasure of the performers. . . . Not a point was missed. Here was a race which could really appreciate the sense of fun peculiar to other nations.

Then the palmares were read out. Prize-winners came up to receive their prizes, and I particularly remember the face of one of them, a boy of fourteen who had been pointed out to me as their most remarkable pupil by the Brothers. It would be impossible to see a nicer expression than he had, or to receive compliments in a more becoming way than he did. His face was so prepossessing that one could not help wishing to see this scholar one day admitted to those feasts of knowledge and wisdom, where men of absolutely different race meet on the same level of intellect. Watching him smile I fully understood the grace of the Chinese. It does not belong to nature, race, or climate, but it is the acquired and sometimes exquisite grace of a civilisation; of courtesy and culture.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Customs such as the peculiar Chinese funeral rites described in this selection cannot always be explained. Undoubtedly, when certain American customs are being discussed you have heard your friends say, "It's a custom. That's all I know about it." Some customs have very interesting beginnings. Select some common customs with which you are familiar and see if you can find their origins in the past.
2. Assemble a collection of pictures showing the houses, the dress, the

street life, the religious festivals, and other phases of Chinese life, and arrange these in a notebook with explanatory notes.

3. Pepys' diary, September 25, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tee, a Chinese drink, of which I never had drunk before." In the tea trade China has had a very important place even from the beginning. Trace the development of the commerce in tea, obtain facts about its culture, and prepare an oral report on your findings. Another student may prepare a similar talk on coffee as suggested in the *Exploratory Suggestions* following "Snakes and Coffee."

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Why do the Chinese treat their beasts so kindly?
2. One might say, after reading this selection, that the life of the Chinese boy is a very pleasant one. Explain.
3. Tell some of the peculiarities of a Chinese funeral.
4. Give some unusual examples of Chinese humor.
5. Find some of the striking comparisons which the author makes.
6. How many of these words do you know: supercilious, furtive, ascetics, benignly, beatitude, bedizened, inundates, illusory, bourgeoisie, condign, annihilated, infinitesimal?
7. Here are some suggestions for themes:

When I laughed at the wrong time	Familiar sounds Words have wings
Do parents understand their children?	A parade

### *More Oriental Streets to Travel*

FIRECRACKER LAND by Florence Ayscough.  
 NEW JOURNEYS IN OLD ASIA by Helen Churchill Candee.  
 PIRATE JUNK by Clifford Johnson.  
 THE VAGABOND TRAIL by George F. Pierrot.  
 BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND by Alice Tisdale Hobart.  
 ONE'S COMPANY by Peter Fleming.  
 THE GREAT HORN SPOON by Eugene Wright.

# IN AND NEAR SYDNEY (Australia)

By

MARK TWAIN

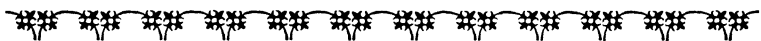
*Reprinted from FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR, by permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers*

MARK TWAIN, born in Florida, Missouri, of a Virginia family, was apprenticed in his boyhood to his brother, a printer. He soon tired of the monotony of the Missouri countryside, became a Mississippi river pilot in 1857, and, five years later, a newspaper correspondent in Nevada. At the outset of his literary career, he discarded his real name, Samuel L. Clemens, for the pen name Mark Twain, a name that was destined to become famous throughout the world. Among his better known works are *The Innocents Abroad*, based on the author's voyage to the Holy Land; *Following the Equator*, a round-the-world tour; *Tom Sawyer*; *Huckleberry Finn*; *Life on the Mississippi*; *A Tramp Abroad*; *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*; and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. The accompanying selection from *Following the Equator* shows Mark Twain as the keen observer and the convincing story-teller. When one reads the selection, he should realize that many of the facts mentioned are essentially true, but that occasionally, as in the case of the Cecil Rhodes anecdote, the author has produced an unusual "tall" story.

THE traveler is generally quite concerned about the climate of the countries through which he is traveling, although more often than not he says little about it when he returns home. Differences in temperature may mean to him differences in the types of clothing to be worn, and he must equip himself for those changes. If weather conditions in a certain country are particularly distasteful, the traveler may plan to visit the country when conditions are most favorable.

Bad weather may mean that travel through certain territory will be extremely slow or even dangerous. In some countries, during rainy seasons especially, land travel is stopped almost entirely. In one portion of the essay that follows, Mark Twain tells a number of interesting facts about the climatic conditions in Australia.





## IN AND NEAR SYDNEY

By MARK TWAIN

SEPTEMBER 15—*Night*. Close to Australia now. Sydney 50 miles distant."

That note recalls an experience. The passengers were sent for, to come up in the bow and see a fine sight. It was very dark. One could not follow with the eye the surface of the sea more than fifty yards in any direction—it dimmed away and became lost to sight at about that distance from us. But if you patiently gazed into the darkness a little while, there was a sure reward for you. Presently, a quarter of a mile away you would see a blinding splash or explosion of light on the water—a flash so sudden and so astonishingly brilliant that it would make you catch your breath; then that blotch of light would instantly extend itself and take the corkscrew shape and imposing length of the fabled sea-serpent, with every curve of its body and the "break" spreading away from its head, and the wake following behind its tail clothed in a fierce splendor of living fire. And my, but it was coming at a lightning gait! Almost before you could think, this monster of light, fifty feet long, would go flaming and storming by, and suddenly disappear. And out in the distance whence he came you would see another flash; and another and another and another, and see them turn into sea-serpents on the instant; and once sixteen flashed up at the same time and came tearing toward us, a swarm of wiggling curves, a moving conflagration, a vision of bewildering beauty, a spectacle of fire and energy whose equal the most of those people will not see again until after they are dead.

It was porpoises—porpoises aglow with phosphorescent light. They presently collected in a wild and magnificent jumble under the

bows, and there they played for an hour, leaping and frolicking and carrying on, turning summersaults in front of the stem or across it and never getting hit, never making a miscalculation, though the stem missed them only about an inch, as a rule. They were porpoises of the ordinary length—eight or ten feet—but every twist of their bodies sent a long procession of united and glowing curves astern. That fiery jumble was an enchanting thing to look at, and we stayed out the performance; one cannot have such a show as that twice in a lifetime. The porpoise is the kitten of the sea; he never has a serious thought, he cares for nothing but fun and play. But I think I never saw him at his winsomest until that night. It was near a center of civilization, and he could have been drinking.

By and by, when we had approached to somewhere within thirty miles of Sydney Heads, the great electric light that is posted on one of those lofty ramparts began to show, and in time the little spark grew to a great sun and pierced the firmament of darkness with a far-reaching sword of light.

Sydney Harbor is shut in behind a precipice that extends some miles like a wall, and exhibits no break to the ignorant stranger. It has a break in the middle, but it makes so little show that even Captain Cook sailed by it without seeing it. Near by that break is a false break which resembles it, and which used to make trouble for the mariner at night, in the early days before the place was lighted.

. . . . .

We entered and cast anchor, and in the morning went oh-ing and ah-ing in admiration up through the crooks and turns of the spacious and beautiful harbor—a harbor which is the darling of Sydney and the wonder of the world. It is not surprising that the people are proud of it, nor that they put their enthusiasm into eloquent words. . . .

It is shaped somewhat like an oak-leaf—a roomy sheet of lovely blue water, with narrow off-shoots of water running up into the country on both sides between long fingers of land, high wooded

ridges with sides sloped like graves. Handsome villas are perched here and there on these ridges, snuggling amongst the foliage, and one catches alluring glimpses of them as the ship swims by toward the city. The city clothes a cluster of hills and a ruffle of neighboring ridges with its undulating masses of masonry, and out of these masses spring towers and spires and other architectural dignities and grandeurs that break the flowing lines and give picturesqueness to the general effect.

The narrow inlets which I have mentioned go wandering out into the land everywhere and hiding themselves in it, and pleasure-launches are always exploring them with picnic parties on board. It is said by trustworthy people that if you explore them all you will find that you have covered 700 miles of water passage. But there are liars everywhere this year, and they will double that when their works are in good going order.

October was close at hand, spring was come. It was really spring—everybody said so; but you could have sold it for summer in Canada, and nobody would have suspected. It was the very weather that makes our home summers the perfection of climatic luxury; I mean when you are out in the wood or by the sea. But these people said it was cool, now—a person ought to see Sydney in the summer time if he wanted to know what warm weather is; and he ought to go north ten or fifteen hundred miles if he wanted to know what hot weather is. They said that away up there toward the equator the hens laid fried eggs. Sydney is the place to go to get information about other people's climates. It seems to me that the occupation of Unbiased Traveler Seeking Information is the pleasantest and most irresponsible trade there is. The traveler can always find out anything he wants to, merely by asking. He can get at all the facts, and more. Everybody helps him, nobody hinders him. . . .

If the climates of the world were determined by parallels of latitude, then we could know a place's climate by its position on the map; and so we should know that the climate of Sydney was the counterpart of the climate of Columbia, S. C., and of Little Rock, Ark., since Sydney is about the same distance south of the equator

that those other towns are north of it—thirty-four degrees. But no, climate disregards the parallels of latitude. In Arkansas they have a winter; in Sydney they have the name of it, but not the thing itself. I have seen the ice in the Mississippi floating past the mouth of the Arkansas river; and at Memphis, but a little way above, the Mississippi has been frozen over, from bank to bank. But they have never had a cold spell in Sydney which brought the mercury down to freezing point. Once in a mid-winter day there, in the month of July, the mercury went down to  $36^{\circ}$ , and that remains the memorable "cold day" in the history of the town. No doubt Little Rock has seen it below zero. Once, in Sydney, in mid-summer, about New Year's Day, the mercury went up to  $106^{\circ}$  in the shade, and that is Sydney's memorable hot day. That would about tally with Little Rock's hottest day also, I imagine. My Sydney figures are taken from a government report, and are trustworthy. In the matter of summer weather Arkansas has no advantage over Sydney, perhaps, but when it comes to winter weather, that is another affair. You could cut up an Arkansas winter into a hundred Sydney winters and have enough left for Arkansas and the poor.

. . . . .

The mean temperature of the southernmost point of New South Wales is the same as that of Nice— $60^{\circ}$ —yet Nice is further from the equator by 460 miles than is the former.

But Nature is always stingy of perfect climates; stingier in the case of Australia than usual. Apparently, this vast continent has a really good climate nowhere but around the edges.

If we look at a map of the world we are surprised to see how big Australia is. It is about two-thirds as large as the United States was before we added Alaska.

But whereas one finds a sufficiently good climate and fertile land almost everywhere in the United States, it seems settled that inside of the Australian border-belt one finds many deserts and in spots a climate which nothing can stand except a few of the hardier kinds of rocks. In effect, Australia is as yet unoccupied. If you take a map

of the United States and leave the Atlantic seaboard States in their places; also the fringe of Southern States from Florida west to the Mouth of the Mississippi; also a narrow, inhabited streak up the Mississippi halfway to its headwaters; also a narrow, inhabited border along the Pacific coast; then take a brushful of paint and obliterate the whole remaining mighty stretch of country that lies between the Atlantic States and the Pacific-coast strip, your map will look like the latest map of Australia.

This stupendous blank is hot, not to say torrid; a part of it is fertile, the rest is desert; it is not liberally watered; it has no towns. One has only to cross the mountains of New South Wales and descend into the westward-lying regions to find that he has left the choice climate behind him, and found a new one of a quite different character. In fact, he would not know by the thermometer that he was not in the blistering Plains of India.

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A hot wind sweeps over Sydney sometimes, and brings with it what is called a "dust-storm." It is said that most Australian towns are acquainted with the dust-storm. I think I know what it is like, for the following description by Mr. Gane tallies very well with the alkali dust-storm of Nevada, if you leave out the "shovel" part. Still the shovel part is a pretty important part, and seems to indicate that my Nevada storm is but a poor thing, after all.

"As we proceeded the altitude became less, and the heat proportionately greater until we reached Dubbo, which is only 600 feet above sea-level. It is a pretty town, built on an extensive plain. . . . After the effects of a shower of rain have passed away, the surface of the ground crumbles into a thick layer of dust, and occasionally, when the wind is in a particular quarter, *it is lifted bodily from the ground in one long opaque cloud*. In the midst of such a storm nothing can be seen a few yards ahead, and the unlucky person who happens to be out at the time is compelled to seek the nearest retreat at hand. When the thrifty housewife sees in the distance the dark column advancing in a steady whirl towards her house, she

closes the doors and windows with all expedition. A drawing-room, the window of which has been carelessly left open during a dust-storm, is indeed an extraordinary sight. A lady who has resided in Dubbo for some years says that the dust lies so thick on the carpet that it is necessary to use a shovel to remove it."

And probably a wagon. I was mistaken; I have not seen a proper dust-storm. . . .

Sydney Harbor is populous with the finest breeds of man-eating sharks in the world. Some people make their living catching them, for the Government pays a cash bounty on them. The larger the shark the larger the bounty, and some of the sharks are twenty feet long. You not only get the bounty, but everything that is in the shark belongs to you. Sometimes the contents are quite valuable.

The shark is the swiftest fish that swims. The speed of the fastest steamer afloat is poor compared to his. And he is a great gad-about, and roams far and wide in the oceans, and visits the shores of all of them, ultimately, in the course of his restless excursions. I have a tale to tell now, which has not as yet been in print. In 1870 a young stranger arrived in Sydney, and set about finding something to do; but he knew no one, and brought no recommendations, and the result was that he got no employment. He had aimed high, at first, but as time and his money wasted away he grew less and less exacting, until at last he was willing to serve in the humblest capacities if so he might get bread and shelter. But luck was still against him; he could find no opening of any sort. Finally his money was all gone. He walked the streets all day, thinking; he walked them all night, thinking, thinking, thinking, and growing hungrier and hungrier. At dawn he found himself well away from the town and drifting aimlessly along the harbor shore. As he was passing by a nodding shark-fisher the man looked up and said:

"Say, young fellow, take my line a spell, and change my luck for me."

"How do you know I won't make it worse?"

"Because you can't. It has been at its worst all night. If you can't

change it, no harm's done; if you do change it, it's for the better, of course. Come."

"All right, what will you give?"

"I'll give you the shark, if you catch one."

"And I will eat it, bones and all. Give me the line."

"Here you are. I will get away, now, for awhile, so that my luck won't spoil yours; for many and many a time I've noticed that if—there, pull in, pull in, man, you've got a bite! I knew how it would be. Why, I knew you for a born son of luck the minute I saw you. All right—he's landed."

It was an unusually large shark—"a full nineteen-footer," the fisherman said, as he laid the creature open with his knife.

"Now you rob him, young man, while I step to my hamper for a fresh bait. There's generally something in them worth going for. You've changed my luck, you see. But, my goodness, I hope you haven't changed your own."

"Oh, it wouldn't matter; don't worry about that. Get your bait. I'll rob him."

When the fisherman got back the young man had just finished washing his hands in the bay and was starting away.

"What! You are not going?"

"Yes. Good-bye."

"But what about your shark?"

"The shark? Why, what use is he to me?"

"What *use* is he? I like that. Don't you know that we can go and report him to Government, and you'll get a clean solid eighty shillings bounty? Hard cash, you know. What do you think about it *now*?"

"Oh, well, you can collect it."

"And *keep* it? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes." . . .

At half-past nine the richest wool-broker in Sydney was sitting in his morning-room at home, settling his breakfast with the morning paper. A servant put his head in and said:

"There's a sundowner at the door wants to see you, sir."

"What do you bring that kind of a message here for? Send him about his business."

"He won't go, sir. I've tried."

"He won't go? That's—why, that's unusual. He's one of two things, then: he's a remarkable person, or he's crazy. Is he crazy?"

"No, sir. He don't look it."

"Then he's remarkable. What does he say he wants?"

"He won't tell, sir; only says it's very important."

"And won't go. Does he *say* he won't go?"

"Says he'll stand there till he sees you, sir, if it's all day."

"And yet isn't crazy. Show him up."

The sundowner was shown in. The broker said to himself, "No, he's not crazy; that is easy to see; so he must be the other thing."

Then aloud, "Well, my good fellow, be quick about it; don't waste any words; what is it you want?"

"I want to borrow a hundred thousand pounds."

"Scott! (It's a mistake; he *is* crazy. . . . No—he *can't* be—not with that eye.) Why, you take my breath away. Come, who *are* you?"

"Nobody that you know."

"What is your name?"

"Cecil Rhodes."

"No, I don't remember hearing the name before. Now then—just for curiosity's sake—what has sent you to me on this extraordinary errand?"

"The intention to make a hundred thousand pounds for you and as much for myself within the next sixty days."

"Well, well, well. It is the most extraordinary idea that I—sit *down*—you interest me. And somehow you—well, you fascinate me, I think that that is about the word. . . . Now then—just for curiosity's sake again, nothing more: as I understand it, it is your desire to bor —"

"I said *intention*."

"Pardon, so you did. I thought it was an unheedful use of the word—an unheedful valuing of its strength, you know."



"I knew its strength."

"Well, I must say—but look here, . . . what is your scheme?"

"To buy the wool crop—deliverable in sixty days."

"What, the *whole* of it?"

"The whole of it."

"No, I was not quite out of the reach of surprises, after all. Why, how you talk! Do you know what our crop is going to foot up?"

"Two and a half million sterling—maybe a little more."

"Well, you've got your statistics right, anyway. Now, then, do you know what the margins would foot up, to buy it at sixty days?"

"The hundred thousand pounds I came here to get."

"Right, once more. Well, dear me, just to see what would happen, I wish you had the money. And if you had it, what would you do with it?"

"I shall make two hundred thousand pounds out of it in sixty days."

"You mean, of course, that you *might* make it if ——"

"I said 'shall.'"

"Yes, by George, you *did* say 'shall'! You are the most definite devil I ever saw, in the matter of language. Dear, dear, dear, look here! Definite speech means clarity of mind. . . . *Why* would you buy the crop, and *why* would you make that sum out of it? That is to say, what makes you think you ——"

"I don't think—I know."

"Definite again. *How* do you know?"

"Because France has declared war against Germany, and wool has gone up fourteen per cent in London and is still rising."

"Oh, in-deed? *Now* then, I've *got* you! Such a thunderbolt as you have just let fly ought to have made me jump out of my chair, but it didn't stir me the least little bit, you see. And for a very simple reason: I have read the morning paper. You can look at it if you want to. The fastest ship in the service arrived at eleven o'clock last night, fifty days out from London. All her news is printed here. There are no war-clouds anywhere; and as for wool, why, it is the

low-spiritedest commodity in the English market. It is your turn to jump, now. . . . Well, why don't you jump? Why do you sit there in that placid fashion, when ——"

"Because I have later news."

"Later news? Oh, come—later news than fifty days, brought steaming hot from London by the ——"

"My news is only ten days old."

"Oh, *Mun-chausen*, hear the maniac talk! Where did you get it?"

"Got it out of a shark."

"Oh, oh, oh, this is *too* much! Front! Call the police—bring the gun—raise the town! All the asylums in Christendom have broken loose in the single person of ——"

"Sit down! And collect yourself. . . . When I make a statement which I cannot prove, it will be time enough for you to begin to offer hospitality to damaging fancies about me and my sanity."

"Oh, a thousand, thousand pardons! I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I *am* ashamed of myself for thinking that a little bit of a circumstance like sending a shark to England to fetch back a market report ——"

"What does your middle initial stand for, sir?"

"Andrew. What are you writing?"

"Wait a moment. Proof about the shark—and another matter. Only ten lines. There—now it is done. Sign it."

"Many thanks—many. Let me see; it says—it says—oh, come, this is *interesting*! Why—why, look here! Prove what you say here, and I'll put up the money, and double as much, if necessary, and divide the winnings with you, half and half. There, now—I've signed; make your promise good if you can. Show me a copy of the London *Times* only ten days old."

"Here it is—and with it these buttons and a memorandum book that belonged to the man the shark swallowed. Swallowed him in the Thames, without a doubt; for you will notice that the last entry in the book is dated 'London,' and is of the same date as the *Times*, . . . and means that in consequence of the declaration of

war, this loyal soul is leaving for home *to-day*, to fight. And he did leave, too, but the shark had him before the day was done, poor fellow."

"And a pity, too. But there are times for mourning, and we will attend to this case further on; other matters are pressing, now. I will go down and set the machinery in motion in a quiet way and buy the crop. . . . Sixty days hence, when they are called to deliver the goods, they will think they've been struck by lightning. But there is a time for mourning, and we will attend to that case along with the other one. Come along, I'll take you to my tailor. What did you say your name is?"

"Cecil Rhodes."

"It is hard to remember. However, I think you will make it easier by and by, if you live. There are three kinds of people—Common-place Men, Remarkable Men, and Lunatics. I'll classify you with the Remarkables, and take the chances."

The deal went through, and secured to the young stranger the first fortune he ever pocketed.

The people of Sydney ought to be afraid of the sharks, but for some reason they do not seem to be. . . . A boat upsets now and then, by accident, a result of tumultuous sky-larking; sometimes the boys upset their boat for fun—such as it is—with sharks visibly waiting around for just such an occurrence. The young fellows scramble aboard whole—sometimes—not always. . . .

The Government pays a bounty for the shark; to get the bounty the fishermen bait the hook or the seine with agreeable mutton; the news spreads and the sharks come from all over the Pacific Ocean to get the free board. In time the shark culture will be one of the most successful things in the colony.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. "What does the weather-man say today?" is a question asked by many people each day. In many cases the answer may bring discour-

- agement or renewed hope—to farmers, for example. The recent dust storms that have caused so much distress in the West are one of the results of long-continued drought. From magazines and newspapers get information which you can organize into a talk entitled “Disastrous effects of weather on the fortunes and daily lives of people.” Or obtain weather charts and sufficient information from your science teacher and science texts so that you can give a talk on meteorology (the study of weather conditions) before your classmates.
2. Australia during the early days of settlement had as many exciting happenings as did our own West during its beginnings. In an effort to build up the population of the island, Great Britain released undesirable criminals and imprisoned debtors to be sent there. Trace the history of this largest of all islands in a booklet entitled “The Story of Australia.”
  3. Australia is becoming increasingly interesting to American travelers; yet many Americans do not know the tourist attractions of the country. From Mark Twain’s *Following the Equator* (be sure material from this source is not out-of-date), from encyclopedias, and from guides and pamphlets sent to you by steamship lines, discover the main attractions of the island. Write the copy and plan the designs for a series of advertisements which might attract the prospective traveler to Australia.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. What caused the peculiar lights on the sea?
2. What is the deceptive feature of the entrance to Sydney Harbor?
3. What unusual storms are found in Australia?
4. How does the climate of Australia compare with the climate of the United States?
5. What is the comparative size of the two countries?
6. How are the shark catchers rewarded?
7. What was the news that the shark brought?
8. The following words would be desirable additions to your own word list: phosphorescent, undulating, obliterate, opaque, alkali, firmament, rampart, stupendous.

9. One of these topics may furnish you with an idea for an entertaining essay:

A strange sight at sea  
Sharks that I have known  
Nobody would have suspected . . .

It was really spring  
The "tallest" story  
Dust  
Fisherman's luck

*More Books About This Part of the World*

ROLLING ROUND THE WORLD FOR FUN by Stanton Hope.

GRAIN RACE by Alan Villiers.

FLIGHT OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS by Charles E. Kingsford-Smith.

A PILGRIM'S WAY IN NEW ZEALAND by Alan Mulgan.

UNDISCOVERED AUSTRALIA by Captain Sir G. H. Wilkins.



# LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

and

JAMES NORMAN HALL

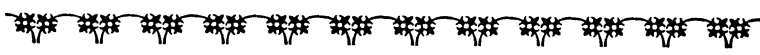
*Reprinted from FAËRY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS, by  
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CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL, co-authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea*, *Pitcairn's Island*, and *Faëry Lands of the South Seas*, are both American citizens. They were born in the same year, 1887. While they were both in the famous flying squadron, The Lafayette Escadrille, during the World War, they became well acquainted. After the War was over, their combined efforts produced a two-volume history of their flying group. In 1920 they went to the South Sea Islands together and settled in Tahiti, where they lived side by side for years. Recently they have built houses in different parts of the island, but they still meet every day for work and talk. Both have married native Tahitians. Nordhoff was born in London, but spent most of his growing years in America. A graduate of Harvard University, he was a worker on a Mexican sugar cane plantation and the treasurer of a California manufacturing concern before he enlisted as an ambulance driver for service in France. Later he became a member of the Lafayette Escadrille and finally a lieutenant in the United States Air Service. Besides the books which he has produced in collaboration with Hall, he has written *The Fledgling*, *The Derelict*, and *The Pearl Lagoon*. Hall completed his college education at Grinnell College, Iowa, in 1910. He became a machine gunner in the British Army in 1914. After two years of service in this capacity he was transferred to the Lafayette Escadrille and later to the United States Air Service. Among his own contributions to the reading public are *Kitchener's Mob*, *High Adventure*, and *On the Stream of Travel*.

WE ARE quite proud of our complex and swift-moving civilization. By pushing a button or by turning on a switch we may have innumerable services performed for us. We can travel at the rate of one mile a minute or faster; we can talk to some one on the other side of the world; we can witness moving pictures that have sound; in fact, we can do many things which might be considered miraculous if we thought about them for a few moments. In all of this complexity of life we move quickly, seldom stopping for relaxation.

To the South Sea Islander, our civilization would seem like a veritable madhouse, for his life is a simple one in which speed and hurry are unnecessary. He does not need to worry about the saving of five minutes in going from one place to another, or the punching of a time clock at eight o'clock in the morning. Food and shelter are comparatively simple matters for him, as the climate on the islands is ideal and food is plentiful. You will probably agree with the authors of this selection, that these islands are "Faëry Lands of the South Seas."





## *LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEAS*

*By* CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF *and* JAMES NORMAN HALL

WHEN one is without them, clothing, coffee, tobacco, and other such necessities assume a place of exaggerated importance, which is the reason why the memories of the earlier part of my stay at Rutiaro are tinged with the thought of them. But I had not come to the Low Islands to spend all of my time and energy in the mere fight for a comfortable existence. I could have done that quite as well at home, with greater results in the development of a more or less Crusoe-like resourcefulness. At Rutiaro the life was strange and new to me, and I found the days too short for observing it and the nights for reflecting upon it. My first interest, of course, was Puarei's household—the chief, his wife, two sons, and three daughters all housed in that one-room frame building. The room was commodious, however, about twenty-five feet by fifteen, and on the lagoon side there was a broad veranda where Poura and her daughters did much of their work and passed their hours of leisure. Behind the house was a large cistern, built of blocks of cemented coral, and a small outkitchen made of the odds and ends of packing cases and roofed with thatch.

I wondered at Puarei's preference for a board box covered with corrugated iron, to the seemly houses of the other Rutiaroans. He thought it a palace, and, being a chief, the richest man of the atoll, it was in keeping with the later Paumotuian tradition that he should have a white man's kind of dwelling. Unsightly though it was without, the economy of furnishing gave the interior an air of pleasant spaciousness, like that of the island itself with its scarcity of plant life and of trees other than the coconut. There was no European furniture with the exception of a sewing machine and

the guest bed, an old-fashioned, slatted affair which looked strange in that environment. On it was a mattress of *kapok* and two immense pillows filled with the same material. The linen was immaculate, and the outer coverlet decorated with hibiscus flowers worked in silk. I had no hesitation in accepting the bed, for it would not have held Puarci and his wife. The slats would have given away at once under their weight, and Poura assured me that the children preferred sleeping on their mats on the veranda. The rest of the furnishings were like those of the other houses—two or three chests for clothing; pandanus mats for the floor; paddles, fishing spears, and water glasses stacked in a corner or lying across the rafters. An open cabinet of native manufacture held the toilet articles of the women—a hand mirror, a few combs, and a bottle of unscented coconut oil, the one cosmetic of the Low Islands, which was used by all members of the family. There were also several articles of jewelry such as the traders sell, some fishing hooks of pearl shell, and, on a lower shelf, a Tahitian Bible. The walls were hung with branches of curiously formed coral, hat wreaths and necklaces of shell wrought in beautiful and intricate designs. There were no pictures other than the open windows looking out on the lagoon in one direction, and in the other, across the level, shaded floor of the island toward the sea.

We spent but little time indoors. All of the cooking was done in the open, and we had our food there, sitting cross-legged around a cloth of green fronds. The trees around us furnished the dishes. I had not used my tin spoon and the two-pronged fork since the evening of my arrival, and learned to suck the *miti* sauce from my fingers with as loud a zest as any of them. Usually we had two meals a day at Rutiaro, but there was no regularity about the time of serving them. We ate when we were hungry and food was to be had, sometimes in the middle of the afternoon, and as late as ten in the evening. That is one reason why I remember so well the feasts prepared by Poura and her daughters, and served by them, for they never sat down to their own food until we had finished. Feasts of a simple kind, but, by Jove! how good everything tasted

after a day of fishing and swimming in the lagoon or out at sea. I didn't tire of coconuts as quickly as I had feared I should; and the fish were prepared in a variety of ways—boiled, roasted over hot stones, grilled on the coals, or we ate them raw with a savor of *miti* sauce. Puarei's dog, one of the best fishers of the island, was the only member of the family discriminating in his requirements. He often came up while we were at dinner, with a live fish in his mouth, which he would lay at Poura's feet, looking at her appealingly until she cooked it for him. Sometimes, to tease him, she threw it away, but he would bring it back, and, no matter how hungry he might be, refuse to eat it raw.

The sea furnished occasional variety of diet in the way of turtles and devilfish; and I contributed rice, tinned meat, and other preserved food which I bought of Moy Ling. . . .

One thing I had wanted from the first, above all others—a house. The idea of imposing indefinitely upon Puarei's hospitality was distasteful, and no boats were expected within five or six months. I had not, in years, lived for so long a period at any one place. Here was an opportunity I had often dreamed of for having a home of my own. I should have to ask the chief for it, and at first thought the request seemed a large one. Then, too, how could I say to him with any show of logic: "Puarei, I am not willing to bother you longer by occupying the guest bed in your house. Therefore, will you please give me a house to myself?" He might think I had peculiar ideas of delicacy. But further reflection convinced me that, while I could not ask him for a pair of trousers—not even for so trifling a thing as a shirt button, since he would have to purchase it at Moy Ling's store—I might legitimately suggest the gift of a house. It would cost only the labor of making it, and that was not great. At Rutiaro houses were built in less time than was needed to sail across the lagoon and back. The inhabitants might reasonably have adopted the early Chinese method of roasting pig by putting the carcasses in their dwellings and setting fire to the thatch. It would have been a sensible procedure, employed at times when the old thatch needed renewal. Nothing permanent would

have been destroyed except the framework of poles, and that could be replaced as easily as firewood could be cut for a Maori oven.

The upshot of the matter was that I was given not only a house, but an island of my own to set it on—I who had lived much of my life up four or five flights of stairs, in furnished rooms looking out on chimney pots and brick courts filled with odors and family washings. The site was a small *motu* lying at the entrance to the lagoon, four miles from the village island. It had a name which meant, "The place where the souls were eaten." Once, a man, his wife, and two children went there to fish on the reef near the pass. All of them were taken ill of some mysterious disease, and died on the same day. As their souls left their bodies they were seized and eaten by some vindictive human spirits in the form of sea birds. The legend was evidently a very ancient one, and the events which it described had happened so long ago that fear of the place had largely vanished. Nevertheless, the chief tried to persuade me to choose another site; and Poura, when she learned that I wanted to live on the Soul-Eaters' Island, was deeply concerned. Neither of them could understand why I should want to live away from the village island. I wince, even now, when I think of the appalling tactlessness of that request; but the fact is that the Paumotuans themselves, by their example, had got me into the vicious habit of truth-telling in such matters. There is no word in their language for tact. They believe that a man has adequate, although sometimes hidden, reasons for doing what he wants to do, and they understand that it explains seemingly uncourtly behavior.

I had accepted, almost unconsciously, their own point of view, so that it didn't occur to me to invent any polite falsehoods. But my knowledge of Paumotuan was more limited than Puarei's knowledge of French, and how was I to explain my desire for so lonely a place as the Soul-Eaters' Island? The Paumotuans, from their scarcity of numbers, the isolation of their fragments of land, the dangers of the sea around them, are drawn together naturally, inevitably. How make clear to them the unnatural gregariousness of life in great cities? Suddenly I thought of my picture post card

of the Woolworth Building. I told them that in America many people, thousands of them, were cooped together in houses of that sort. I had been compelled to spend several years in one and had got such a horror of the life that I had come all the way to the Cloud of Islands, searching for a place where I might be occasionally alone.

. . . . .

*(The house has been built and the natives prepare for the house-warming.)*

Preparations were being made on an elaborate scale. The children were gathering green nuts for drinking and fronds for the cloth at the feast. Women and girls were grating the meat of ripe nuts, pressing out the milk for the *miti haari*; cleaning fish; preparing shells for dishes. Some of the men and the older boys were building native ovens—eight of them, each one large enough for roasting a pig. All of this work was being carried out under Puarei's direction and to the accompaniment of Kaupia's accordion. I wish that I might in some way make real to others the unreal loveliness of the scene. It must be remembered that it took place on one of the loneliest of a lonely cloud of islands which lay in the midmost solitude of an empty ocean. The moonlight must be remembered, too, and how it lay in splinters of silver on the motionless fronds of the palms as though it were of the very texture of their polished surfaces. And you must hear Kaupia's accordion, and the shouts of the children as they dove into the pool of silvered foam. The older ones, out of respect to me, I think, wore wisps of parou cloth about their loins, but the babies were as naked as on the day they were born. Tereki was standing among these five-and-six-year-olds, who were too small for the climb to the diving place, taking them up, sometimes two at once, and tossing them into the pool among the others, where they were as much at home as so many minnows.

. . . . .

Other canoes were arriving during this time, and at last a large

canoe, which had put off from the ocean side of the village island, was seen making in toward the pass. It was loaded with pigs and chickens, the most important part of the feast, and had been eagerly awaited for more than an hour. Shouts of anticipation went up from the shore as the boat drew in with its wished-for freight; but these were a little premature. There was a stretch of ugly, broken water to be passed, where the swift ebb from the lagoon met the swell of the open sea. The canoe was badly jostled in crossing it, and some of the chickens, having worked loose from their bonds, escaped. Like the dogs of the atolls, the chickens are of a wild breed, and they took the air with sturdy wings. The chase from the shore began at once, but it was a hopeless one.

. . . . .

Knowing the wholesomeness of the Paumotuan appetite, I could understand why the loss of the chickens was regarded seriously. A dozen of them remained, and we had eight pigs weighing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds each, to say nothing of some fifty pounds of fish. All of this was good, in so far as it went, but there was a gloomy shaking of heads as we returned from our fruitless chase. Not that the Paumotuans are particularly fond of chicken; on the contrary, they don't care greatly for fowl of any sort, but it serves to fill odd corners of their capacious stomachs. It was this they were thinking of, and the possible lack, at the end of the feast, of the feeling of almost painful satiety which is to them an essential after-dinner sensation. In this emergency I contributed four one-pound tins of beef and salmon, my entire stock of substantial provisions for the adventure in solitude; but I could see that Puarei, as well as the others, regarded this as a mere relish—a wholly acceptable but light course of *hors d'œuvre*. Fortunately there was at hand an inexhaustible reservoir of food—the sea—and we prepared to go there for further supplies. I never lost an opportunity to witness those fish-spearing expeditions. Once I had tried my hand as a participant and found myself as dangerously out of my ele-

ment as a Paumotuan would be at the joy stick of an airplane. I saw a great many fish, but I could not have speared one of them if it had been moored to the bottom, and after a few absurd attempts was myself fished into the boat, half drowned. I lay there for a few minutes, gasping for breath, my ear drums throbbing painfully from the attempt to reach unaccustomed depths.

The experiment convinced me that fish spearing in the open sea is not an easily acquired art, but one handed down in its perfection through at least twenty generations of Low Island ancestors. It is falling into disuse in some of the atolls where wealth is accumulating and tinned food plentiful; but the inhabitants of Rutiaro still follow it with old-time zest. They handle their spears affectionately, as anglers handle and sort their flies. These are true sportsman's weapons, provided with a single unbarbed dart, bound with sinnet to a tapering shaft from eight to ten feet long. Their water goggles, like their spears, they make for themselves. They are somewhat like an aviator's goggles, disks of clear glass fitted in brass rims, with an inner cushion of rubber which cups closely around the eyes, preventing the entrance of water. When adjusted they give the wearer an owlish appearance, like the horn-rimmed spectacles which used to be affected by American undergraduates. Thus equipped, with their *pareus* girded into loin cloths, a half dozen of the younger men jumped into the rapid current which flows past Soul-Eaters' Island and swam out to sea.

Tohetika, Tehina, Pinga (the boat steerer), and I followed in a canoe. Dawn was at hand and, looking back, I saw the island, my house, and the crowd on the beach in the suffused, unreal light of sun and fading moon. In front of us the swimmers were already approaching the tumbled waters at the entrance to the pass. Upon reaching it they disappeared together, and I next saw them far on the other side, swimming in a direction parallel to the reef, and some fifty yards beyond the breaking point of the surf. When we joined them the sun was above the horizon and they were already at the sport. They lay face down on the surface of the water,

turning their heads now and then for a breath of air. They swam with an easy breast stroke and a barely perceptible movement of the legs, holding their spears with their toes, near the end of the long shaft. Riding the long, smooth swell, it was hard to keep them in view, and they were diving repeatedly, coming to the surface again at unexpected places.

Through the clear water I could see every crevice and cranny in the shelving slope of coral; the mouths of gloomy caverns which undermined the reef, and swarms of fish, as strangely colored as the coral itself, passing through them, flashing across sunlit spaces, or hovering in the shadows of overhanging ledges. It was a strange world to look down upon and stranger still to see men moving about in it as though it were their natural home. Sometimes they grasped their spears as a poniard would be held for a downward blow; sometimes with the thumb forward, thrusting with an underhand movement. They were marvelously quick and accurate at striking. I had a nicer appreciation of their skill after my one attempt, which had proven to me how difficult it is to judge precisely the distance, the location of the prey, and the second for the thrust. A novice was helpless. He suffered under the heavy pressure of the water, and the long holding of his breath cost him agonized effort. Even though he were comfortable physically he might chase, with as good result, the dancing reflections of a mirror, turned this way and that in the sunlight.

As they searched the depths to the seaward side the bodies of the fishers grew shadowy, vanished altogether, reappeared as they passed over a lighter background of blue or green which marked an invisible shoal. At last they would come clearly into view, the spear held erect, rising like embodied spirits through an element of matchless purity which seemed neither air nor water. The whistling noises which they made as they regained the surface gave the last touch of unreality to the scene. I have never understood the reason for this practice which is universal among the divers and fishers of the Low Islands, unless it is that their lungs, being famished for air,



they breathe it out grudgingly through half-closed teeth. Heard against the thunder of the surf, the sounds, hoarse or shrill, according to the wont of the diver, seemed anything but human.

We returned in an hour's time with the canoe half filled with fish—square-nosed *tinga-tingas*, silvery *tamures*, brown spotted *kitos*, *gnareas*; we had more than made good the loss of the chickens. The preparations for the feast had been completed. The table was set or, better, the cloth of green fronds was laid on the ground near the beach. At each place there was a tin of my corned beef or salmon; the half of a coconut shell filled with raw fish, cut into small pieces in a sauce of *miti haari*—salted coconut milk—and a green coconut for drinking. Along the center of the table were great piles of fish, baked and raw; roast pork and chicken; mounds of bread stacked up like cannon balls. The bread was not of Moy Ling's baking, but made in native fashion—lumps of boiled dough of the size and weight of large grape fruit. One would think that the most optimistic stomach would ache at the prospect of receiving it, but the Paumotuan stomach is of ostrichlike hardihood and, as I have said, after long fasting it demands quantity rather than quality in food.

. . . . .

The enjoyment of food is assuredly one of the great blessings of life, although it is not a cause for perpetual smiling, as the writers of advertisements would have one believe. According to the Low Island way of thinking, it is not a subject to be talked about at any length. I liked their custom of eating in silence, with everyone giving undivided attention to the business in hand. It gave one the privilege of doing likewise, a relief to a man weary of the unnatural dining habits of more advanced people. It may be a trifle gross to think of your food while you are eating it, but it is natural and, if the doctors are to be believed, an excellent aid to digestion. Now and then Puarei would say, "*Ē mea maitai, tera*" ("A thing good, that"), tapping a haunch of roast pork with his forefinger.

And I would reply, "*Ē, ē mea maitai roa, tera*" ("Yes, a thing very good, that"). Then we would fall to eating again. On my right, Hunga went from fish to pork and from pork to tinned beef, whipping the *miti haari* to his lips with his fingers without the loss of a drop. Only once he paused for a moment and let his eyes wander the length of the table. Shaking his head with a sigh of satisfaction, he said, "*Katinga ahuru katinga*" ("Food and yet more food"). There is no phrase sweeter to Paumotuans than that one.

. . . . .

It was midmorning before the last of the broken meats had been removed and the beach made tidy. The breeze died away, and the shadows of the palms moved only with the imperceptible advance of the sun. It was a time for rest, for quiet meditation, and all of the older people were gathered in the shade, gazing out over a sea as tranquil as their minds, as lonely as their lives had always been and would always be. I knew that they would remain thus throughout the day, talking a little, after the refreshment of light slumbers, but for the most part sitting without speech or movement, their consciousness crossed by vague thoughts which would stir it scarcely more than the cat's-paw ruffled the surface of the water. No sudden, half-anguished realization of the swift passage of time would disturb the peace of their reverie; no sense of old loss to be retrieved would goad them into swift and feverish action.

A land crab moved across a strip of sunlight and sidled into his hole, pulling his grotesque little shadow after him; and the children, restless little spirits, splashed and shouted in the shallows of the lagoon, maneuvering fleets of empty beef and salmon tins—reminders of the strange beginning of my adventure in solitude.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Have you heard of Captain Cook, the great English navigator? Many book lovers associate his name with the islands of the South

Seas. Look up the story of his life and prepare a talk that will inform your classmates about his voyages. Use maps or a globe to make your talk more interesting.

2. After reading Nordhoff and Hall's account of life on the South Sea Islands, possibly you have been convinced that life there would be much pleasanter than in the modern world of speed and complexity. Perhaps you still believe that in spite of the feverish activity of the human being in the civilized world, the advantages of civilization greatly outweigh its disadvantages. Organize a debate, using a topic similar to the following: "Resolved: That Life in a Civilized Community Is More Desirable Than Life on a South Sea Island."
3. The islands that the authors visited are governed by France. Not far away are the Cook Islands under British control, and others governed by the United States and New Zealand. Prepare a talk in which you explain to the class why nations are interested in having possessions in the South Pacific.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Describe Puarei's house and its furnishings.
2. How did the author convince Puarei that he would prefer to live alone?
3. Point out several effective descriptive phrases. Notice how skilfully description is combined with narrative.
4. What catastrophe made necessary the securing of more supplies before the feast?
5. Describe the natives' method of catching the fish.
6. Compare the dining habits of the Paumotuans with ours.
7. Here are several words that should be in your vocabulary: commodious, intricate, discriminating, vindictive, tact, inertia, copra, satiety, hypocrite, tranquil, capacious, gregariousness.
8. When you are searching for a theme topic, the following may be suggestive:

Perfect contentment  
Our house-warming  
Real hospitality

Outdoor cooking  
Water carnival  
An adventure in solitude

*Visit Other Islands in the Pacific*

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK by Jack London.

HAWAII—THE RAINBOW LAND by Katherine Pope.

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT by Frank T. Bullen.

LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC by Seth K. Humphrey.

BALI—THE ENCHANTED ISLE by Helen Eva Yates.

# FLIGHT TO THE SOUTH POLE

By

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD

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G. P. Putnam's Sons*

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD is a direct descendant of William Byrd, the famous Virginian who wrote painstakingly and yet entertainingly of his surveying trip across the Dismal Swamp in 1728. As a boy, Richard Byrd was the leader of his gang, always the first "to take a dare." Once, with almost no sailing experience, young Byrd took a small craft across Hampton Roads in the face of a storm. At the age of twelve he made a journey, unaccompanied, around the world. When he was fifteen, he entered the Virginia Military Institute, the youngest student in the class. Two years later he attended the University of Virginia, and after a year there, entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. A leader of his class, a good football player, and the captain of the school's gymnasium team, Byrd made an excellent record at the academy. After graduation, he continued his service in the Navy, finally specializing in aeronautics. His flying accomplishments include a flight over the North Pole in 1926, a transatlantic flight in 1927, and, most important of all, his flight over the South Pole in 1929, which is described clearly and graphically in his *Little America*. The account of Byrd's second Antarctic expedition is given in the author's recent book, *Discovery*.

IN SPEAKING of Amundsen, an explorer who traversed portions of Antarctica eighteen years before him, Byrd says, "Amundsen was delighted to make 25 miles per day. We had to average 90 miles an hour to accomplish our mission." In those two sentences the writer shows what science has done for the explorer of today. No longer does the explorer need to spend weeks in slow, painstaking travel to make maps of a region. A flight of a few hours will accomplish the same result with much less hardship.

The members of Byrd's expedition lived quite comfortably during most of their stay, had communication with the outside world by radio, and made many valuable observations of conditions in Antarctica. Truly, the trip described in *Little America*, the book from which the following selection is taken, represents the triumph of modern science and invention over the elements of nature.



## FLIGHT TO THE SOUTH POLE

By RICHARD EVELYN BYRD

THANKSGIVING Day, November 25th, gave us what we wanted. At noon the Geological Party radioed a final weather report: "Unchanged. Perfect visibility. No clouds anywhere." Harrison finished with his balloon runs, Haines with his weather charts. The sky was still somewhat overcast, and the surface wind from the east-southeast. Haines came into the library, his face very grave and determined. Dear old Bill, he always takes his responsibilities seriously. Together we went out for a walk and a last look at the weather. What he said exactly I have forgotten, but it was in effect: "If you don't go now you may never have another chance as good as this." And that was that. . . .

The mechanics, Bubier, Roth, and Demas, went over the plane for the last time, testing everything with scrupulous care. A line of men passed five-gallon cans of gasoline to several men standing on the wing, who poured them into the wing tanks. Another line fed the stream of gear which flowed into the plane. Black weighed each thing before passing it on to McKinley and June, who were stowing the stuff in the cabin. Hanson went over the radio equipment. With de Ganahl I made a careful check of the sextant and the watches and chronometers, which were among the last things put aboard. For days de Ganahl and I had nursed the chronometers, checking them against the time tick which was broadcast every night from the United States. We knew their exact loss or gain. We had to know. An error in time would put the Bumstead sun compass off and our geographical position as well. . . .

We were done with these details shortly after three o'clock. At the last moment we decided to take aboard an additional 100 gal-

lons of gasoline. There was no telling what kind of winds we would meet. If head winds, then the extra quantity of fuel would be invaluable. If not, we could dump it overboard before we reached the "Hump."

The total weight was approximately 15,000 pounds.

Haines came up with a final report on the weather. "A twenty-mile wind from the south at 2,000 feet." It meant clear skies to the south. I went into my office and picked up a flag weighted with a stone from Floyd Bennett's grave. It seemed fitting that something connected with the spirit of this noble friend who stood with me over the North Pole, on May 9, 1926, should rest as long as stone endures at the bottom of the world.

There were handshakes all around, and at 3:29 o'clock we were off. The skis were in the air after a run of 30 seconds—an excellent take-off. I was greatly relieved. A calm expectation took hold of my mind. Having started, we were certainly going to get somewhere.

There was a flashing glimpse of the men clustered near the runway—those splendid fellows whose willing help and indestructible spirit have never faltered, no, not once—and we faced the south.

The moment the Ford leveled off the palpable haze with which we had contended so often confused the vision, and we lost several precious minutes before we found the trail. But if Haines' predictions were correct, this would not last for long.

Our course was laid along the meridian of the trail, which at that point was  $143^{\circ} 45'$  W. Although the trail did not always follow that meridian, it would bring us finally to Axel Heiberg Glacier.

. . . . .

Had you been there to glance over the cabin of this modern machine which has so revolutionized polar travel, I think you would have been impressed most of all—perhaps first of all—with the profusion of gear in the cabin. There was a small sledge, rolled masses of sleeping bags, bulky food sacks, two pressure gasoline stoves, rows of cans of gasoline packed about the main tank for-



ward, funnels for draining gasoline and oil from the engine, mounds of clothing, tents and so on, *ad infinitum*. There was scarcely room in which to move.

June had his radio in the after bulkhead on the port side. From time to time he flashed reports on our progress to the base. From the ear phones strapped to his helmet ran long cords, so that he might move freely about the cabin without being obliged to take them off. His duties were varied and important. He had to attend to the motion picture camera, the radio, and the complicated valves of the six gasoline tanks. Every now and then he relieved Balchen at the wheel, or helped him to follow the elusive trail.

McKinley had his mapping camera ready to go into action either on port or starboard side. It was for him and the camera he so sedulously served that the flight was made. The mapping of the corridor between Little America and the South Pole was one of the major objectives of the expedition.

Balchen was forward, bulking large in the narrow compartment, his massive hands on the wheel, now appraising the engines with a critical eye, now the dozen flickering fingers on the dials on the instrument board. Balchen was in his element. His calm fine face bespoke his confidence and sureness. He was anticipating the struggle at the "Hump" almost with eagerness.

It was quite warm forward, behind the engines. But a cold wind swept aft through the cabin, causing one to be thankful for the protection of heavy clothes. When the skies cleared, the cabin was flooded with a golden light. The sound of the engines and propellers filled it. One had to shout to make oneself heard. From the navigation table aft, where my charts were spread out, a trolley ran to the control cabin. Over it I shot to Balchen the necessary messages and courses. On receiving them, he turned and smiled his understanding.

That, briefly, is the picture, and a startling one it makes in contrast with that of Amundsen's party which had pressed along this same course eighteen years before. A wing, pistons, and flashing propellers had taken the place of runners, dogs, and legs. Amundsen was delighted to make 25 miles per day. We had to average 90

miles per hour to accomplish our mission. We had the advantages of swiftness and comfort, but we had as well an enlarged fallibility. A flaw in a piece of steel, a bit of dirt in the fuel lines or carburetor jets, a few hours of strong head winds, fog or storm—these things, remotely beyond our control, could destroy our carefully laid plans and nullify our most determined efforts.

. . . . .

At 8:15 o'clock we had the Geological Party in sight—a cluster of little beetles about two dark-topped tents. Balchen dropped to an altitude of about 750 feet, and McKinley put overboard the photographs of the Queen Maud Range and the other things we had promised to bring. The parachute canopy to which they were attached fluttered open and fell in gentle oscillations, and we saw two or three figures rush out to catch it. We waved to them, and then prepared for a settlement of the issue at the "Hump." . . . I watched the altimeters, of which there were two in the navigation compartment. The fingers marched with little jumps across the face of the dial—3000 feet, 3500, 4000, 4500. The Ford had her toes in, and was climbing fast.

Drawing nearer, we had edged 30° to the west of south, to bring not only Axel Heiberg but also Liv's into view. This was a critical period. I was by no means certain which I should choose. I went forward and took a position behind Balchen. We would figure this thing out together.

The schemes and hopes of the next few minutes were beset by many probabilities. Which would it be—Axel Heiberg or Liv's Glacier?

There was this significant difference between flying and sledging: we could not pause long for decision or investigation. Minutes stood for gasoline, and gasoline was precious. The waste of so little as half an hour of fuel in a fruitless experiment might well overturn the mathematical balance on which the success of the flight depended. The execution of the plan hung on the proper judgment of the route over the "Hump."

True, we had a 40 percent safety factor over fuel needs to the Pole and back. This, of course, was a theoretical margin. It was a precaution against depletion resulting from head winds, and its value could not be weakened by a mistake in judgment. In fact, head winds had already exhausted some of this reserve.

Yet how well, after all, could judgment forecast the ultimate result? There were few facts on which we might base a wise decision. We knew, for example, that the highest point of the pass of Axel Heiberg Glacier which Amundsen reported was 10,500 feet. We would know, in a very few minutes, after June had calculated the gasoline consumption, the weight of the plane. From that we could determine, according to the tables which we had worked out and were then before me, the approximate ceiling we would have. We would know, too, whether or not we should be able to complete the flight, other conditions being favorable.

These were the known elements. The unknown were burdened with equally important consequences. The structural nature of the head of the pass was of prime importance. We knew from Amundsen's descriptions and from what we could see with our own eyes, that the pass was surrounded by towering peaks on each side, extending much higher than the maximum altitude of the heavily loaded plane. But whether the pass was wide or narrow; whether it would allow us room to maneuver in case we could not rise above it; whether it would be narrow and running with a torrent of down-pressing wind which would dash a plane, already hovering at its peak of maximum efficiency, to the glacier floor—these were things, naturally, we could not possibly know until the issue was directly at hand. . . .

There was, then, a gamble in the decision. Doubtless a flip of the coin would have served as well. In the end, we decided to choose Liv's Glacier, the unknown pass to the right, which Amundsen had seen far in the distance and named after Dr. Nansen's daughter. It seemed to be wider than Axel Heiberg, and the pass not quite as high.

A few minutes after nine o'clock we passed near the intermediate

base, which of course we could not see. Our altitude was then about 9000 feet. At 9:15 o'clock we had the eastern portal on our left, and were ready to tackle the "Hump." We had discussed the "Hump" so often, had anticipated and maligned it so much, that now that it was in front of us and waiting in the flesh—in rock-ribbed glaciated reality—we felt that we were meeting an old acquaintance. But we approached it warily, respectfully, climbing steadily all the while with our maximum power, to get a better view of its none-too-friendly visage.

June, wholly unaffected by the immediate perplexities, went about his job of getting the plane in fighting trim. He ripped open the last of the fuel cans, and poured the contents into the main tank. The empty tins he dropped overboard, through the trap door. Every tin weighed two pounds; and every pound dropped was to our advantage. The fumes filled the cabin, offending one's stomach and eyes. June examined the gauges of the five wing tanks, then measured with a graduated stick the amount of fuel in the main tank. He jotted the figures on a pad, made a few calculations and handed me the results. Consumption had thus far averaged between 55 and 60 gallons per hour. It had taken us longer to reach the mountains than we had expected, owing to head winds. However, the extra fuel taken aboard just before we left had absorbed this loss and we actually had a credit balance. We had, then, enough gasoline to take us to the Pole and back.

With that doubt disposed of, we went at the "Hump" confidently.

We were still rising, and the engines were pulling wonderfully well. The wind was about abeam, and, according to my calculations, not materially affecting the speed.

Liv's Glacier was before us almost in its full sweeping entirety—a Niagric torrent doomed to rigidity, with frozen whirlpools and waterfalls. Far ahead it bent in a wide curve to the west of south. About thirty-five miles away it disappeared into a vague white surface—could it be the plateau? We then had nearly the whole of Nansen's foothills on the left.

About ten miles up, the glacier was given over to terrific crevasses, where the weight of the flow carried it against solid rock.

At this point the stream of air pouring down the pass roughened perceptibly. The great wing shivered and teetered as it balanced itself against the changing pressures. The wind from the left flowed against Fisher's steep flanks, and the constant, hammering bumps made footing uncertain. But McKinley steadily trained his 50-pound camera on the mountains to the left. The uncertainties of load and ceiling were not his concern. His only concern was photographs—photographs over which students and geographers might pore in the calm quiet of their studies. Had we gone down in a tail-spin, I am sure that McKinley would have operated his camera all the way down.

The altimeters showed a height of 9600 feet, but the figure was not necessarily exact. More likely than not, the barometric principle on which it operated was influenced by local changes in pressure. Nevertheless there were indications we were near the service ceiling of the plane.

The roughness of the air increased and became so violent that we were forced to swing slightly to the left, in search of calmer air. This brought us over a frightfully crevassed slope which ran up and toward Mount Nansen. We thus escaped the turbulent swirl about Fisher, but the down-surfing currents here damped our climb. To the left we had the "blind" mountain glacier of Nansen in full view; and when we looked ahead we saw the plateau—a smooth, level plain of snow between Nansen and Fisher. The pass rose up to meet it.

In the center of the pass was a massive outcropping of snow-covered rock, resembling an island, which protruded above and separated the descending stream of ice. Perhaps it was a peak or the highest eminence of a ridge connecting Fisher and Nansen which had managed through the ages to hold its head above the glacial torrent pouring down from the plateau. But its particular structure or relationship was of small moment then. I watched it only with reference to the climb of the plane; and realized, with

some disgust and more consternation, that the nose of the plane, in spite of the fact that Balchen had steepened the angle of attack, did not rise materially above the outcropping. We were still climbing, but at a rapidly diminishing rate of speed. In the rarefied air the heavy plane responded to the controls with marked sluggishness.

It was an awesome thing, creeping (so it seemed) through the narrow pass, with the black walls of Nansen and Fisher on either side, higher than the level of the wings, watching the nose of the ship bob up and down across the face of that lone chunk of rock. It would move up, then slide down. Then move up, and fall off again. For perhaps a minute or two we deferred the decision; but there was no escaping it. If we were to risk a passage through the pass, we needed greater maneuverability than we had at that moment. The pass was uncomfortably narrow. Once we entered it there would be no retreat. It offered no room for turn. If power was lost momentarily or if the air became excessively rough, we could only go ahead, or down. We needed power, and there was only one way in which to get it.

June, anticipating the command, left the radio and put his hand on the dump valve of the main tank. A pressure of the fingers—that was all that was necessary—and in two minutes 600 gallons of gasoline would gush out. I signalled to wait.

Balchen held to the climb to the last degree of safety. But it was clear to both of us that he could not hold it long enough. Balchen began to yell and gesticulate, and it was hard to catch the words in the roar of the engines echoing from the cliffs on either side. But the meaning was manifest. "Overboard—overboard—200 pounds!"

Which would it be—gasoline or food?

If gasoline, I thought, we might as well stop there and turn back. We could never get back to the base from the Pole. If food, the lives of all of us would be jeopardized in the event of a forced landing. Was that fair to McKinley, Balchen, and June? It really took only a moment to reach the decision. The Pole, after all, was our objective. I knew the character of the three men. They were not

so lightly to be turned aside. McKinley, in fact, had already hauled one of the food bags to the trap door. It weighed 125 pounds.

"Harold, a bag of food overboard," I said to June. He signalled to McKinley. The brown bag was pushed out and fell, spinning, to the glacier. The improvement in the flying qualities of the plane was noticeable. The Floyd Bennett took another breath and renewed the climb.

Now the down-currents over Nansen became stronger. The plane trembled and rose and fell, as if struck bodily. We veered a trifle to the right, searching for helpful rising eddies. The issue was still in doubt and Balchen's irritation with the inexorable laws which limited our altitude waxed and grew profane. The head of the pass was still on a level with the plane's line of flight. Balchen was flying shrewdly. He maintained flight at a sufficient distance below the absolute ceiling of the plane to retain at all times enough maneuverability to make him master of the ship. But he was hard pressed by circumstances; and I realized that unless the plane was further lightened, the final thrust might bring us perilously close to the end of our reserve.

"More," Bernt shouted. "Another bag."

McKinley shoved a second bag through the trap door, and this time we saw it hit the glacier, and scatter in a soundless explosion. Two hundred and fifty pounds of food—enough to feed four men for a month—lay on that lifeless waste.

The sacrifice was the saving factor. The plane literally rose with a jump; the engines dug in and we soon showed a gain in altitude of from 300 to 400 feet. It was what we wanted. We would clear the pass with about 500 feet to spare. Balchen gave a shout of joy. It was just as well. We could dump no more food. There was nothing left to dump except McKinley's camera. I am sure that had he been asked to put it overboard, he would have done so instantly; and I am equally sure he would have followed the precious instrument with his own body.

The next few minutes dragged. We moved at a speed of 77

nautical miles per hour through the pass, with the black walls of Nansen on our left. The wing gradually lifted above them. The floor of the plateau stretched in a white immensity to the south. We were over the dreaded "Hump" at last. The Pole lay dead ahead over the horizon, less than 300 miles away. It was then about 9:45 o'clock (I did not note the exact time. There were other things to think about).

Gaining the plateau, we studied the situation a moment and then shifted course to the southward. Nansen's enormous towering ridge, lipped by the plateau, shoved its heavily broken sides into the sky. To the right of it Ruth Gade's tented arch gradually became, as we watched, a white inverted porcelain bowl. A whole chain of mountains began to parade across the eastern horizon. . . .

From time to time June "spelled" Balchen at the controls; and Balchen would walk back to the cabin, flexing his cramped muscles. There was little thought of food in any of us—a beef sandwich, stiff as a board, and tea and coffee from a thermos bottle. It was difficult to believe that in recent history the most resolute men who had ever attempted to carry a remote objective, Scott and Shackleton, had plodded over this same plateau, a few miles each day, with hunger—fierce, unrelenting hunger—stalking them every step of the way.

. . . . .

At six minutes after one o'clock, a sight of the sun put us a few miles ahead of our dead reckoning position. We were very close now. The sight was a check, but I depended more on the previous sight. At 1:14 o'clock, Greenwich Civil Time, our calculations showed that we were at the Pole.

We turned right and flew three or four miles. Had we turned right just before reaching the Pole, one could say that we had turned westward; but having reached the Pole we really turned northward, because all directions at the South Pole are north. We now reversed our direction, which had been northward, and flew



toward the Pole again. Our direction then was southward, although at right angles to our previous line of course, which was also southward. It is difficult, therefore, to speak of directions during these maneuvers. For example, the moment we crossed the Pole again after this second change of course our direction, which had been southward, instantly became northward, although we were still on the same straight line.

We continued on the same straight line of flight for about six miles, and this took the plane about three miles beyond the original line of flight we had followed from the mountains. Then we cut diagonally across an extension of our line of flight, which we hit five miles beyond the Pole. At 1:25 o'clock we turned back—toward the Pole and Little America. . . .

A few minutes after the turn I opened the trap door and dropped over the calculated position of the Pole the small flag which was weighted with the stone from Bennett's grave. Stone and flag plunged down together. The flag had been advanced 1,500 miles farther south than it had ever been before our expedition reached the Antarctic. June radioed the following message to Little America: "My calculations indicate that we have reached the vicinity of the South Pole. Flying high for a survey. Byrd."

The altimeters indicated our altitude as 11,000 feet.

For a few seconds we stood over the spot where Amundsen had stood, December 14, 1911; and where Scott had also stood, 34 days later, reading the note which Amundsen had left for him. In their honor, the flags of their countries were again carried over the Pole. There was nothing now to mark that scene; only a white desolation and solitude disturbed by the sound of our engines. The Pole lay in the center of a limitless plain. No mountains were visible. In the direction of Little America visibility was good, and so it was on the left. But to the right, which is to say to the eastward, the horizon was covered with clouds. If mountains lay there, as some geologists believe, they were concealed and we had no hint of them.

And that, in brief, is all there is to tell about the South Pole. One

gets there, and that is about all there is for the telling. It is the effort to get there that counts.

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. The modern airplane made Byrd's flight over the South Pole possible. Imagine what would have been the result had Byrd attempted to accomplish such a flight in one of the first planes built. Trace the development of the modern plane from early days to the present time in a booklet containing drawings or printed illustrations, with your explanations.
2. The history of Antarctic exploration contains many stories of heroism. Find information about Amundsen, Scott, and Shackleton in reference books, and prepare a talk on Antarctic history which might be used as an introduction to Byrd's account of the polar flight.
3. "Flying is fun" is the comment which is made by those who know a great deal about it. Some persons do not understand the principles of flying; to them it is a mystery, something from which they do not derive any pleasure. If you are interested in flying, write an explanation of the principles of flying to be read by the uninformed. Include diagrams, explanations of important parts of planes, and any other material which would be helpful.

### *Understanding the Selection*

1. Why were the chronometers checked very carefully before the trip was begun?
2. What was McKinley's job?
3. How does Byrd contrast his expedition with Amundsen's?
4. What "sacrifice was a saving factor"?
5. What did Commander Byrd leave at the Pole?
6. The addition of the following words to your vocabulary will help you in your understanding of the selection: scrupulous, sextant, chronometers, invaluable, indestructible, impalpable, contended, profusion, elusive, sedulously, nullify, oscillations, depletion, maximum, maneuver, maligned, visage, perceptibly.

7. Write a composition on one of these topics or on one which has occurred to you after reading Byrd's account of his flight:

Weather and flying

An airplane ride

Safety factors

The importance of polar exploration

Photography as a hobby

No gasoline

A sacrifice

It was the coldest winter night

Overboard

*Other Books About Polar Regions*

THE LAST CONTINENT OF ADVENTURE by Walter B. Hayward.

THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC by Vilhjalmur Stefanson.

ARCTIC TRADER by Philip Godsell.

A BOY SCOUT WITH BYRD by Paul Siple.

NORTH TO THE ORIENT by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

WHALING IN THE FROZEN SOUTH by Alan Villiers.



# ADVICE FOR TRAVELERS

By

STEPHEN LEACOCK

*From WINNOWNED WISDOM, used by permission of the  
publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.*

STEPHEN LEACOCK, one of the best-known humorists of the present day, is an Englishman by birth. He received his education in Canada and at the University of Chicago. Besides being known as a humorist, he is recognized as an unusual mathematician and an authority in the field of political science. Recently he has retired from his position as head of the department of political economy at McGill University, Montreal, Canada. Outstanding in his contributions to humorous fiction are his *Nonsense Novels* and *Frenzied Fiction*. It is from his *Winnowed Wisdom*, a collection of essays on many phases of life, that the two essays reprinted here are taken.

THE traveler, often in a holiday mood, is in a receptive frame of mind for the humorous incidents that brighten the way. A minor happening which might in the light of an ordinary day at home be very annoying becomes an amusing subject to remember or to record. "A stranger in a strange land" finds himself on occasions the object of mirth and even ridicule in the country he is visiting.

The true humorist realizes the possibilities of travel and writes about amusing phases of it. Stephen Leacock, quick to sense the humor in situations, finds enjoyment in commenting on the perplexities and peculiarities of tourists, and the "lost and found" articles of travelers.



## ADVICE FOR TRAVELERS

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

EVERY summer thousands and thousands of our people in America go across to Europe. They say that about fifty thousand people leave on the steamers every week. It's either fifty thousand or five hundred thousand, or five thousand—I forget which. Anyway, there are a great many people traveling every year.

Some of them go because they need a change of air; some to improve their minds; some because they were tired of making money, and others because they were tired of not making money. And some again go to see Europe, before it all falls to pieces; and others go just simply and plainly for a vacation because they want for a few weeks to be really happy.

It is especially for this last class that these few words of advice are written. If you want to be happy when you start off on a sea voyage you have got to be prepared to face a lot of disillusionment. You are going to find, all through the trip, the most striking difference between travel as it is pictured in the Guide Book and travel as it is in fact.

The difference begins at the very moment of embarkation. Here is what is said in the attractive Steamship Guide Book—done up in colors with a picture of two girls walking on a promenade deck, and swaying in the wind like rushes, while a young man goes past in flannels and a straw hat.

"What," asks the Guide Book, "is more delightful than the embarkation on an Atlantic voyage? The size of the great steamer, its spotless decks, its commodious cabins, its luxurious saloon, and its cozy library thrill us with a sense of pleasure to come. As we step on board and look about us at the dancing waters of the harbor

ruffled under the breeze from the open sea beyond, we feel that now at last we are entering on the realization of our dreams."

Yes. Exactly. Only unfortunately, my dear reader, it is just at the very moment of embarkation that you are certain to discover that your black valise is missing. Your steamer trunk is there all right in your stateroom and the brown valise and the paper parcel that your aunt has asked you to deliver in Aberdeen when you land at Liverpool. But the black valise apparently is clean gone.

You certainly had it in the Pullman car and your sister remembers seeing it in the taxicab—but where is it? Talk about embarkation on the ruffled harbor and the unrealized dream! Who can think of these things with a valise missing and the huge whistle of the steamer booming out the time of departure?

No use asking that man in uniform; apparently he's only one of the officers. Don't try to fight your way up to the bridge and challenge the captain. He doesn't know. Round the purser there are twenty people in the same condition as yourself, over one thing or another, all trying to get at him and bite him. There seem to be lots of stewards running up and down, but all they can do is ask you what number is your stateroom and say that the valise ought to be there. A conspiracy, evidently, the whole thing.

The result is that you are fussing up and down for a half an hour, and when at last the valise is found (in the next stateroom, owing to the simple fact that you wrote the wrong number on it), you are already far out at sea and have never seen the embarkation at all.

Never mind, there's lots of the trip left yet. After all, listen to what the Guide Book says about our first morning at sea —

"There is an extraordinary exhilaration," it prattles on, "about the first day at sea. From the lofty deck of the great liner our eye sweeps the limitless expanse. All about is the blue of the Atlantic, ruffled with the zephyrs of a summer morning. We walk the deck with a sense of resilience, a fullness of life unknown to the dweller upon terra firma, or stand gazing in dreamy reverie at the eternal ocean."

Oh, we do, do we? But I guess not. On our first morning at sea



we have too much else to think of, even in the calmest weather, than mere reverie on the ocean. What is troubling us, is the question of deck chairs—how do we get one?—are they free, or do we have to pay? and if we pay now, do we have to tip the man?—and which man is it that gives out our chairs?—and if we want to get our chairs next to Mr. Snyder from Pittsburgh, whom do we see about it?

There is room enough in this problem to keep us busy all morning; and even when we have got it straight, we start all over again with the question of what do we do to get the seat that we want at the table. We would like to get ourselves and Mr. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins from Alberta all at the same table. Somebody has said to somebody that there's a steward giving out seats or going to give out seats somewhere in one of the saloons or somewhere. That's enough for us. That keeps us hot and busy all morning.

And you will find, alas my dear reader, that no matter what the Guide Book says about it, that kind of worry is going to haunt you all the way. When you have done with the valises and the deck chairs and the seats at the table you still have plenty of other problems to fret over, such as —

The English customs officers— What do they do? Do they examine everything? Will they say anything about those canvas slippers that your aunt has asked you to deliver to her cousin in Nottingham (close to London)? If you explain that she made the slippers, does that make any difference? Or, at any rate, can you say to the man, "Oh, very well, I'll send them back to America rather than pay a cent on them?" In short, the English customs officers—what do they do? Travelers lie awake at night and think of that.

And along with that —

At what hour will you land at Liverpool and will you be able to get the 11:30 train to London or will you have to wait for the 12:30? That's an excellent one. Many travelers have thought so hard about that and talked so much about it on deck, that they

never even noticed the blue of the sea, and the rush of the flying fish or the great dolphins that flopped up beside the ship.

But even allowing that you can perhaps get a train—some train—from Liverpool, more intense worries set in as we near the other side.

The question of letters, telegrams, and marconigrams. When the purser says that he has no messages for you and no letters for you, is he not perhaps getting your name wrong? He may have made a mistake. Might it not be better to go to him again (the fourth time) and ask him whether he got your name quite right? By all means, and let Mr. Snyder go too, and you can both stand in line at the purser's window and fret it out together and thus never see the Norwegian sailing ship under full canvas two hundred yards away.

But there is worse yet —

The ocean is crossed, the trials are over, and the land is in sight. And again the little Guide Book breaks out in ingenuous joy!

"Land in sight! With what a thrill we go forward to the front of the ship and look ahead to catch a glimpse of the white cliffs of old England rising from the sea. All the romance of history and of exploration rises to the mind with this first view of the old land. We stand gazing forward, as might have stood a Columbus or a Cabot filled with the mystery of the New Land."

Do we? No, we don't. We've no time for it. As a matter of fact, we don't get any such first glimpse at all. We are down below, wrestling with the problem of how much we ought to tip the bathroom steward. Is eight shillings what he gets, or is six enough? We feel we need information, light, knowledge. We must try to find Mr. Snyder and learn what he thinks the bathroom steward ought to get.

And then, somehow, before we know it, and while we are still worrying and fretting over stewards and tips and baggage, our voyage is all over—the time is gone—and we are saying good-bye to the passengers and Mr. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins of Alberta, and the stewards, and the purser—noble fellows they all seem now. But we have a queer sense of loss and disillusionment as

if our voyage had not yet begun, and a strange longing that we might have it all over again and this time know enough not to spoil it with our poor meaningless worries.

My friend, this is a parable. As is the Atlantic voyage, so is our little pilgrimage in life, a brief transit in the sunshine from shore to shore, whose short days are all too often marred by the mean disputes and the poor worries that in the end signify nothing. While there is still time, let us look about us to the horizon.



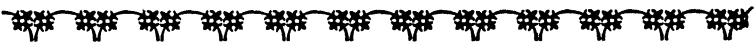
# THE GIVE AND TAKE OF TRAVEL

*By*

STEPHEN LEACOCK

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## THE GIVE AND TAKE OF TRAVEL

A Study in Petty Larceny, Pro and Con

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

I HAVE recently noted among my possessions a narrow black comb and a flat brown hairbrush. I imagine they must belong to the Pullman Car Company. As I have three of the Company's brushes and combs already, I shall be glad to hand these back at any time when the company cares to send for them.

I have also a copy of the New Testament in plain good print which is marked "put here by the Gibbons" and which I believe I got from either the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal or the Biltmore in New York. I do not know any of the Gibbons. But the hotel may have the book at any time, as I have finished with it. I will bring it to them.

On the other hand, I shall be very greatly obliged if the man who has my winter overshoes (left on the Twentieth Century Limited) will let me have them back again. As the winter is soon coming I shall need them. If he will leave them at any agreed spot three miles from a town I will undertake not to prosecute him.

I mention these matters not so much for their own sake as because they form part of the system of give and take which plays a considerable part in my existence.

Like many people who have to travel a great deal I get absent-minded about it. I move to and fro among trains and hotels shepherded by red-caps and escorted by bell boys. I have been in so many hotels that they all look alike. If there is any difference in the faces of the hotel clerks I can't see it. If there is any way of

distinguishing one waiter from another I don't know it. There is the same underground barber surrounded by white marble and carrying on the same conversation all the way from Halifax to Los Angeles. In short, I have been in so many towns that I never know where I am.

Under these circumstances a man of careless disposition and absent mind easily annexes and easily loses small items of property. In a Pullman car there is no difficulty whatever, if one has the disposition for it, in saying to a man sitting beside you, "Good morning, sir. It looks like a beautiful day," and then reaching over and packing his hair brush into your valise. If he is the right kind of man he will never notice it, or at best he will say in return, "A beautiful morning," and then take away your necktie.

There is, let it be noticed, all the difference in the world between this process and petty larceny.

The thing I mean couldn't possibly be done by a thief. He wouldn't have the nerve, the quiet assurance, the manner. It is the absolute innocence of the thing that does it. For example, if a man offers me a cigarette I find that I take his cigarette case and put it in my pocket. When I rise from my hotel dinner I carry away the napkin. When I leave my hotel room I always take away the key.

There is no real sense in this: I have more hotel keys than I can use as it is. But the fault is partly with our hotels. So many of them put up a little notice beside the door that reads, "Have You Forgotten Anything?" Whenever I see this I stand in thought a minute and then it occurs to me, "Why of course, the key!" and I take it with me.

I am aware that there is a class of persons—women mostly—who carry away spoons and other things deliberately as souvenirs. But I disclaim all connection with that kind of thing. That is not what I meant at all.

I would never take a valuable spoon, unless I happened to be using it at the table to open the back of my watch, or something of the sort. But when I sign my name on the hotel book I keep the pen.



Similarly, and in all fairness, I give up my own fountain pen to the telegraph clerk. The theory works both ways.

As a rule, there is nothing more in all this than a harmless give and take, a sort of profit and loss account to which any traveler easily becomes accustomed. But at the same time one should be careful. The theory may go a little too far. I remember not long ago coming home from a theatre in Trenton, New Jersey, with a lady's white silk scarf about my neck.

I had no notion how it had got there. Whether the woman had carelessly wrapped it about my neck in mistake for her own, or whether I had unwound it off her, I cannot say. But I regret the incident and will gladly put the scarf back on her neck at any time. I will also take this occasion to express my regret for the pair of boots which I put on in a Pullman car in Syracuse in the dark of a winter morning.

There is a special arrangement on the New York Central whereby at Syracuse passengers making connections for the South are allowed to get up at four and dress while the others are still asleep. There are signs put up adjuring everybody to keep as quiet as possible. Naturally, these passengers get the best of everything and, within limits, it is fair enough as they have to get up so early. But the boots of which I speak outclass anything I ever bought for myself and I am sorry about them.

Our American railways have very wisely taken firm grounds on this problem of property mislaid or exchanged or lost on the Pullman cars. As everybody knows, when one of our trains reaches a depot, the passengers leave it with as mad a haste as if it were full of smallpox. In fact, they are all lined up at the door like cattle in a pen ready to break loose before the train stops. What happens to the car itself afterwards they don't care. It is known only to those who have left a hair brush in the car and tried to find it.

But in reality, the car is instantly rushed off to a siding, its number-placard taken out of the window so that it cannot be distinguished, after which a vacuum cleaner is turned on and sucks up

any loose property that is left in it. Meantime the porter has avoided all detection by an instantaneous change of costume in which he appears disguised as a member of the Pittsburgh Yacht Club. If he could be caught at this time his pockets would be found to be full of fountain pens, rings, and current magazines.

I do not mean to imply for a moment that our railways are acting in a dishonest way in the matter. On the contrary, they have no intention of keeping or annexing their passengers' property. But very naturally they do not want a lot of random people rummaging through their cars. They endeavor, however, through their central offices to make as fair a division of the lost-and-found property as they can. Anyone applying in the proper way can have some of it. I have always found in this respect the greatest readiness to give me a fair share of everything.

A few months ago for example I had occasion to send to the Canadian National Railway a telegram which read, "Have left gray fedora hat with black band on your Toronto-Chicago train." Within an hour I got back a message, "Your gray fedora hat being sent you from Windsor, Ontario." And a little later on the same day I received another message which read, "Sending gray hat from Chicago," and an hour after that, "Gray hat found at Sheboygan, Michigan."

Indeed, I think I am not exaggerating when I say that any of our great Canadian and American railways will send you anything of that sort if you telegraph for it. In my own case the theory has become a regular practice. I telegraph to the New York Central, "Please forward me spring overcoat in a light gray or fawn," and they send it immediately; or I call up the Canadian Pacific on the telephone and ask them if they can let me have a pair of tan boots and if possible a suit of golf clothes.

I have found that our leading hotels are even more punctilious in respect to their things than the railways. It is now hardly safe to attempt to leave in their rooms anything that one doesn't want.

Last month, having cut my razor strop so badly that it was of no further use, I was foolish enough to leave it hanging in a room in the Biltmore Hotel in New York. On my return home I got a letter which read: "Dear Sir: We beg to inform you that you have left your razor strop in room 2216. We have had your strop packed in excelsior packing and await your instructions regarding it."

I telegraphed back, "Please keep razor strop. You may have it." After which in due course I got a further letter which said, "We are pleased to inform you that the razor strop which you so generously gave to this Company has been laid before our board of directors who have directed us to express their delight and appreciation at your generous gift. Any time you want a room and bath let us know."

### *Exploratory Suggestions*

1. Not only has humor been employed to entertain people, but also it has been used to bring certain ideas of political or social reform to the attention of others. Corruption in New York City was exposed a number of years ago by Thomas Nast, a clever cartoonist. Nast's cartoons amused; yet some of them exposed the thievery of the notorious Tweed Ring. Make a scrapbook of humorous newspaper cartoons that have a political or social purpose. In your book discuss the merits of some of the ideas which are brought out by the cartoons.
2. One college professor, told by his physician to avoid any strenuous study for the period of a month, collected and classified according to type over one thousand anecdotes. Naturally, you would not have the time to complete such a project. Compile a booklet of amusing stories which would be suitable for your classmates. Be prepared to tell the most amusing ones to them.
3. History books do not generally contain very much humor; however, you can have some fun with some of the history that they contain. Obtain anecdotes told about famous historical characters and prepare a talk on humor in history.

*Leacock as Humorist and Biographer*

CHARLES DICKENS: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

IRON MAN AND TIN WOMAN.

NONSENSE NOVELS.

ESSAYS AND LITERARY STUDIES.

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH.







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